



O Earth Earth Earth Hear the Word of the Lord



O Earth Earth Earth Hear the Word of the Lord



TA KANNAKOT:  
THE  
**Tragedies of Sin**  
**CONTEMPLATED,**

IN  
[ Ruine of the ANGELS,  
Fall of MAN,  
The Destruction of the Old WORLD,  
Confusion of BABEL,  
Conflagration of SODOM, &c.

HUMBLY  
Recommended to the present Age, for the  
Designed Ends of *Caution* and *Terrour*.

TOGETHER WITH  
**REMARKES**  
On the LIFE of the  
Great **ABRAHAM.**

By **STEPH. JAT**, Rector of *Chinner* in the  
County of *OXON*.

*Now all these things happened to them for Example; and they are  
written for our Admonition, upon whom the Ends of the World  
are come. 1 Cor: 10. 11.*

LONDON,  
Printed by *J. Astwood* for **John Dunton** at  
the *Black Raven* in the *Poultry*, 1689.

THE BARNARD  
THE

# Compendium of CONTINENTAL

History of the  
WORLD  
CONTINENTAL  
HISTORY

Continental  
History  
of the  
WORLD  
CONTINENTAL  
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TO THE  
SACRED HANDS  
OF THE  
**King and Queen's**  
Most Excellent MAJESTIES.

*Dread Sovereigns,*

**I**F *Angels* wrapt in Direfull Chains,  
And *Princes* doom'd to servile Pains;  
If a *Creation* lost in Waves,  
And *Cities* sunk in Fiery Graves,  
Be *Treasons* worth Your Royal Eye  
To Glance upon, and cause to Dye;  
Then Seal the Warrant, or Command  
The *Tyrant* to Depart the Land:  
For (*Sin's* Dominion Feeble grown)  
God will Confirm and Fix Your Own.

So Incessantly Prays,  
Your MAJESTIES  
Most Obedient Subject

*and Servant,*

Steph. Jay.



TO THE  
READER.

**I** Am not insensible that 'tis every dayes  
fashion with the Wantonists of the  
Age, to make Court to New Papers,  
(as to Fresh Ladies) with fair and  
specious Pretensions of Love, but in  
truth very foul and dishonourable Projects  
of Lust, and only to crop from them (the  
Virgin Fruit) whatever is delicious and  
complacential in them: These have learned  
to Fornicate with Books too, and by a subtle  
Alchymy can Elixirate the whole Substance  
into a few drops, which themselves lascivi-  
ously swallow, while they are content to leave  
the Corps unto others.

Thus have I seen the many Admirers of  
those indeed very beautiful

\* Pieces of Art, (so curi-  
ously drawn by the Divine

\* The Gentleman and  
Ladies Calling.

Pencil of that Incomparable Author unknown)  
Kiss their fair Hands with so devout Ado-  
ration and Court-like Address, as one would  
have sworn them their most entire and ab-

## To the Reader.

*Solste Captives : And which might have given their joyful Parent the most unquestionable Assurance in the prosperous Success of his pious Fraud, who by the soft Wreaths of his charming Eloquence had so Innocently plotted to Marry them to Happiness, and knit them (unmoveably) to their Saviour : When (alas ! ) after the Rape their Sacrilegious Fingers had once made on the Flowers of his Oratory, their Unnatural Hearts (like those of Amnon ) have soon cooled into the basest flights and disdain ; Nay, very Choller and Passion against the grave Overtures of any Contract with Heaven, the only justifiable Design of the Congress : Ah no, they have little Appetite to the Matrimony-Noose ; they nibble at the Golden Bait, and yet as politicly escape the Hook, can love Books ( as Mistresses ) for an Hour, but to go to Church with them is least in their Thoughts.*

*And 'tis evident, this Lasciviouſness of the Fancy may Vie Prosperity with any the rankest Debaucheries of the Times ; Mens Brains growing as Wanton as their Blood ; and should the Infection scatter so successfully as hitherto, will shortly perk up, and with that fiery Lady at Rome, from the Plea of Universality, call a Council, and Vote her self Honest and Authentick ; and then we shall wear the Feathers in our Heads,*

## To the Reader.

as already the other Levities of France on our Backs. There is this only Reserve of Hope left us, that that other Claim of Antiquity may probably fail her, and happily help to secure us: This being but a Modern Deity, a Goddess newly come up, and the Mushroom Product of the present Age, a Madness of but Yesterday: Our Fore-fathers being well enough satisfied to be Toll'd into Heaven by the Plain-song of bare Declaration, when all the Notes of the Church-Choristry are too dull to Chime us in thither.

But what is most deplorable, and for ever to be lamented (if possible) in Tears of Blood, is the dire Effect of this Luxury of the Ear; for scattering its spurious Seed, it has generated the Cursed Issue of a monstrous Neglect and scornful Contempt of the Divine Revelations; while our Gallants of both Sexes huff at and quarrel with the Style of the Scriptures (as some heretofore the Epistle of St. James) to be too Flat and insipid, too Homespun and Rustick, and hence they treat them accordingly with as little Respect as a Withered Wife, bolt them out of Doors, (and no wonder when Cassandra is gotten in) or lock them up out of sight, not (as the Spaniard) from Love or Jealousie, but these from Satiety and Loathing. The sacred Oracles (as some Noble-mens Servants) are left

## To the Reader.

left to Board-Wages, and allowed the freedom of sitting for themselves, while their Masters feast at a more Luscious Ordinary. Nay worse, they grow ashamed of them, and blush when but found in their Company. 'Tis matter for Apology, to be surprized in the guilt of passing a short Visit on them. They laugh at their Clownish Expression, and wonder not that Joseph's Mistress sail'd of her Amours, when she courted her Favourite in no better Language than Come Lye with me. Thus (alas!) the very Waters of Life to these squeamish Stomachs are grown brackish and disgustful, as those of Marah, they cannot sip them (as some not their Coffee) without Laceration.

What the Romish Cabals have so long (by the joynt Combination of Cunning and Villany) been Plotting to effect, viz. The Clasp'g up our Bibles; whose hopes failing, these in commiseration to the desperate Design, are more luckily contriving with more effectual Aids, and stand ready with the Free-Will Offering of these inestimable Jewels, (which they have torn off already from their Ears) to gratifie that Priest, who hath his Fires ready to cast them into, and out of which shall arise a God for them more perfectly Calb'ish than Aaron's. So near are we approaching thy Banks, O Tyber!

But



## To the Reader.

But should a Check come from the Mount,  
and their Idol chance to be stamp'd into Pow-  
der, they have dane'd so long about it, that  
to continue the Frolick, they would as readi-  
ly Drink its Confusion, and Spice their Boles  
with a Deity. But Heaven deliver us from  
such as have no more Veneration for a God,  
than to lodge him in their Gutts and the  
Bogg-house.

And may England never tast the bitter  
Drachtt that so mortally grip'd the Bowels  
of Israel, from that Provocation which God  
could never be perswaded to forget: Tea, thò  
Moses proffered to expiate it by the Blood  
of his Soul, (as some think) but could not  
be accepted. And thò Justice brake its Fast  
but on Three Thousand of them, yet was it  
Thirsty still, and never satisfied 'till it had  
Gluttied it self with the Blood of them all,  
when afterwards their Carcases fell, and lay  
in the Wilderness as Dung.

But of how much sorer Punishment sup-  
pose ye shall they be thought worthy, who  
tread under foot the Holy Testament of the  
Son of God, and counting the Blood of the  
Covenant but a mean and unholy thing, shall  
do this despite to the Spirit of Grace.

But (Blessed God!) pity the Blind, and  
Pardon the Blasphemy of those miserable  
Creatures, who tax Infinite and Incompre-  
hensible

## To the Reader.

Unhappy Wisdom of Weakness and Defect, in  
not cloathing the Imperial Ordinances in  
such proper Dress as should best set off their  
Beauty and Lustre ; and therefore run Who-  
ring after the vain Ebullitions of humane  
Brains, in Slight of the Divinity and Glory  
that every where sparkles thro' the Sacred  
Leaves of these Heavenly Volumes, and which  
are so far from the least failure in the Majesty of  
their Meen, that 'tis That alone has smitten away  
their Eyes, and now they idly Prate against the  
Sun whose powerful Darts have struck them  
blind, and left them senseless. And surely  
the Voice of the Lord is powerful, the  
Voice of the Lord is full of Majesty : And  
the Thunder that rattleth from the God of  
Glory through the Air of but Three Chap-  
ters in Job, and but One or Two in Isaiah,  
hath sent away in a Fright the loudest Hy-  
perbole's ( as the Winds into their Caverns )  
to hide their Heads in shame and silence ;  
and who sees not that the whole Vatican of  
all Created Wit shuts up it self in Despair,  
and sneaks away perfectly baffled by them ?

But it pitieth me to hear of any Son of  
Levi furthering the Conspiracy, who is com-  
manded to execute the Revenge, and to sheath  
the Sword of his fiercest Rage in the very  
Bowels of this Lust. 'Tis insufferable to bring  
the Trayteress into the very Pulpit, there

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to draw the Ark of God with Philistine Heifers ; yet there are, who ( strongly infected with this Gnostick Humour ) blow up the Bladder of this Hypochondriack Vanity with most strenuous Sides and Lungs ; but ( to judge Charitably ) in an enforced Conformity to the proud Humour of the Age, they Sing the Lord's Song in a strange Language, while by the too ravishing Notes of their quavering Throats they faintly languish away the whole strength of their Errand, and cause it all to dye into Air and Nothing, feeding their Auditors with a flash of Wind, and giving them Musick instead of Meat.

Though Nero was so Ambitious to be reputed the best Fidler in Rome, yet 'tis below the glory of a Prince to speak Romance. Laws are delivered in the gravest Expressions ; God spake these Words, and said, is Oratory enough to Preface the Divine Mandates, and enforce the World to obey them.

Who sees not how strangely Profaneness hath encroached upon us, since we have fancied the Men of this Generation so easie and good Natur'd, to be thus readily Complement-ed out of their very Right Hands, when yet we see them keep their Purses so close, and part from their Lusts and Money with the like Torment. Though the Galathians Eyes were once at Paul's Service, yet our People

## To the Reader.

ple have Wit enough to keep theirs in their Heads.

Nay, 'tis observable too, how well it pleases some of these Gentlemen to meet their Ideas at Church; and he that with the finest hand can Anatomize their Lusts before them, shall be Prophet to them, while themselves (with the Monster that rips up his Mother) make a curious Inspection into the very Bowels of them, and repeat them again by endearing Contemplation. As that famous Usurer that so generously rewarded the Homilies that sunk his Extortions to the pit of Hell, out of hopes that while they frighted others into some Reformation, himself might continue them with the advantage of a better Trade.

The Spirit of the World which maintained so firm Possession in the Hearts of Ezekiel's Hearers, had more Wit than to be play'd out by the sweet Minstrelsey of his pleasant Layes; and sure we have less hope (whose Lyres are not strung by Heaven) that the Devil of Atheism that snugs so securely in the innermost lodges of Mens Souls, and with the Serpent twists himself about their whole Hearts, will be exorcis'd by the loudest Adjurations of any Son of Scæva, who shall idly call on the Name without the Spirit or Power of the Holy Jesus; and how far such have

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have prospered in the attempt, I must leave to the discretion of too sad and sensible Experience. But still methinks it is pity the Fiend should so peaceably Nestle there, while the effectual Charms of ever powerful Naked Truth would work more successfully to unloose and unkennel him. Very Rams-Horns when blown by the Breath of Faith shall Rase the Foundations, which all the Engines of Nature must ever despair to shake or pull down.

Thus by an Ominous Chymistry we are Calcining all the very substance of our Religion into Dust and Fancy, and nothing less than a Miracle of Mercy can deliver us from the ill Effects of the same Humour in that Egyptian Dame, who in a tottering Pinnacle, (light as her Brains and Body) driven with Purple Sails and Silver Oars, and attended with infinite Consorts of Musick, did thus lasciviously deliver her self up into the fatal Dalliances of the Roman Usurper, and God knows how little Ballast of Solidity is left to secure us, while we are whistling away the Honour and Happiness of being once esteemed the most Sober and Excellent Nation in the World: When now the Massey Gold of our former Reputation and Virtue is beaten into Leaf, and (with the hopes of being better) is all taking flight into Air.

'Tis not from the abundance, but want of (that Holy Oyl that once perfumed Aaron's Beard)

## To the Reader.

Beard ) the true Unction, that would Consecrate even us into Kings and Priests unto God; ( if we had it ) that this Levity ( like a Dangerous Defluxion ) is passed down from our Heads upon the Skirts of our Garments.

A giddy Brain hath created in us a frothy Spirit, bung all within with Vanity, the very Soul wantonizing in her darkeſt Cells, and then hitting ſo cloſe a Confinement, makes haſte to break Priſon, and open thoſe Windows which expoſe her Meretricious Wares to publick View and Plague; and to draw a more univerſal Trade and Cuſtom, the very Caſe ( whence this Rareeſhow ſtares out with her Whoriſh and bewitching Lights ) muſt be Glazed and Guilt.

O Dinah, Dinah ! ( the too clear Mirrour of our Unfortunate Age ) my Soul bleeds for thee, the only Daughter of ſo great a Prince, the Delight of his Eyes and Joy of his Life ! what a wound diſt thou open in the Boſom of ſo dear a Parent ! What killing Sorrows did thy perhaps innocent and undeſigning, tho' moſt Tragical Curioſity, in gazing after ſuch Proſpects as theſe, heap on his woful aking Heart ! but what dreadful effects to thy ſelf ! the irrecoverable Loſs of thine Honour and his Reace together.

And thou England, the very Darling of Heaven, who haſt been wrapt in the diſtinguiſhing Coat of thy Father's Love, to the Envy and Sorrow of thy treacherous Brethren, who have been  
Trucking

## To the Reader.

Trucking with Ishmaelites to sell thee into Egypt, and dipping thy Coat already in Blood, to represent thee as devour'd, when themselves are the only Beasts that would do it; (and Joseph is too truly torn in pieces by the Divisions and Animosities of their fomenting.) But let not Himself conspire in the Treason, nor break the Heart of his Father by sealing the Articles of his own Slavery. He will find a Lady in Egypt that will strip him again, and rent not his Coat only, but very Flesh off; her Irons will enter into his Soul, if he consent not to her lewd Fornications. Egyptian Flesh was ever fatal to the Israel that doated on it. And 'tis impossible that Dinah should consent to the Rape, that yields her no pleasure at all; and thò afterwards compounded into a Contract, even that will add still to her Torments, when anon it is written in the Blood of the Ravisher, and instead of an Husband she Wed a Corps: Should they deal with our Sister as with an Harlot?

Nothing can betray us to Her Sorrows but Sin, nothing secure us but Obedience and keeping close under the Wings of a Father: We shall find (by the dreadful Examples) what rueful Effects Extravagancy and a wandring from God into Vanity and Folly hath brought upon the World, even from its Creation. Sin ever hath been, ever will be the great Apollyon of our Peace and Safety; whose Tragedies I have adventured (by

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too rude a draught ) to expose to thy View, with the same design as once Anthony held forth the bloody Gown of the brave Cæsar; ( all mangled and full of holes by the Daggers of his Murderers ) on purpose to provoke the People to Revenge. In which undertaking, if Defects too many be discovered by the severe and censorious Reader, he will be more courteous sure than to wound me too, while he kindly remembers the shaking of my Hand with the very Fear and Apprehension of so bold an Attempt.

But come Reader, let us lay aside Words and be wise. Religion (with Joash) is left alone in the Temple, and none pitieth that solitary Princess; sure 'twill be our Advantage to unite to her Coronation, and unanimously Guard her while the Crown is putting on, and we see her re-invested in all her Regalities. Let Profaneness and Superstition (with Athalia) rend their Cloaths and Throats too, crying, Treason! Treason! (the Treason is all against Hell,) and let no Englishman be startled at the Plot: Nay, let every one come under the Guilt of it, not one Non-conformist to the Dominion of Grace; but should any stand off, let us leave them to the Tyranny of their own Athalia, while we ever cry with all Judah, (triumphing with Joy for the Restauration of the true Worship,) God Save the King, God Save the King.

THE



THE  
**Angels Tragedy,**

*To my Reverend Brethren, the Messengers of Christ to the Churches; Metaphorical Angels, and spiritual Men, do I humbly offer this Tragedy: May not one of them make the Defection, or suffer the Eclipse of these unhappy Apostates; but ever shining in the lustre of their own Graces, may emit those Beams of Divine Light and Life as will irradiate and quicken the dead and benighted Souls of Men, that when God shall remove them from the lower Firmament to fix them above, they may also together make up a glorious Constellation in Heaven, and shine there as Stars for ever and ever.*

2 PET. 2. 4.

*If God spared not the Angels, &c.*

**T**IS by slow and trembling Steps that I pass towards the Territories of the Miserable, thence to take a distant Prospect of the tremendous Executions made by Di-

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## The Angels Tragedy.

vine Justice upon so great a Part of the once glorious *Spirits*, now hanging up alive in the Chains of fierce Wrath; and reserved unto the further Judgment of the great Day.

Methinks it is Pity that *Sin* hath so fair a Pretence to the glory of *High Birth*: We cannot deny it the Honour of a Noble *Extraction*, when we see it unluckily Issuing from the Heart of an Angel: For neither were those *Sons of God* at their first Creation bless'd in such an absolute Degree of Stability and Perfection, as should ever secure them from all possibility of falling into the Sorrows of so unnatural a Production.

But if already my *Plough* make a Baulk in this Tragick Field, and my Pen blunders to decipher this *Serpent's Root* from whence sprung up the Monster, my Reader may well remit it to me, when the great St. *Austin* throws it off with a *Non Deus sunt*: They were not God, but Created in a *Mutable* and not *Impeccable* Estate; *He charges his Angels with Folly*: But if Folly hath a Lodging in the Bosoms of those who each Minute *Behold the face of mine heavenly Father*, wonder not if (at this distance) it be graduated into perfect Distraction, and the Atheistical Fools of the Earth say in their Hearts, *There is no God*, because they see none; when they are not vouchsafed the dreadful Kindness of Diabolical Conviction, but are sentenc'd to the ruinous effects of an impudent *Obduration*, without the Mercy of a scrupulous Conscience, which in time might Torment them into a prudent *Recantation*.

How the *Holy Court* was Alarm'd at the breaking out of this *Viper*, (as of some *Flying Dragon* that

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that would have stung them all to Death ) and what dreadful *havock* was wrought in a Moment, and how very many Thousands perished by its Venomous Sting, e're the most expeditious Orders could be issued out for the clearing the *sound* from the *infected*: And what *Decree* passed forth for their everlasting *Exile* thence, into the low-est *Abyss* of Darkness and Confusion, is so far from being *News* now adayes, that Heaven and Earth rings with the *Tragedy*.

And happy had it been for the *Younger Sons* of God, that this degenerate *Brood* had been ever closely confin'd within the limits of their own footy Walls, and not permitted by their ranging about, to have had the Liberty of making their pernicious *How d'ye's* into the *Paradise* of Joy, where the Kindness of their Maker had so blessedly plac'd them together in Pleasure and Peace.

Very vainly does prying Curiosity make enquiry after the *Quality* of the Sin that wrought this Ruine, since perhaps Holy *Writ* is so obscure and reserv'd, with design to dictate a more prudent *Caution* against all; since whatsoever it were that slew an *Angel*, the very least of all may crush a *Worm*.

Yet to gratifie a little the Inquisitive *Humour*; know, that the very *Learned* are divided and strangely differ in their Opinions about it: Some laying the Ruine to the Charge of *Envy*, from their foreknowledge of God's determination in Promoting the Humane Nature into the ineffable Honour of *Union* with the Godhead, in neglect of their own; so *Zanchy* and others. *Cle-*

*mens Alexandrinus, Tertullian and Chrysostome* think it to be *Luxury*, from *Gen. 6. 1.* But surely Spirits need no *Mistresses*. Others alleadge the Breach of a Positive *Command* and *Law* imposed upon them; and the *Rabbins* will have it of some Service to Man, which the proud *Angel* refusing was therefore cast down, an Opinion a little hard to be entertain'd; 'tis apparent their Fall preceded the *Creation of Man*. *Aquinas, St. Austin*, and the whole Current of Writers close with the Holy Ghost, in affixing the Guilt upon *Pride*; and methinks she is plainly enough too guilty of this Murther; [ *1 Tim. 3. 6.* ] Nay, the very Care and necessary *Caution* of every Good *Father* of the Church, in not laying too hasty Hands on light and frothy Persons, nor exalting them into the weighty Ministrations of the *Altar*, (since such may be tempted to swell into too high Conceits of themselves from the Dignity of their excellent Office, and so become Poysoned by the *Devil's Draught*, whom *Pride* had so strangely stupified into a forgetfulness of themselves, and puffed them into a Rebellion against their great Maker who had assign'd to them their proper *Functions*, (and to the *Prince* of them so glorious one) had they had but Grace to have kept *in* *Appar*, their Noble State and Principality, and not left their Station or *Habitation*, (as *Jude* saith *v. 6.*) I say their Care and Vigilancy, must evidence for me that *Pride* is not slandered in the least by the Charge; (and I shall stand the Tryal if she sue me upon the Scandal) for we cannot be ignorant neither how some eminent Fathers have expound-

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expounded that of *Isaiah* 14. 12. *How art thou fallen, O Lucifer! son of the Morning, &c. I will exalt my Throne above the Starrs: I will be like the most High;* to represent the Sin and Fall of the Proud King of *Babylon* by the Pride and Destruction of *Lucifer*.

E're we pass further, let us make a few Turns in the Chamber of *Contemplation*, and take a survey of the lamentable Ruine of an Angel, (of thousands of them) that this execrable Sin hath so traiterously dragged into irrecoverable Misery and Woe.

The *Angelical* Nature was doubtless the very *Cream* and Flower of the beautiful *Creation* of God: These *Spirits* are the glittering *Courtiers* of the King of *Glory*, clad in the very *Livery* of their Maker; the Garnish and Ornament of his *Palace*; *Heaven* it self but bare *Walls* (as it were) and unfurnished without them, cloathed with all such inexpressible Excellencies and Power, that surely they want no strength to shake the very *Foundations* of the *Earth*, and to make the *Pillars* thereof to tremble: 'Twas but *One* of them that in a Night sent an *hundred fourscore* and *five thousand* of such *Worms* as we with pleasure into *Dust* and their first *Nothing*: And another with a *Breath* only will blow up more *Myriads* out of it again. And yet no sooner had *Sin*, [that *melioris tibi natus*,] that scum and Excrement of filth, the very *Elixir* of all *Poisons*, cast its envenoming *Shadows* upon the fair Faces of these *Glorious Suns*, but they presently unloose from their several *Orbs*, dying into an *Eternal Eclipse*, and drop down into *Darkness*

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and

and Horroir, stript for ever from their Native Eminences and *Holiness*, (the loveliness that once beautified their Natures) *Metamorphosed* into the most affrightful Image of all the most abstracted *Deformity* and Vileness expressible; deprived for ever of those Eternal Felicities to which they were Created, and are now become the very *Sources* and *Fountains* of all imaginable Lewdness and Mischief, which they are increasing still, by pouring out the whole *Flood* of their killing *Streams* to engulph us also in an everlasting Ruine. God in great Kindness to us hath discovered their now destructive Properties, and shewn us the danger we are in, while an whole Host of *spiritual Wickednesses* are round about us, as so many roaring *Lions* ready to devour us, and are our avowed *Adversaries*, *Accusers*, *Murderers* and *Destroyers*, incessantly tempting us into the Rebellion with them, which they very well know will in the end lay us in the same Dungeon of Darknes with all the Chains of divine Indignation upon us that themselves are so dreadfully gals'd with: All which is no idle *Fiction* fram'd on the Forge of a Melancholly, fanciful or *Romantick* Brain, but a *Verity* as Infallibly Sealed by the Spirit of Truth to us, as any other the *Holy Oracles* have with the clearest Perspicuity conveyed to our Knowledge. And though too slightly regarded, yet witnessed to be, as *Just* on themselves, so *fatal* to us, (if we keep not the strictest Guard, and Invest our selves with the whole Armour of God) by One of their own Original Order and Degree; (Now for ever secured from the like Dangers of confederating

*Treasons,*

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*Treasures*, and Established into an Estate of entire and sinless *Perfection*, ) from the profound Sense and grave consideration that himself had of it. While therefore he proclaims from Heaven the deplorable *Woes* to us ( the poor *Inhabitants of the Earth and Sea* ) from the ruining Consequences of their Power and Presence here below, *Revel. 12. 12.*

And 'tis matter of Astonishment to consider, how few are awakened by the *Trump* of that *Angel*, unto any, the least Reflection on the *Mischiefs* and *Miseries* effected in all Ages by the bloody *Contrivances* of these *Apostate Spirits*, who have prevailed to the overturning not of *Mighty Empires* and *Kingdoms* only, but of once the most flourishing *Churches* in the World, now overwhelmed with the black Cloud of *Pagan* and *Mahometan* Darkness and Death, where Divine Light and Truth sent forth (then alas!) their sparkling Beams and Splendour; pouring in their mortal Dregs both of *Atheism* and *Error*, which deface the whole Beauty, and enervate the whole Strength of Original Piety and Religion; which they know well enough will dissolve the *Covenant* of Heaven, and give up to the Judgment not of a *Desertion* only, but *Divorce*. Who but these foment *Divisions* and *Schisms* and *Animosities* between Men, by puffing up some ( and those of the meanest Capacity ) into boundless and immodest Conceits of their own greater Wisdom and Parts, and hatefull disdain and Contempt of others, more worthy than themselves? Who so industriously blow up the *Coals* of all Dissension and Discord between

B 4

the

the most seemingly happy and united Fraternities, and invent the Aspersions of Ignominy and Reproach that are fix'd on each other? who but these whisper into the Ears and Hearts of Princes those needless Jealousies and Fears that cool them in their Kindness to their best *Subjects*, (whom they look on as the secret underminers of the Peace and Government, the very *Plagues* and *Pests* of the Age they live in, who are yet the very *Pillars* of the *Throne*) as if there were no consistency between God's *Empire* and their own? Who but these stir up *Kings* to ruine themselves by unnecessary *Wars*, and their poor *Subjects* by unnecessary *Sins*? Who but these beat up the Drums of *Sedition* and *Rebellion* against the best *Princes*, the very gracious Fathers of their People? Who petrifies the Hearts of *Tyrants* against their poor *Subjects* into the bloodiest Executions of their Wrath and Cruelty, not only grinding their Faces by cruel *Oppression* and *Impoverishment*, but sheathing the Sword of *Persecution* in the very bowels of *Innocency*, on no other account but this, that they refuse to attend them into *Hell*? Who but these have rais'd up all the *Affassinations* and *Massacres* upon the Body of the Church, not only by *Heathenish* and *Pagan* Instruments, but have sent their thousands and ten thousands into Death by the less merciful hands of those who (*Drunk with Blood*) have yet the blasphemous *Impudence* to call themselves by the Name of *Jesus*? Who but these had the *Brow* to move the Court of Heaven for the subversion of the whole *Colledge* of the *Apostles* at once, and with an equal Insolence to endeavour the

the



## The Angels Tragedy.

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the utter evacuating the whole Project of our Eternal Redemption by tempting the great *Author* of it to cast himself upon sinful and unwarrantable Means of Preservation, and directly tending to his Ruine; and when that would not take, consult together more effectually to work their Ends by the cursed Treachery of his own *Servant*. In a word, these are they that have wrought all the late Storms and Tempests in the World; 'tis they have wrought all the Devastations that *Turkish* and *Gallican* Tyranny have executed for them: The unnatural Wars in our own Bowels, the horrid Massacres of the Church in *France* and *Ireland*, the deplorable Fews among our selves; these have kindled our *Fires*, burnt up our *Cities*, enflamed our *Spirits*, contrived the *Plots* of our *Ruine*, and are yet at work very briskly to bring them to Perfection.

And all this from the Inveterate Hatred they bear to God and Man, roaring as *Lyons* to devour, twisting themselves as *Serpents* to deceive; by all subtle wayes and wiles beyond all imagination, by secret and invisible *Engines* and *Artifices*, profound *Stratagems* and *Devices*, making use of all sorts of Means and *Instruments*, as well by real *Friends* as professed *Enemies*, to the very *Wife* of thy Bosom; nay, to the dividing thy self, and making a Party for themselves in thy Heart.

And yet we *snore* in our security, and dally in an insensibleness of any danger, while yet these mighty *Enemies* are round about; they fill the *Air* we breath in, and hover over our Heads, and are prying into all our most retired *Actions*,  
and

and are Witnesses to all our Villanies, to give Evidence against us in the last Day. Nay, they mingle themselves, with our very Affections and Passions, and *fly-blows* our very Prayers, and *Devotions*, and Charities, endeavouring to render them all fruitless and unprofitable to us, and unacceptable to God. In short, instead of wishing well to us, assisting us in our *Work*, rejoicing in our Conversion, and ministering to our Comfort (the service of the good *Angels*) these repine at our *Welfare*, hinder our *Repentance*, Lull us along in our Security, terrifie our Spirits, imbitter our Lives, *enrage* our Enemies, *enfrange* our Friends, *disease* our Bodies, and *betray* our Souls: For all which, and infinite other unmentioned Calamities and *Disasters* from them, whom may we justly Curse and execrate (as the Original cause of all,) but *Sin*, which by its malignant *Influences*, and wicked *Incantments*, from being amiable Creatures of the sweetest Inclinations and Affections, hath transformed them into real *Furies* and *Devils* against us?

Come hither, *Reader*, and with that *Roman Souldier*, envy me the Honour of preparing the *Funerals* of the great *Pompy* alone, but bring with thee all the *Luminaries* of thy Soul; gather all the straggling forces of thine utmost reason and considering Faculties (and all too little) to ruminate as thou oughtest on this rueful *Spectacle*. *David* once bitterly Mourned at the Bier of one Prince of *Israel*, Slain by the Treachery of an insolent Traytor: But *who hath slain all these? Heaps upon heaps, once glorious Princes of Heaven*. O see what a slaughter sin hath made upon them!

them! And then consider the weight of that Argument presented to thee by Peter and Jude. If God spared not the Angels that sinned, but cast them down into Hell, and delivered them into Chains of darkness to be reserved unto Judgment; How will he spare thee? They were Angels, Infinitely above thee in the Dignity of their Nature and Creation; yet Greatness was no Argument for Mercy. They were a Multitude in the confederacy, yet neither did the Number of the Offenders move pity in the least, but one and all, Thousands of them to Hell without Mercy; yet it was the first Offence too, they sinned but once, (and some think but in Thought,) and Justice seized upon them to Execution, and God dealt not with them as with thee and me (Reader) on whom he hath long waited, even while we have been multiplying provocations, and stirring up his wrath to destroy us, yet still hath he waited to be gracious to us. And methinks 'twere pity to make a God wait in vain upon us, to lose all the Expences of his Patience and Expectation from us. We would do well to think on it, and the force of the Apostles most Pathetick Argument; Despisest Thou the riches of his Goodness, and Patience, and Long-suffering! Thou that art but a poor Worm, a Clod of the Earth, and no Angel, a Creature of Yesterday, and who art crushed before the Moth, and whose Foundation is in the Dust; Despisest thou? And who art thou that should despise a God? And to despise him too? To entertain low and unbecoming thoughts of Him, that could Not thee into Hell, and send thee to accompany Devils in Torments! Not so much as to have an  
Eye

Eye towards him, or to spend a Look upon him, or to concern thy Thoughts about him, thinkest him unworthy of thy Notice or Observation, and yet a God, and such a one on whom *Angels* and blessed *Spirits* Gaze with unspeakable Admiration and Delight, not to have the least sense of him! — No neither whilst he is flowing out to thee in the sweetest of his Communications, that of his Goodness, to *despise Goodness*, and that *Goodness* not to others, but thy self, (thy self Reader) to despise a God who hath been so long good to thee! The very Fountain of all the good Mercies thou hast enjoyed, and herein good, as not to punish thee for the abuse of those Mercies, but is still waiting! Now if thy reason be not drench'd into a perfect Brutiſhness, be thine own Judge, whether such Goodness *should not lead thee to Repentance*. A mercy he never vouchsafed to the *Angels*, never waited to see whether they would return or no, but for the first Sin delivers them to Justice, layes them in *Chains* and reserves them to destruction, while yet he is still Courting thee to come in and submit: Declares himself unwilling to ruin thee; makes Oath of it, That he hath no delight in thy Blood, but infinitely rather that thou shouldst *return and Live*; and thou may'st believe him, Reader, thou hast his very Heart in that Protestation. Well, 'tis not unworthy thy most serious Reflection to fix a while on Gods *Severity* towards these *Angels*, who are now under *Chains of wrath* (and thou art walking presumptuously on the snares of Death too) but should thy feet *stumble on the dark Mountains* (as they will) and the fall of thy Body shall burst out thy

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thy Bowels, and dash out thy Breath: Its possible Reader, thou maist find thy miserable Soul fetter'd in the same Chains that Haughtiness and Insolence hath betrayed them into, though now thou wilt not harken unto the *Ravling* of theirs, for the noise of thy *Chariot*, and the *Ruffling* of thy *Pride*.

But pause a little, thou most exalted *Dust*, and view thy self in the *Glass* of these now wretched Infernal *Spirits*: Dost thou value thy self upon thine *high Birth*, and doth the Noblest Blood enrich thy Veins? Why these were the *First-born* of God, of the eldest Family, and but one Degree subordinate to the blessed *Trinity*, and never took their *Rise* from *Clay*, but were all *Spirits* and Glorious, yet has *Pride* destroyed them. Dost thou look *Bigg* on thy fellow Servants, and from thine high *Station* and Preferments in the Courts of Princes, swellest into a forgetfulness of thy mean *Original*? Why, proud *Asbes*, these were the illustrious *Courtiers* of the King of *Glory*, and Attendants on the *Majesty* of Heaven,—— Yet *Pride* hath slain them. Art thou Commissioned from thy Master into *Power*, and delegated unto *Executions* from Royal Authority? Why, these even in their low Estate are *Powers* still, and can (if Licens'd) make the *Earth* to tremble; are the *Princes* of the *Air*, and keep their Court in thine own Heart too, and though stript of their *Holiness*, yet 'are Commission'd often unto frequent and fearful Executions (and God deliver us from their Tyranny!) yet they are but *Hell-bounds* still, and their *Pride* hath undone them.

Dost

Dost thou Glory in thine *Attendants* and long Train, the Set of *Liveries* that encompass thy *Chariot*, and the many *Slaves* thou hast at thy Service? Know (*Seignior*) that *Belzebub* hath his *Legions* too; and in a more perfect subjection and conformity than thine, he hath them all at his perfect beck and absolute Service, his *Subjects* are no *Rebells* against him, but go and come at the least Nod of his pleasure, and yet this great Prince hath his *Chains* on him, and *Pride* hath made him a Prisoner of Wrath.

And (might I be so bold) I would humbly Address me to the Man of Art and Science, whose *Soul* dwells in the *Sun*, while others look out thro' the dark *Dormants* of a glimmering Light, and walk in the *Cloister* of Obscurity and Ignorance. The *Gyant* that is *Head* and *Shoulders* above Others in all the *Dimensions* of profound Parts, subtile Brain, most exquisite Learning and Acquisitions: Thou knowest already, that this Society of the *Dark Order*, were once All *Light* and *Intelligences* themselves; and now in the state of their *Degeneracy* are yet *Masters* of universal *Knowledge*, not only *Magical* and *Philosophical*, but *Theological* too, and can give the Explanation of the most abstruse *Mysteries*: And from their natural *Sagacity*, long *Experience*, *Astrological Conclusions*, and extraordinary *Revelations*, can Pierce into Future Events, and have often uttered their *Prophecies* and foretold things that have happened: While *Thou* suckest in knowledge by *Drops*; They *Roll* in the whole *Ocean* of it, and yet alas, all this *Light* is but perfect *Darkness*, and a *Torch* that leads them to Hell, and but to a clearer Discovery

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covery of their own Misery and Sorrow; is void of all Comfort and Peace, and strikes nothing but *Terror* and *Confusion* into them, being imbit-tered with *Envy* and obstinate *Malice* against God and all *Idea's* of Goodness. To thy *Knees* there-fore, to thy *Knees* get thee (most mighty *Rabbie*;) O for the sparks of *Seraphick Love* to fall down on and *enflame* thy *Frigid Affections*, and to *Sanctifie* all thine *Aiery* and *Unprofitable Notions*, into the *Heat* and *Life* of *Charity*, *Consolation* and *Joy* in God.

Nor must I forget my fine *Lady*, while the *Glass* is in the *Room*: *Ladies* love *Glasses*, and spend too much time in gazing upon them; come Madam, lend us here your *Eyes* a little, here are *Angels* attend you:— Nay do not startle, *Lady*, they can do you no *Mischief* (if you do your self none.) 'Tis but a *Coachful* or two from the *Dark Region*, that are come to pass a short *Visit* this Evening with you; They have brought you some *Patterns* of the *Newest Fashion* with them, and think you may need them. Your pale *Cheeks* want a little *Enlightning* too, and these have excellent *Fucus* to sell, can furnish your *Ladiship* with the most bewitching *Colours*, and can inspire you into the rarest knowledge of *Tempering* and *Laying*; and for *Patches* there are none like those they *Cut*, and will leave you *Directions* how to stick them so, as (if you please) they shall never *fall off* more: They are *Black* themselves, and love to promote the Honour of their *Country Complexion*. They are sent by their great Prince with a *Message* of an *How-d'ye* to you, and know you are at leisure enough to receive

receive them; and in truth they have little else to do, but to be *Tutors* to young *Ladies*. Themselves were *Scholars* to Madam *Pride*, who has instructed them into all the *Figures* and *Arts* of most perfect *Dresses*. They love *Gawdry*, and were once most absolute *Beauties* themselves; they are indeed a little *Tawny* now from the *Torrid Zone* wherein they *Breath*, but if you please, can *Transform* themselves into a *Lighter* shape, and then will appear less frightful to you. — Come, let us see whether you can vie *Beauty* with them. Bring out all your *Merceries* cover'd o're by the strutting *Embosses* of spangling *Gold*, till nothing appear but the *Massy Embroideries* sparkling *Lustre*. Send for your *Tire-women*, let them *Curle* up your dangling *Locks* into the most bewitching *twines*, then lodge the *rosie Blush* on your *lilly Cheeks*, and *Lips*: Let a glorious *Aire* and *Mien* dwell on every *Feature*, no *Motion* or *Posture* of your whole *Body*, but what may strike *Wonder* and *Extasie*. Come, pass on now by *Majestick* *Paces* to the *Chamber* of *Presence*, where these goodly *Creatures* attend you. Ah! is this all the *Shine* you can make? See how they dazle you into perfect *Deformity* and *Contempt*! And yet they can shew you variety of *Exchanges* every hour, and have often done it when they have pleas'd to appear in *Masquerade*. And can You find in your *Heart* to be *Devils* too, dress'd up in all your *Gaieties* with no other design than to *Tempt* and *Destroy*, to *Bewitch* others and your selves into the *Ruines* of the *Damned*? What think ye, is it not pity such *Creatures* as these should be *seorch'd* with everlasting



lasting *Heav*, cloath'd all in *Gown* of *Flame*, who were once Attin'd by a *Divine* hand, into such Amiable Perfections, as Expression fails to tell you how brightly they shin'd in their *Celestial* *Robes*, and yet Pride has Devested them of all, undress'd them into Shame and eternal Sorrow; Yes, Madam, Pride has done it, their Golden Tresses like *Medusa's* Head, are turn'd to Snakes; and his, yet cannot fright you.

And thou *Purify* Man of *Wealth*, that hast Enclosed thy self in *Cedar*, and mounted thy Towering Soul high as thy proud *Servitors*, and with that haughty *Stomach* are mov'd in Admiration of the *Wile* of thy *Glory*. Wilt thou not vouchsafe one Glance from thy *Tower* upon these *Spirits*, and remember in what State they once lived? In a *City* built and furnish'd as Richly as Infinite Power and Wisdom could contrive and expend for its *Glory*. The very *Gates* of *Pearl* and the *Streets* of pure *Gold*; the *House* made with no other *Hands* than what a *God* hath. Yet from all that *Height* and *Magnificence*, Pride has tumbled them down into a *Tophet* whose *Chambers* are deep and large too, but whose *Fire* burns, and is enkindled by the *Breath* of an incensed *God* into a streaming *Flame* for ever. And are you sure (*Sir*) that your *Walls* are strong enough to secure you from the like *Tragedy*? 'Twill be a dreadful *Change* to pass out from your *Stately* *Pallace* into a scorching *Hell*.

But what must we pity *Devils* then? No, but our selves rather, who in a dreadful *Fearlessness* are merrily passing on to the same *Misery*, and

Give they Merit little Pity from us, who say so  
 many *Trails* of Ruine for us, to drag us into  
 the Sorrows themselves endure, and would but  
 Mock and deride us if in Torments with them.  
 Nor have I the Charity of *Origen*, to believe  
 that all the Flames in which they Suffer, will  
 ever prevaill to Purge out the Malignity of their  
 Poisonous Natures, nor refine them into Purity.  
 Truth it self hath averr'd, that their Fire shall  
 never, never be quenched. (And if it were not so,  
 he would have sold us.) No, Reader, no, Pride hath  
 done their work for them to the purpose, and  
 thoroughly fix'd them the open avowed Irrecon-  
 cilable Enemies of God and all Goodness, yet  
 still methinks, to see these Great and Mighty  
 Potentates, *seeing in a Sudden upon Earth*, or wan-  
 d'ring in the Air with the Shackles of Vengeance  
 at their Anks, for these *Profligacies* (with the  
 Fingers and Toes of their Native Royalties cut  
 off) to be banish'd into the place of Dogs, to  
 pick Scraps from under the Table, and to  
 swallow the Bait of Eternal Affliction, with  
 no other Drink than the Poison of Dragons, and  
 the Drops of the Wrath of the Almighty, cannot  
 be in the sense of all but a sad and deplorable  
 Spectacle: And though we cannot so Pathetically  
 commiserate their Degradation and Sorrows, yet  
 are we more senseless and hardened than they,  
 if when after God hath hung them up before the  
 Sun, in the Vessels of his fiercest Anger, and  
 made them the lasting Monuments of his fiery In-  
 dignation to all Generations; If I say while we  
 gaze on Them, we do not Compassionate our selves  
 and fortifie our Spirits by all imaginable Care  
 against

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 Jod

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against the Mischiefs of Sin (that of *Pride* especially) which hath brought all these Plagues and Judgments upon them.

*Buoys of dire Vengeance chained here,  
To raise up Universal Fear;  
To Quash the Mountains, and melt down  
The Pride of each Terrestrial Crown:  
Rattle your Fetters into th' Ears  
Of a Deaf World that laughs at Fears.  
(While yet You Tremble) These Secure  
(As if as Innocent, as Pure  
As once were you) themselves Immure.  
Methinks an Hierarchy in Hell  
Might sink the Tumour, tho' it swell:  
If not, the Baffle will soon appear  
All on Themselves (not Me) when There,*

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}

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Adam's



# Adam's Tragedy,

Brethren in the Common Nature, (however distinguished by Accidents of Life.) The Progeny of the first Adam, subjected by Him to Sin and Death: Redeemed from all by the Blood of a Saviour: (Were there in you an Heart agreeable to that Grace) Do not Baffle the Project of the Trinity to save you; nor Frantickly Tear off the Plaster designed to Heal you: Heaven is no place for unsanctified Flesh, stand to the Tryal if you dare: The Judge is at the door; that will more sensibly convince you, who hath sent you word before-hand, That without Holiness no man shall see God. Hast out of the Rotten House of your first Father, and while Vengeance pursues you, you are Mad indeed, if you fly not to the City of Refuge.

1 COR. XV. 22.

In Adam all dye.

**S**IN having made this havock above, and glutted it self with Angels Blood; let us now pass on to take a view of the direful Desolations it hath wrought below; I will fight

C 3

neither

neither against *Small nor Great*, but only against *Kings*; for having already destroyed these *Spiritual Princes*, it still pursues the *High Game*, and now lets fly at the first and Greatest on Earth.

When the *Eternal Word* spake things into *Being* that had no *Pre-existence*, and commanded admirable *Order* and *Form* to start up out of *Confusion* and *Chaos*; He not only gave a *Naked Life* to his *Creatures*, but cloathed them with unexpressible *Beauty* and *Ornament*; each *Creature* richly garnish'd in his *Natural Dress* that was meet and proper to it: But to *Man* (the Lord of all) did he reserve a double *Suit*; He designs him the *Epitomy* of the whole *Creation*, and to participate of both *Natures*: His *Better Part* (the *Soul*) he Enamels with the sparkling *Beams* of his own *Divinity*, and Cloaths it in no other than his own *Livery*, and Creates it a *Spirit* like himself, *Glorious in Holiness*. This inestimable *Jewel* he wrap'd up in a *Casket* (the *Body*) very curiously and wonderfully wrought, to become a *Chariot* for the Noble *Soul* to move in: And this very *Case* he fashioned into such excellent *Symmetry* of *Parts* and *Perfection*, as should shew in each *Lineament* and *Proportion*, the unparallell'd *Wisdom* and *Power* of its *Maker*; and was so far from needing a *Mantle* to cover *Defects*, as *Nakedness* it self was its best *Ornament*, and *Innocence* its *Natural Robe*. God himself delighting to see him in no other *Vesture*, and himself not blushing to appear before his great *Creator* in it. All the *Creatures* did their *Hommage* to him in no other *Dress*, when they presented themselves so humbly

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humbly to take *Name*, which He, as their God on Earth, gave Wisely and Suitably to their *Nature*. The Loss of a Rib was so far from being any Blemish to his *Person*, that he soon finds it again wrought up into the Perfection of a *Delicate Lady*, as Beautiful and Entire as *Himself*. And being but himself divided, renders him still more compleatly Perfect. And thus the Lord of the Creation receives his Stately *Bride* from the immediate Hands of his God, and is Blessed in the Fruition of a *Princess* Congenial to his *Nature* and *Majesty*: When in a *Paradise* of unspeakable Pleasures, did this High and Happy *Pair* deliciously enjoy themselves and their Maker, with all the Reciprocations of the Dearest Love and Joy.

Now to Consummate this *Happiness*, the *Perpetuity* of all is kindly offered them, on the Easie Condition of a Thankful Obedience: (Alas!) 'Tis but the Rent of a *Pepper-corn* for so vast a *Revenue*. The Great *Landlord* will reserve to Himself a *Propriety* but in one *Plant*, which by no means he must *Encroach* on, under the Penalty of certain *Death*: while the *Fruition* of all the Rest shall be Sealed to him by *Another*, which is Hallowed into a *Sacrament* for immutable Confirmation to him. He humbly Bows, and is content to live no longer, than while he pays the Tribute of so Reasonable Service.

But the banished *Crew*, who rovd up and down in the *Air* and *Earth*, (now perfectly stript of all the Glories of their happy *Creation*, and of all Hopes of any possible *Re-investiture* into Divine Favour,) and ready to burst with *Rage* and

*Malice*, when they find that God had raised up to himself *Children* from the *Dust* of the Earth, that paid him a greater *Honour* than they, and were now become the Blessed *Heirs* of his *Grace*, and the *Mercies* themselves had so justly Forfeited, began to *Conspire* the Means of recking their *Revenge* against both, between whom there appeared so seemingly *Irrefragable Union* of Friendship.

And is there no way (think the *Infernal Wretches*) to deface this so goodly *Fabrick*, so Accurately set up and brought to so lovely *Perfection*? No means to cool this *Fervour* of *Fondness* and *Affection* betwixt these new *Confederates*? What, cannot a *Council* of *Devils* break this *Tripple League*? Were not we our selves in as fair *Probability* of standing unmoveably in his *Favour*, yet are now broken off? And does all our *Misery* serve us to no purpose at all, nor instruct us into *Methods* of *Revenge*? Sure the *Expedient* is at hand already, and can we act by any better *Engine* than what hath unscrewed our selves from his *Heart*? Can we work by any more proper *Tool* than *Pride* that has ruin'd us all? She that hath been so *Politick* to out-wit *Spirits*, cannot want her *Arts* to cast a fair *Mist* before the *Eyes* of the *Children* of the *Worm*, while she blows her *Venomous Breath* upon them. And is that newly start-up *Lady* so stiff and strait-lac'd, that no dainty cringing *Address* may prevail to warp her to the *Impressions* of *Pride*? So *Coy* and *Reserv'd* that no *Insinuations* can bow her to the *Suggestions* of a greater *Happiness* than yet she enjoys? Why she is but a *Woman*,  
made



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made of a Rib, and *Beu* already to give Life to our hopes: Cannot *Pride* smooch her up to the tickling Conceits of an higher *Empire*, and display the Felicities of a *Goddest* in her? Intimate that her *Maker* is jealous already of his *Supremacy*, and providently to secure it, hath Fettered them up by a Law from the only means of both their *Promotions*: But if they will, may be *Gods* themselves as well as *He*. Let her view the enclosed *Trees*, and judge whether its *Fruit* have not *Charms* which none but Weakness and Folly would refrain from; and bears Meat not proper only for *Gods*, but whose very Digestion would produce *Immortality*. They may (but) taste themselves into *Desire*. And then for an Assistant, hath she not the *Serpent* (a subtle Creature) to *Organize* the Errand and speak by, that knows so curiously to *Curl* himself into *Welcome* and *Audience*, and by a thousand *Cringes* will wriggle himself into Acceptance.

And thou *Pride*, we conjure thee to dart thy Mortal Sting, (whose griping Pains still stick in our Hearts) strike it into every part of their *Souls*; While we our selves will Assist thee in the *Project*, and make them know we will not Smart alone under the Frowns of an Angry God, but shall let them see how just it is, they should bear a share with us in the bitter Fruits of *Rebellion* and Folly.

'Tis no news to the Reader, that this execrable Plot was crowned with its wish'd-for Success, and how *Pride* plaid her part in the Tragedy so much to the Life, that all the *Pir* of Hell paid her the Honour of the *Clap* and the *Hum*.

Love

*Love and Life* lye Bleeding together: The *Divinity* disappears and retreats into Heaven, to *Splice it self in it self*, since all the *Sparks* of it here below are fully extinct, and *Darkness* covers again all the Earth. The very *Devils* prosper in their Ruinous Plots, and if infinite Wisdom be not able to temper good *Physick* from this *Venom*, the *Foundations* of the World must dissolve into Nothing, the Creation drop into its first *Confusion*, to Bury the Sinners in its *Ruines*.

No sooner had Miserable Man shut his Ear from his Maker, and opened it to the Viper and Lust, but the first visible Effect of his Folly was *Shame* (which never since hath broken off its Attendance on *Sin*) for *Pride* having rent off the *Garment* of their Native *Simplicity* and *Innocence* which fenced them from every Danger, the Angry *Winds* begin to revenge their Creator's Quarrel, and boldly assault their shivering Joynts: They feel already the *Cold* Effects of their Weakness, and their very Souls Blush to see how *Succorless* and *Naked* they had left themselves. *Modesty* Suggests the Necessity of a *Covering*, and themselves can think of no better than the complicated Branches of a *Tree*; not of the *Laurel* wreath'd into Crowns of *Victory* (alas! here was all *Defeat*) but of the poor Fig Platted into the inglorious Shrouds of *Shame*. Unhappy Adam! Hadst thou wisely refrain'd from the *Fruit*, thou hadst never needed the *Leaves*. Thus (*Reader*) those who slighted the Protection of the God of Nature, became *Debtors* to a contemptible *Vegetable*, and are obliged to a *Leaf* to Periwig their Baldness

Baldness and Poverty. But Alas! *Leaves* had but little *Wear* or *Warmth*, they soon *Wither* and *Rot*, whose very dropping from their *Loins*, (dead and *Sapless* because separate from their *Root*) seem to take *Voice*, and loudly upbraid the *Weakness* of those that wore them, and the *Impossibility* of *Life* to such who were now *broken off* from the *Fountain* of it. Blessed God! To what *Covert* shall he betake himself that flies from thee? They multiply *Sorrows* that hasten after another God. How unpitied are the *Rags* of the *Prodigal*, who left the *Rich Wardrobe* of his *Fathers Treasures*, to cloath himself with *Confusion*!

*Fig-leaves Adieu! Wither and dye,*  
*I've other Leaves to dress me by:*  
*A Tree whose Leaves do ever thrive,*  
*And which alone dead Souls Revive;*  
*One who has Curs'd both Leaves and Wood*  
*For not affording any Good;*  
*Kindly consulting General Weal,*  
*Left those behind that Nations Heal;*  
*Whose Vertue wisely understood,*  
*Are found both Medicine and Food:*  
*Then turn them, Reader, o're and o're,*  
*Adam's lost Glory they'll restore.*

*Cold* and *Shame* are but the beginning of *Man's Sorrows*: If his *Members* shake with the gentle *Gales* of *Paradise*, how will his *Heart* tremble at the *Whirlwind* of his *Offended Makers Voice*? *Shame* is the *First-born* of *Sin*; and *Fear* takes it by the *Heel* as a *Twin* of the same *Birth*: He  
 Fears

Tears and Flies, but in vain from him that is every where: And he that first seeks a *Covering* for his *Shame*, is now seeking another for his *Sin*, and would gladly Pin his *Fig-leaves* on his *Makers Back*, whom he Blasphemously *Impeaches* as the *Sinner*, for his kindness in giving him a *Wife*. I tremble to see how low he falls, who hath once lost his hold of *Grace*: O let everlasting *Arms* be underneath me! Since such is the Villany of *Nature*, that it would *Condemn* a *God* to save it self! But what is more *Stupendious* yet, The *God* is content it should be so, and that a *Cross* be fram'd of the *Fatal Tree* for Himself to *Hang on*, that while his *Eye* should be fixt on the *Prodigy*, (when yet the *Sun* shut his) his *Heart* (with the *Veil of the Temple*) might be *Rem* into a *Thousand Shivers*; which when laid on the *Altar*, should become a *Sacrifice* too (perfum'd by his own) that shall serve to expiate his *Guilt*: For a broken and a contrite *Heart*, O *God*, thou wilt not despise. Sure the Sence of so Astonishing Love, would Melt him into Repentance and a Flood of Tears; but if not, he deserved to dye for ever.

*Paradise* is no longer a Place for *Rebels*, who have forfeited their *Right* to the *Tree of Life*: Away to the *Plantations* with them; *Hard Labour* and *Sweat* will humble them into more Sober thoughts of themselves, than thus to *Aspire* after *Deity*. How hardly is the *Glass* of *Prosperity* holden by a *steadfast hand* without *Breaking*! but how Afflicting is the remembrance of an *Happiness* lost by our *Folly*! And I doubt not but every step that poor *Adam* trod out of his delicious *Garden*,

Garden, was made upon *Thorns*, that ran up into his very *Heart* to make it Bleed. And I humbly beg my *Reader*, upon the bare Knees of my Soul, that he would *Bathe* his Heart in the *River* of the *first Sinner*, melting Sorrows for the loss of an *Earthly Paradise*: Since the Time may come, that he Himself may *Wep* the like unprofitable Drops under the *Forfeiture* of an *Eternal Heaven* (for the sake of a few Momentary and Perishing Lusts) where a *Sea* of them will little avail him in a place of *Torment*. And I do assure him, That the *Gauntlet* swims to him in a *Flood* of my own at the writing of it, and could be content (if it might benefit him more) that it were *Printed* with the *Blood of my Heart*. But how Faint and Senseless are my *Hopes*, when I see the *Rock of Salvation* so far from yielding these precious *Waters* at the *Struck* of the *Prophet*, that the Impenetrable *Adamant* was no wise dissolvable by the *Tears* or *Blood* of a weeping God. The Naked Offenders must in pity be *Clashed*, and their very *Garments* are part of their Punishment. They shall do *Penance* in *Hair-Cloth*. Those whom *Pride* had blown up into the Conceit of being *Gods*, shall sneak up and down in *Skins of Beasts*. Sure the *Skins* of those *Drummers* (however *Tannid*) were but a *Rugged Shift* for the tender *Body* of the *Mother* of all *Living*. See, *Reader*, see the *First and Greatest Princes* of the *Earth*, (e'en *ever Kingdoms* or *Empires* were bounded out, and divided among *Crown and Heads*, see these) that held the *Scepter* of the *Universe*, thus Treacherously betrayed by *Sin*,  
into

into so vile an Estate of Dishonour. They are  
 wrapt up in *Leaden Sins*, which doubtless  
 they put on and off with infinite Shame and  
 Sorrow; in Reflection upon the loss of their Glo-  
 rious Robes. The wily Serpent had told them  
 indeed, that their Eyes *should be opened*, and 'twas  
 true enough; but to what? To the Sight of their  
 unspeakable Misery and Woe, that lending so  
 little an Ear to the Impostures of that Grand  
 Deceiver, they saw themselves Gall'd out of all  
 their Original Happiness and Bliss. That Adam  
 that was Created in Honour, but *understand me his*  
*own Felicity* in the Favour and Fellowship of his  
 God, fell as in a Moment from it, and *was*  
*like the Beasts that perish*, walking up and down  
 in his Shaggy Skin, which (with the Hairy *Bap-  
 tist*) was ever preaching Repentance and *Morti-  
 fication* to him. It may be true, what is written  
 of Peter, that every Crowing of the Cock, with  
 a new Peal that alarm'd him to fresh Sorrows;  
 but sure each Glance of Adam's Eye upon his  
 Beastial Coat, made him go forth and weep *be-  
 cause*. That Sin hath brought forth Shame, and Shame  
 a Necessity of Garments; so be proud therefore  
 of Garments; what is it but to be proud of  
 our Shame? nay, to Glory in our Sin, that hath  
 brought that Shame and Necessity upon us.  
 And this minds me of *Tertullian*, contemplating  
 Adam in his Skin: Lo (saith he) *Adam Pellicem  
 Orbis, quasi Metallo datus*. Man, the Lord of the  
 whole World, is sent out of *Paradise* in a *Den-  
 tithen Jerkin* to work as a Slave in the Mines.  
 That Garb very well suiting the Spade and the  
 Mattock,

*Manock*, and his *Wife* allowed no other Dress, her Soft Skin covered with a Pelt only, at the very mention of which, her delicate *Daughters* fall a Drugging and are uneasie, but mightily Mortified for the Misery she hath brought upon them; when, (Good Souls) they do Penance with her in *Rolls* of the finest *Linnen*, and the softest *folds* of *Sarcin* and *Silk*.

This was an *Wound* to Man indeed, but *Heaven* it self must Smart: 'Twas not so strange an Indignity to those who had made themselves as *Beasts*, to be thus lapp'd up in their *Skins*: But for God himself to be fetch'd out of *Paradise*, and made to walk up and down in a Skin upon Earth, for *Deity* to put on a Skin too: This is the insufferable Fruit of their Folly, (but the incomparable Evidence of his Love.) Nay, and while these might walk warm and secure in theirs, He (Alas!) cannot keep his own *Whole* upon his Back, but is all over *Rent* and *Torn* from the crown of his Head (where the *Thorns* pierce it) to the sole of the Foot, (where the *Nails*) when *Agonies* from *Wrath* above, *Whips* and *Spears* from *Rage* below, dips him all into *Blood*, his *Skin* becoming as *Joseph's* Coat, which he carries back (with all the *Breaches* and *Rents* upon it) to shew the very *Angels* whom he might thank for all this,

But to teach us the Lesson of *Humility* and due Moderation in our *Habit*, you may Note, how little value the great God puts upon the Body (on which he hath stamp'd the Character of *Vile*) while he presently wraps it in a Cover of *Skins*, and thinks it fine enough when it answers the

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ends of Security from Nakedness and Cold, when yet his *Wisdom* took nigh *four Thousand* years e'er he finish'd the *Garment* that should guard the Soul from the more dangerous *Attacks of Sin and Death*.

All *Peace*, all *Quiet*, no *Murmurs* here, no *Pleas* for *Gaudy Cloaths* or *Changes of Attire*; they humbly offer their *Guilty Shoulders* to the rugged *Hide*, in meek *Submission* to the good *Pleasure* of their great *Creatour*. *Those who are unworthy of Life, may not stand on Terms of Vanity*. Surely very meek and resigned is *humble Guilt*; nor did ever broken *Heart* quarrel at the *Remedy* of its own making. Lord if it be *Thou*, let me come to thee, tho' in a *Fisher-man's Coat*.

But was *Cold and Blushing*, the only *Effects* of the *Consult* of *Hell* against poor *Man*? This all the depth of their *Plot*? Ah no! for if *Pride* had been so *Modest* or *Merciful* to have stript him only (with the *Egyptian Strumpet*) of the spoils of the *Upper Garment*, the treacherous *Flesh*, had it broiled the *Case* only, or pluck'd up the stakes of the moveable *Tabernacle* and bury'd it all in it's *Original Dust*, the *Tyranny* still had been easie and supportable; while the *Jewel* within had made an escape with all the *Treasures* of her *Excellencies* whole and untouch'd; had she been so kind to have left some memorable *Marks* of her *Cruelty* on the exterior *Perfections* of his *Beauty*, the whole *Creation* would have called a *Parliament*, and humbly have offered their *Loyal Subsidies* to their great *Sovereign*: Each *Bird and Beast* would have been proud to wrap him in their *Down and Furrs*, each  
Blossom



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*Blossom* and *Flower* would have sewed Themselves together to have made them *Summer-suits*, as *Shem* and *Japhet* they would have hid their *Faces*, while they had reverently mantled the defects of their *Lord*. But O *Cruelty* never to be forgotten, never to be mention'd without horror! The *Robe* of *Immortality* is not only rent off from the stately *Pavilion* of the *Body*, but the bloody *Tyrant* kills the *Porter* at the *Door*, with design to make way to the rising the Richer *Glosters* within. As *Lightning*, it values not the *Sheath* so it can but melt down the *Steel* of the Interior Power and Strength, and trembles not to adventure into the *presence Chamber* of the great *Queen*, whom all *Pale* and even *Dead* with fear, he invades with insufferable Insolence, flying in her *Sacred Face*, and with unmerciful Hands tearing out those glorious *Lights* that lately sparkled Joy into the Heart of her *Mother*, and in a moment Devests her of all those *Royalities* which made even a *God* to doat upon her: And then (to perfect the sorrow) the *Sorcerer* forces into her weak and bloodless hand a *Circcean Cup* of *Magical Poisons* (tempered together by his own mischievous Fingers) which the unhappy Princess too greedily swallows (as what she thought might quickly Period her sorrows) but (Destruction on him) would you know the execrable effects of that fatal *Draught*? The poor *Soul* (instead of expiring) falls into a perfect *Frensie*, when immediately you might have seen her throwing her unfortunate Self into the Cursed Arms of the cruel *Dissembler*, and in Posture of most *Lascivious Courtship*, Killing the very hands

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that

that had made the *Rape* upon her Sacred Person, and with a Fondness as Strange as Unparallel'd, Sacrifices all her Powers to the *Lusts* of her Mortal Enemy. Have you not seen some poor *Distract*, rolling in *Straw*, with her *Hair* dishevel'd, in *Rage* all torn, winding her *Face* into infinite forms? Now casting out *Melancholly Smiles*, and those followed by *paisful Sighs*, which as soon are exchanged into loud *Laughter*, and that, dying into a *plodding Silence*, while she knits her *Straws* into a thousand *knots*, and tearing them again into pieces with fury; Glad of every *Feather* to play with, and adoring the smallest *Sun-beam* with ridiculous *Ceremonies*; till the noise of her *Keeper* startles her into trembling, whom she fears and flatters at once, as *glad* of his coming, yet *afraid* of his stay: In short, most perfectly insensible of her own *Sorrows*, and equally incapable of removing them, she renders her self a willing Prisoner to her own *Affliction*, and imagins her very *Dungeon* a *Pallace*?

This (alas) is too imperfect a *Pourtraiture* of this *Princesses Lunacy*, in whom the *Complacencies* of her first Affections (so pure and ravishing) are all drown'd in the *flote* of new senseless Passions, who in the loss of ineffable Felicities of divine *Amours*, and the dearest Embraces of a *God*, distractedly falls in Love with *Feathers*, and *Straws*, and *Shadows*, and every thing, and is unhappily betrayed to Court her very *Torments* and *Plagues*. *My people have changed their glory for that which doth not profit*, Jer. 2. 11.

Now to make the *Tragedy* yet more compleat, each *Scene* of it is *Acted* in the very Presence of her

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her great Lord, who had but plac'd himself behind the *Tapistry* for tryal of her *Fidelity* and Love, where he makes this Lamentable *Discovery* of her treacherous *Disloyalty*, and sees her thus miserably surpriz'd.

The whole Court above, expected nothing less than Ten thousand Deaths to have been darted into her false and ungrateful Heart, and look't each minute for her Sentence into everlasting *Tortures*: When (O unfathomable Goodness) instead of Punishment and Death, her dearest Lord commiserates the poor *frantick*, and Summoning a Council of the profoundest *Wisdom* (where Love sat President) he graciously consults the most effectual Means for the rendring her to her self again, and applying the most proper Remedies of removing (at least abating) the *Distemper*, and doubts not but her more sensible *Reflections* on his Kindness and Pity, will endear her again to a more careful and faithful Obedience and Duty, when in the right use and improvement of her Reason, she shall prudently animadvert on the tenderness of his Heart, and the *Royalty* of his Care and Provisions for her.

While the Debate was hotly carried on by the whole *Trinity*, see One of themselves— But here Reader, Expression fails me, and never yet were Words found out (never shall be) to delineate that *unutterable Goodness*, which God himself so highly commended; and the very *Angels* stand astonished at, and for which *Thousands of thousands*, and *Ten thousand times Ten thousand* of the Heavenly Quire pour upon his glorious Head infinite Blessings and *Hallelujahs* for Ever

and Ever, and the Soul that joyns not in that *Eulogy*, let him be *Anathema Maranatha*, Accursed till Himself comes to pronounce him so to all Eternity.) This glorious One not only intercedes for her *Pardon*, but undertakes the *Cure*, and so passionately pursues the *Request*, that he generously offers to wash away the stain of her disloyalty with the dearest *Blood* of his Heart. But because he had yet *None* (for he was *God* too) he would draw some from his Patient, and artificially temper it into a *Body* for himself, which his *Divinity* shall Consecrate into so spotless a Purity, and immaculate Perfection, as should highly ennoble his Blood, and make it so Meritorious and Rich, that when it should come to be poured out from his precious Veins, will abundantly satisfy the expectations of *Justice*, and serve to be a full *Propitiation* for the whole Offence, (for he took it on purpose to Bleed it out again, to finish the Project of his Love, and her perfect Redemption and Safety.) And thus was *Himself* contented to die for her, and at the dear Price of his own Life to purchase her wholly to himself, while he expects she will devote her self wholly to his absolute Service and Honour, and ever pay him the grateful Returns of her Heart for so unconceivable Kindness and Love: While he will Operate by such other *Methods*, as (he fears not) shall accomplish her entire Restoration, and render her again an Object of *Beauty*, to the holy Eyes of her Maker, by the *Loveliness* that he himself will put upon her. Tho' yet he finds from too visible *Symptoms* that the *Diffusion* of the *Venome* thro' every part, (and which had so sadly corrupted

corrupted her *Seminals*) would greatly endanger her *Posterity*, to whom the Disease would be certainly communicated with her *Nature*; (And alas! the experience of some *Thousands of Years* have given too clear a Testimony of that dismal Truth,) yet she might comfort her Self in this, That his Care should constantly attend them too, he will ever be ready to administer to Them also; and to all but such whose outrageous *Madness* would leave them utterly incapable of his healing Prescriptions; and whose *Infection* would work to so high a *Pitch*, as to cause them desperately to slight the *Remedies* that his Wisdom and Goodness had prepared for them.

No *Bounds*, no *Rampires* could hinder the *Flood-Gates* of mine Eyes from flowing out into the deepest Streams at the hearing the Account of this rueful *Massacre*. All the World destroyed at one blow in their Great *Representative*! Not a *Birth* but what should add a *Rebel* against Heaven, and a Subject to *Sin*! That's a *Triumph* with a Witness, that insults over the Ruine of the whole *Race*: 'Twas but a *Left Wing* of the *Angels* that Pride had unhappily cut off, but here the whole *Progeny* of *Adam* lye mortally bleeding to Death; and not one escapes to tell the sad *Story* of their own *Defeat*: Nay God Himself wounded in the Rout; Necessitated to take the Field, and fall in it too, be Buried in the Common Grave, and had there seen *Corruption*, had not his *Divinity* relieved him.

Come, Reader, let us consort a while: There

is a passage lately dropt from that Great *Physician*, who upon view of his *Patients* corrupted Blood, seem'd to shake his Head, and pity her whole Progeny. It would be worth a little pains to search out the Truth, and make some Experiment in our selves: (Sure he meant not that *Bedlam* (her first Production who so barbarously kill'd his Brother in the Field where the *Mad Blood* boil'd up so hotly within him,) and the poor Innocent fell by his Bloody hands from no provocation at all, but loving him who had wrought so good a Cure upon him, and was growing up towards perfect Recovery; No, no,) 'Tis the whole Posterity; and our selves are surely included: Come let us try out the matter. Hast thou never felt her *Mad Blood* frolicking in thine own Veins, and the *Dissemper* gotten up into thy Head too? How often have the *Felicities* of a *Deity* been presented by Pride upon the Stage of thy Fancy? And how brave it would be to drink thy fill of *Nectar* with the Gods? Hast thou never walked with thy Trident as *Neptune*, and commanded the Sea to own thy Authority? How many *Rags* of thy Poverty hath *Imagination* dipt into Purple, and hung them up as the Ensigns of thy Royalty? How many *Slaves* hast thou gilded into *Scepters*, and holden them forth to thy Subjects to kiss? What was in the Brain of that *Emperor*, that set him awork to out-thunder *Jupiter*? And what are the dreadful *Claps* of thine *Duties* and *Blasphemies* but desperate Charges upon God Himself, which none but a perfect *Frank* would adventure at? What account canst thou give of thy Time and Life which is lent thee but

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but a Moment for Eternity, when that Eternity will be short enough to curse thine own Madness in trifling away *Time*? Art thou fooling still with Feathers and Straws, and idly knitting *Knots* in the *Groes* of thy Misery, when (with thy unhappy Father) thou art thrust out of Paradise, and hast no Acquaintance in that *Holy Court* where once he was so perfect a Favourite, and (which shews thee wholly distracted) thou desirest none? Hast thou seen other *Light* than what hath darkly glimmered through the *Windows* of thy Melancholly Cell? or other Excellencies than what have *Dazzled* thine Eyes in the Glories of *Life*? Art thou priding thy Self in the very Shackles of thy Mournful *Captivity*, and never knewest a greater *Liberty*? Alas! thou art lockt up in *Bedlam* still, and Rovest about in thy Fancy, when as the true *Light*, and *Life*, and *Freedom*, are as far as Heaven from thee? What maketh thee judge of the earnest *Pursuits* of a few here and there after an Invisible Happiness, to be perfect *Weakness* and breach of Discretion; and hast wondred they should look after another Heaven than that thou enjoyest already on Earth? How hast thou preferred a *Persian* Devotion that is happy in a *Visible* God, that shines upon his *Vasises* every day! A perfect Stranger to that *Faith* that is the *Evidence* of things not seen? Alas Man! as a dangerous Fractick thou art close shut up in the Dungeon of Unbelief; where thy Brain works upon a thousand *Chimeras*, which evaporate all into Air and Nothing!

Come, let us lay these things to Heart: Is it nothing to thee, that the same Pride which first

infected *Beelzebub* the Prince of flies, hath Blown upon thy Great Mother, and from her have issued those *Swarms*, which overrun her whole Posterity? From this Serpent hath come forth a Cockatrice, whose fruit is a fiery flying Serpent in thine own Bosom. These Cockatrice Eggs hatch every day in thine Heart, and break out into ten thousand *Vipers* there: Dost not thou feel them passing in and out as *Wasps* out of an *Hive*; and ready to sting thee to Death? Thy Saviour hath forewarned thee of the killing danger of them, that are all bred in the Heart, Mat. 15. 18. Out of the hearts proceed, &c. They have eaten into thy very Nature, and like *Sampson's Bees*, made their Nest in thy very *Carkass*; and because they yield a *sweetness*, thou lovest to have it so: Unhappy Creature! not knowing with *Jonathan*, that the Curse is gone out, and 'tis present Death but to dip the top of thy Rod and taste of this Honey, 1 Sam. 14. 43.

Yes Man, 'tis thine Heart is the Cage of the Unclean birds; That the very Stye of these filthy Swine, That the Habitation of these Evil Spirits: We pity the poor Creature that had a Legion within him at once, but hast thou any less? These are they that *Metamorphise* some into Dogs, some into Swine, others into *Vipers*, the Jews into *Serpents*, *Herod* into a Fox, *Nero* into a Lion, *Judas* into a Devil, and thy Self into all. These have been the *Elames* that have burned into perpetual *Desolations*, turning the whole Earth into a Field of Blood and ruinous heaps: When the Son of God appeared from Heaven with design to swage and allay their Fury, they



they took Courage and made Head against him, and never ceas'd till they sent him back to complain what an *Hell* he found upon *Earth*.

Indeed these *Canaanites* are left in the Land, so Vex and Trouble the very *Israel* of God (and he sees it best it should be so) for Causes well known to himself; but to grow so Audacious, so far from fearing any *Writ of Ejection* to get them out, that the very *Blind* and *Lame* of them (as those in the Fort of *Zion*) so impudently boast their security, that they laugh at the *Spear* of the fiercest *Opposition*.

These Swarms like the *Egyptian Frogs* so violently invade us, that as *Guefts* (of their own bidding) they make themselves welcome, and will feed on nothing but the very *best in the house*, *Crawling* up and down through every Room of our Souls, and cry you no Mercy, while they creep up with you into the very *Bed-chamber* to take a Lodging with you there.

'Twere some Happiness still, would they forbear the *Chappel*, and withdraw to give us leave to deplore our Captiv'd condition, and to Petition for *Succours* from Heaven; but alas! they rush themselves into the *Divine Presence* too (as *Satan* came once with the Sons of God,) and never fail being at our right hands to resist all the Motions we present for our freedom; like *Jannes* and *Jambres*, by their cursed Enchantments, they would (if possible) invalidate and frustrate the *Embassies* of our Souls to the *King of Glory*, by the distracting *Hisses* of their Railing.

Who is ignorant that they watch all imaginable Advantages to destroy us, and close  
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in with *Satan* in all the Contrivances of our Ruine: Nay, the united *Legions* of those *Dark Powers* were inconsiderable and despicable without them; who must consult to bribe a *Snake* again to tell us Stories of the Gaieties of a *Godhead* and an *Apple*, while themselves are forc'd to attend at a distance, for the uncertain Issue of the *Plot*: Whereas now their business is already done to their hands; and 'tis but conveying their *Tickets* by any Scout to the *Confederates* within, to intimate their Pleasure and Design: When 'tis the very Sport and Recreation of these *Traytors* to bewitch us into a tame and easie *Surrendry* of the *Citadels* of our Safety and Strength, unto the cruel Mercy of *Devils*.

And God knows this is so frequent a Treachery in the World, that it has lost its Observation and Wonder, since it is become but a piece of Honour and Good Nature to commiserate the *Fiends*, and in Civility to give them our Company into *Torment*, while they by the Noise of *Huzza's* and Jollities so deafen our Ears from the Cries of the tormented Conscience or Reason, that we are content to be *Sacrific'd* in a Frolick with them, and scorn to present any cheaper satisfaction for their *Musick*, than the noble Offerings of a *Soul* unto *Moloch*; while yet the Agonies of a God, and Tears of Blood streaming from his very heart, have not the least Interest or Influence at all to restrain us from that mad Sally into *Eternal Flames*.

Something might be pleaded for *Moses* and *Paul*, who in passion of *Zeal* to the Bliss of their

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their People, so Generously made tender of themselves to be *Victims* of their Peace: And brave *Curtius* got a Reputation by galloping into the *Gulph* to appeale the angry *Deity* that rag'd in his City. *Cleopatra's* Asp gave her some Pleasure in Death; but, to curvet into unquenchable Burnings from the base Sting of a *Tarantula*, and to perish ingloriously for no good or End, but to add Triumph to Hell, and to get the unenvied honour of being prefer'd into the Society of the *Miserable*, is such a Rage of *Frenzy* from the corrupted Blood that an Eternity will never heal.

Nor is this so Strange or Astonishing, since we see every day how arrogantly *Madness* it self does Ape *Immocence* in its greatest Perfection, and (with the *Demoniack* among the Tombs) stalks about as insensible of any Shame or Danger, as ever did *Adam* in Paradise: Nay is more proud of his Cast of *Devils* than He that wore upon him the whole Livery of *Graces*.

Yet might this be soon remitted to it, were the mischief but only to it self, when (alas) there is a *Ferocity* too, that flies in the Face of, and thunders out Death against every *Wight* that is not as perfectly *Frenck* as it self. *Hypocrisie* with all her Disguises must not think to escape the Assault, for it falls upon the bones of the very *Jews*, that dare call on the Name of *Jesus*: And Common Civility hath good Luck, if (with *David's* Messengers) it be sent home but half-shaved, and with bare *Buttocks*.

But one poor torn Leaf of a *Single Psalter* dropt from the Bosom of any Real *Votary* to Heaven

Heaven dispatches him into the Hellish *Inquisition* of its Fury ; where *Piery* is wrack'd ( by insufferable Torments ) into a forced Confession of the Guilt of that *Heresie* which God himself calls *Glorious Truth* ; and the Flames ( whose proper Office is to feed on the *ungodly* ) are preternaturally made to devour the *Innocent* : *Pride* her self ( thro' the excess of Rage forgetting her State ) humbles her self into the meanest Services of the *Kitchen* to make the Fire, and kindle those Fagots which ( when she has done her worst ) destroy but the *Prison*, and gives liberty to the impassible Soul to ascend as in a *Triumphal Chariot* to Heaven.

O Corruption ! where are the limits of thy *Tyranny* ? Give at least Liberty to the small Numbers of Heaven to Pray for their Enemies, and the Recovery of those thou hast smitten into so perfect a *Blindness* and Obscurity, that in the very loss of *their Eyes* ( with the *Sodomites* ) they grope about still to perpetrate their *Villany*, and are seeking out Subjects for their Malice and Lust, to vent their Spleen and abominable Filth on.

But if blind *Zeal* to the Glory of an *Idol* prevail to such a degree of *Madness*, as to make the *Worshippers* gash themselves, and launce out their own Blood in whole *Streams*, why should we think it so strange, if to gratifie *Devils* and their own senseless Passions they roll and wallow in the *Gore* of others ? So little regret had that *Fratricide* ( whom *Hell* set on its first Work ) for what he had done, that were the poor *Innocent* alive again, he protests to  
God

God himself, that he would not undertake to be his *Keeper*.

And if the *Screams* which *History* shew us to have been shed by the same *Tyranny*, from the Blood of righteous *Abel* to the *Murders* of this Generation, might be suffered to run in one *Channel*, they would doubtless swell into a mighty *Ocean*, wherein the Devils (with the *Serim*, who with their bloody *Tusks* have haunch'd it out) will inevitably one day perish for ever.

Stand here (Reader) on the shore of this *Red Sea*, and take a View of the *Wracks* that Sin hath made by its blustering *Tempests*: Wouldest thou have thought that all these *Storms* and *Winds* could have arisen from that little *Cloud* no bigger than a *Mans Hand*? Yes alas, from but a *Mans Hand* (reaching forth after the fatal *Fruit*), hath all this *Mischief* issued, and will ever increase into greater *Destructions*, 'till at last it shall be sent to its own place, where (even then) it will devour it self to Eternity.

*A Predamnation in the Breast!*

*A Raging Wound that gives no Rest!*

*And that calm Peace that once so bless'd*

*The happy Parents, fled and gone,*

*To usher in a Legion*

*Of Deaths and Curses! yet no Sence?*

*No Sigh? no Tear? no Cryes commence?*

*(As if all perfect Innocence.)*

*Presumption! thou greatest Curse*

*On poor fall'n Man! the fatal Nurse*

*Of Plagues and Ruine! Heavens Rod!*

*Depart, and call a Dying God*

To

To scourge thee hence, and bring a Flood  
Of Tears commixed with his Blood,  
To wash the bleeding Wound, and heal  
The Ulcers of the general Weal;  
That all thy Demoniacs may  
Put on their Cloaths and pass away.

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THE

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THE  
**TRAGEDY**  
 OF THE  
**Old World,**

*With the Prostration due from a little Shrub  
 of the Vallies to the stately Cedars of Le-  
 banon that flourish on the Mountains of  
 Honour, do I humbly bow with this Tra-  
 gedy in my Hand, leaving it at their  
 Feet, and would they vouchsafe to advance  
 it to their Eye, they shall soon discern  
 that Men of their own high Rank and Or-  
 der, promoted and hastened the Ruine of  
 the First World. So influential are the  
 Examples of great Ones, that they dragg the  
 whole Universe after them. May your  
 Honourable Coronets never dash against  
 the Bald Pates of the Vile and Ignoble  
 on the Waters of Ruine: Nor your Bodies  
 be*

be Interr'd in the common Grave of a general Desolation, which will be easily prevented by your furnishing those Temples with the Ornaments of Immortality: This will give you the Glory of being the Saviours of the present World; and the mighty Shields that protect it from the Attacks of Justice and Wrath.

2 P<sup>o</sup>E T. II. 5.

If God spared not the Old World, &c.

**S**IN having thus triumph'd in the Ruine of the *Angels*, and torn off the *Crowns* from the Heads of the first *Princes* of the World, leaving that *Infection* in their *Blood* that corrupts the whole *Progeny*, had little else to do but to hang up the *Trophies* of its *Chivalry*, while the whole *Creation* lyes shackled under the Mournful Bonds of its *Tyranny*: The unhappy *Captives* chain'd to its *Chariot Wheels*, are dragg'd into Slavery and Death. Alas! they never tast-ed the sweets of their *Parents* Freedom and Innocency, and are now content to *Gild* their Fetters, and mistake their Rattling for *Musick*. The *Tyrant* takes care to make them easie and wide, they shall have Liberty enough to frolick and sport themselves (with *Leviathan*) in the large *Ocean* of its bewitching *Empire*, and as Prisoners at large may run the Rounds of all unrestrained Pleasure



Pleasure and Ease, fetching (with *Satan*) their large *Circuits* too and fro, through the whole *Paradise* of Complacencies and Delights.

By such killing *Methods* as these the *Bondage* is confirm'd, and the *Prince of the Air* is so fortunate to find all his easie Laws very naturally obey'd; while the poor *Subjects* grow fond of the *Polity*, and abjuring the Rights of the invifible Kingdom, they swear Allegiance as the hearty Vassals of the present Power, and protest against all Pretence of Homage demanded by another Lord; they grow *Hor* for the usurped *Title*, and will venture Life and Blood for the present *Interest*; they will perish rather than return, and vote themselves to perpetual *Exile* from true Happiness. And 'tis strange to find with what Zeal and Passion they labour to give the most cordial Demonstration of their Voluntary Subjection and Loyalty: With *Cæsar's* Souldier they *kill* themselves to bleed out the Mortal Evidences of their *Love*. In short, all its *Interests* are so strongly riveted into their very Constitutions and Nature, that *Obedience* runs with their Blood, through every Vein of their *Hearts*. Thus are they perfectly miserable, and themselves *Woe* to have it so; they wear out a Life in paying the constant Tributes of a Devoted Affection to the *Tyrant* that destroys them, and were it possible would spend an *Eternity* in the same Service, and are sorry only that *Death* puts too hasty a *Period* to their dutifol Resolutions: They could be proud to yield immortal Necks to the pleasing *Yoke*, and with an equal submission Kiss the *Box* that brings the fatal War-

rant for their own Execution, and as readily give their *Throats* to the strangling Cord whenever the good pleasure of their Sovereign shall do them the Honour to command them to dye.

Thus hath the subtle *Serpent* (too successfully) laid the Foundation of an Universal Monarchy, and projects to extend its Empire (with *Jesus himself*) from *Sea to Sea*, and from the River to the ends of the Earth; and which is yet more deplorable, of this Kingdom there is like to be no End, the Dominion endureth throughout all generations, and will vigorously flourish till Time shall be no more: And no wonder when his Throne is establish'd in the very Bosoms of his Slaves, who reverently bow to the Idol, and yield an unquestionable Conformity to all his Mandates. Now David look to thine own House; the whole World is departed, and are lifted under the Banner of thine Enemy, who swells under the proud Title, not of a Prince only, but a God. In vain does Heaven menace Revenge against those that fancy themselves in security, and are harden'd to the same Opposition against all the Proffers of Grace and Dreads of Power. The Difference is blown to the height of a perfect Enmity and a loathing, and Omnipotence must set it self to work again, either a New Creation, or a total Destruction.

The Apostacy growing thus Daring and General, yet to shew that Mercy can triumph against Judgment, Divine Grace breaks into the Territories of Hell, and powerfully rescues a small Colony of the seduced Traytors to a reluctant sense of their envassall'd Estate, and impatient

## of the Old World.

patient fighting after their lost Liberty. *Grace* can dissolve the strongest Enchantments that bewitch the Heart, and unsunder the Affections from the woful Chains of Sin and Death.

These rear up *Altars* to God, and with their Sacrifices send up strong Cries to Heaven for Pardon and Mercy, the rest betake themselves to Lust and Libertinism, and are enslaved with the *Idols* of their own Hearts: Yet no sooner did the first *Penitent* presume to decline the desertion, and publickly to make an *Offering* of his Heart with his Oblation to his true Lord, but his own *Brother* becomes his Executioner, he himself is sent a second Sacrifice to Heaven for his happy desertion of the Cursed Interest.

If all the Obligations of *Nature*, and the nearest Relation; if sweetness of *Humour* and endearing *Disposition*; if Fear of a God, and dread of *Vengeance* could have had the least Influence on the Conscience of that bloody *Fratricide*; we had not been startled with the amazing News of so early a Martyrdom. But if God shall own him from Heaven by the Flames of *Acceptation*, he may not escape on Earth from the strokes of *Persecution*: Poor *Abel* falls the Victim of God's Love, his own Piety, the Devil's Malice and his Brother's Cruelty. — This unnatural Murder was a sure *Prognostick* of the Old World's *Tragedy*, since if Sin commence to so high a pitch in its *Infancy* and swadling-cloaths, what *Exploies* may we think will it Achieve in its riper Years, when grown into *Giant*.

There is nothing hath occasion'd more fatal Events to the World than Quarrels of *Religion*;

while every one pretends to the *Truth*, and none will confess his *Error*; but in the case of these different *Worshippers* God himself had taken the Chair, and signalized the *True* from the *False*, by clear Demonstration from Heaven; yet is Error so far from Conforming it self, and Acquiescing in the Infallible Decision, that instead of Submitting to the Holy Decree, it flies to Arms, and Smites through the *Lains* of *Truth* it self, whose Innocency God is oblig'd to clear up and defend.

The *Fountains* are broken up, and the Waters appear already, (which in time shall swell into a mighty Deluge to overwhelm the whole Posterity of the *Murderer*;) The miserable Parents are drowned in a Flood of Tears, which are hardly dried up on the discovery of that happy Spot of Earth, which God substitutes to fill up the Vacancy of the Holy *Martyr*: So easily can he baffle the Plots of Hell, in polishing up a new Pillar of Righteousness to support his tottering Church. 'Twas the brave *Seib*, that started into Life, with the very Lineaments of his Brothers Piety and Goodness upon him; and which afterwards Survive, and Illustriously Shine in the incomparable *Enoch*, the very Glory and Flower of the Old World; whose Records (though drawn with a sparing Hand and very hasty Pencil, yet) shall the Memory of this *Saints* mighty Name and Excellencies be surely Immortaliz'd, (for though others did Vertuously, yet he exceeded them all.) And the Blessed *Pen-man* could not justly pass from Him (whose *History* would have furnished a Volume) when yet he Posts from others

others with the short Dash of a long Life and a late Death only ; (as if *Eight* or *Nine hundred years* were too little time to ripen them up to any Memorable *Perfection*) but here he stops to transmit the *Memoirs* of the Great *Enoch's* unparallel'd Life and miraculqus Translation, to all Posterities for evermore.

For if the Treasure of a Pious Education into the Knowledge and Faith of the *Messias* ; If the mighty Effluxes of the Blessed Spirit Hallowing that Knowledge into an unreserved Dedication of his Heart and Life unto God ; If an irradiated Mind, a resigned Will, and right ordered Affections ; If Hatred and Abhorrency of Sin, a valiant Opposition of others Impiety, and a blessed Walking and Communion with the Holy *Trinity*, be Furniture enough to Adorn and Dress up a *Saint* ; surely all these unitedly met and centred in Him. No wonder then, that some whose Eyes are dazled in the Brightness of his Holiness, mistake him for an *Angel* Incarnate, but others more modestly the *Friend* and *Familiar* of God. View him enriched with a *Prophetic* Spirit, and the *Eye* of his Soul divinely illuminated to foresee (at the many Thousand years distance) the Glorious Procession of the blessed *Jesús*, with the *Myriads* of his Holy Ones, passing down from Heaven to keep the Great *Assizes* of the General Judgment, and to execute *Vengeance* upon all the *Ungodly* of both Worlds, whose *Blasphemous* and *Ungodly* Speeches, whose Profanenesses and *Ungodly* Practices his Chast Soul so heartily abominated, and so passionately lamented, and against which the flaming

Zeal of his Heart issued forth in so constant Menaces of the *Wrath* and *Judgment* that That Fearful Day would bring upon them.

That his *Prophetic* Soul foresaw the *Deluge*, is not to be questioned, since his very Son was a Pillar on whose *Name* that Judgment was very legibly *Inscribed*: And in Truth, an earlier *Augury* might *Prophesie* the Overflowing of *Wrath*, as but the Natural Effect of the Inundation of *Sin*, which in His days (by the unhappy Commixture of the *Two Families*) had spread its contagious Streams over all the World. *History* tells us, that it was his Custom to Congregate the People, in order to the deprecating so direful an Execution: And to assure them, that the World was of no longer *Duration* than the *Life* of his Son; and that whensoever he died, the Bloody Blow will come upon them, which answerably happened (for though some say, that the Flood came not till *six years* after *Methuselah's* Death, yet others averr more truly, in the very *same year*; and others again but *seven days*; God it seems giving in that *Week* also, to the *hundred years* allowed for Repentance, but not a day longer; when now after the Decease of this Good *Patriarch*, they might (according to his Fathers *Prediction*) expect the Judgment to fall upon them every hour.

Doubtless the Holiness of *Enoch* (as the very shining of the Sun is a Torment to Sore Eyes) had contracted upon him the General *Odium* of the *Wicked*, but while he laboured under this Burden, and the Danger of their Persecutions, the Almighty God mounts him up into the Secu-

rities

ricies of his own Bosom. 'Twas not fit indeed, that the *Phoenix* of the whole *Creation* should be liable to the *Gnaw-shoe* of its Malice: To prevent which, (and lest they should offer Indignity to his Sacred *Dust* after Death,) the very Qualities of his Body, by a sudden and admirable Change, are rendred connatural with those of his Soul: He is all *Spiritual*, and made a fit Inhabitant for the Celestial Kingdom, whose *Translation* hath caused a World of different Opinions; many voting him to be still *Alive*, but cannot agree where to find or where to fix him; whether on Earth or Air, in *Adam's Paradise* or Gods. They tell us he feeds on *Angels Food*, and his very Cloaths are preserv'd from wearing, (as theirs in the Wilderness,) leading a Life of perpetual *Contemplation* and Joy in God, and is reserv'd with *Elias* to the Service of the Confusion of *Antichrist* in the last times: But enough of this.

While the *Eye* of the Soul is Watchful to keep it self fixt and Intent on the *Beauty of Holiness*, that is Ten thousand times enough to compleat up a perfect Happiness to *Angels and Men*; Inferior *Suitors* may despair to *Lure* away the Affections that are infinitely delighted in that Ravishing Object, yet no sooner is it averted from the Fountain of Complacencies, but an Army of *Temptations* break in upon it, and offer their several Contributions to patch up a Satisfaction that is only to be found in God. Thus the Unconstant Family of *Serb* (Blessed and secure in their Virgin Love, while they persevered in Fidelity to their first Amours;) Now

alas! (grown weary and tir'd with a *Spiritual Husband*,) employ their Traiterous Senses to cater a-new after fresh *Provisions*, which must fill up the Vacuities of their Squeamish Appetites, when lean *Kids* are dress'd up into *Venison*, and serve well enough to delude the undiscerning Stomach. Thus their *First Father* exchang'd a *God* for a *Wife of Dust*, and mistook an *Apple* for a *Deity*. And these degenerate *Sons of God* (unworthy of that high Relation) while they gaze on the Beauty of the *Daughters of Men*, are bewitch'd to write the Bill of their own *Divoree* from their Chaster Nuptials, to Marry themselves to everlasting Ruine.

The *Ties* of Friendship that long Acquaintance and Familiarity have contracted between Men, have been often so Sacred and Strong, that the Violation of them have occasioned great Commotion of Heart; and can we think that these *Gentlemen* could so chearfully pass from the purer Flames of Divine Love into the Embraces of Vanity, without some Check and *Allay* to the Fury of their hot Desires?

There is something *within* that is ever clamouring for the true Interest, and fails not to flash in Hell into the guilty Heart, that makes its Sallies into the *Idolatrous Bed*.

*What Communion hath Light with Darknes?* Come, call the Sexton, and Toll the Bell, the Church is sick of a fatal Love, and Languisheth under a killing *Disease*, that throws her into Meretricious Arms to Generate a Spurious Brood, whom God will disown for ever.



*Is there no Balm in Gilead?* No cooling Cordial *Jalap* to allwage the Flames of this scorching Distemper; that is like to burn to a total Devastation? Have Ruby Cheeks and Rolling Eyes those Sorceries in them to Enchant the whole Army of the *Living God* to desert their General and leave him, with one poor single Attendant (*thee only Noah have I found Faithful*) to Levy Forces where he can, while they Treacherously Bandy to fly to the Enemy, and are marching apace with trolling Drums and flying Colours to crouch with their Universal *Ensigns*, and to lay them at the Feet of *Pride* and her cursed Women.

O Treacherous Beauty! the Gift of God, but the Plague of Men, the Friend of Devils, that hast furnished Hell, and art ever laying on Fuel to the unquenchable Fire, which ten thousand *Rivers of Oyl* will never be able to extinguish; were it lawful for me to inveigh against thee, how could I pour out whole *Vials* of Execrations upon thee, while I see the Damning Effects of thy destructive Charms, by which thou transformest Souls into *Swine*!

Had the *Gallants* grounded their Courtships on any Pious or Charitable Regard, or consideration had to the desperate and perishing Estate of their Eternal Part (though wrapt up in never so beautiful Skin) or had had the least hopes of endearing these Ladies to the Interests of Religion, and to espouse them to God with themselves, the Project had been Innocent and Commendable enough, and Heaven would not have forbid the Baner: But when Gratifying the Eye, and

and Indolging the *Senses* was the utmost Ambition, where Desertion of Himself, and Adhesion to *Idols*, was the certain Consequent: This it was that grieved him to the Heart, and sets him on Councils of Revenge.

The Fatalities of the *Bed* are a Subject so trite, and so very far from being *Admerchantable News*, (at this end of the World) that in despair of a *Trade*, they Cry themselves in every Street and Lane, the vast *Folio's* of Ruine arising from unsuitable *Mixtures*, are every where but wast Paper, not answering the Charge of Binding, so that I repine to spend a Sheet upon them, lest I meet it again in every Shop. But sure 'tis a *Tragical Story* to find the Lovely Face of Modest *Piety* bespotted with the *Patches* of Natures Deformity (Snow and Black Ashes pil'd up in an Heap) while *She* as a cunning *Artist* (ever favouring her own Interest) takes care to *Anneal* the Posterity with the Transcendency of her own *Tincture*, and in short time produces a Generation of *Leopards*, all *Speckled* and *Motley* (like *Jacob's Sheep*.) Behold the fair Morning of a Gracious *Profession*, soon shaded into the Dusk of a declining *Indifferency*, which in a Moment is *dip* into the thick *Darkness* of a general *Apostacy*; and that, swelling into monstrous *Impudence* and *Gygantick Ferocity*; *Gods Heritage* becoming to him not only as a *speckled Bird*, but a loathsome *Blackamore*, he is startled (at the sight of it) into a Resolution of taking out the *Rods* from the *Troughs*, and Scourging the *Ring-streaks* out of the World.

The

The Disease (like the Death that pursued it) being thus Epidemical, the Law of Arms allows the *Renegadoes* no title to the kindness of a *Decimation*, where there were none left to be the Instruments of Execution (unless they be employed to dispatch one another) therefore Heaven was forced to undertake the Work it self, and the *Rebels* have the Honour of dying by the Hands of a Great God.

But least the *Horror* of so vast a Destruction might cause Trembling in the Breasts of future Ages, who hearing the Extremity of his Justice, might be Affrighted from the Service of so severe a Master, who while he could say little of their Goodness, through the long Series of Ten Generations, yet hath his Wisdom left *Commentaries* large enough, as of his own most gracious Indulgencies and Patience, so a full account of those Aggravations which must justify him for ever from the least Imputations of Injustice or Rigor.

For while the whole *Fountain* of their Souls were so Poison'd, that it was impossible for any Good to issue from them, while the *Leprosie* seizing on every Part, left not a Poor *Angle* Unputrified, whence the least Hope of a Recovery might be grounded, God might indeed forbear them if he pleased, (and glad should they be to be spar'd to their Lusts) but they are so Remote from any Reformation, that they purpose *None*; 'tis least in their Thoughts, while every *Imagination* of their Heart is Evil, and that continually. So Studious and Intent upon their Works of Wickedness, and driving on the Trade  
of

of Hell, that they laugh at the motion of keeping one poor *Holiday* to God, so that his *Aim* in the Creation was perfectly *frustrate*; for while he made all for his Glory, they detain all from him, nay turn all *against* him, and maintain the War with his own Weapons. 'Twas time to correct the Insolence of such, whom Rebellion and a perfect Contempt of God had blown up to so prodigious a degree of *Profaneness*.

*Infirmities* and *Indiscretion* may lead us through blindness and Inadvertency (as *Elisba* the *Syrians*) into the very Streets of Danger and Death, while still, by the Intercession of our good *Prophet* we may be mercifully dealt with, and dismissed in Peace: But *his Life must go for the Life of him*, that shall suffer the *Benhadad* of a final *Impenitency* and *Obduration* to escape, whom God hath appointed to utter *destruction*.

In vain does Wickedness, swelling into the huge dimensions of *Gigantick Power* and *Tyranny*, promise it self *Impunity* from the grapples of Justice, since its own *Monstrosity*, like that of *Goliath*, renders it but the fairer *Mark* for the *sling* of Divine Vengeance to hit, as 'twas but recreation to it, to hale the great *Oz* from his *Bed of Iron* into another of *Flames*.

And perhaps this is Noted on purpose, that there were *Gyants* in the Earth, to let us see that (though their *Andacities* hastened the speedier Wrath, yet) they fell but as others, and perished in the same kind of Death with the smallest *Infant*, the *Depths* covering them, and their weight but sinking them the sooner, as *Lead to the bottom*.

And

And what Hopes hath any Guilty *Flesh* to please it self in the Dream of *security*, since here we see *Beauty* and *Strength*, fair *Women*, and fierce *Gyants*, walking hand in hand together into the *Chambers of Death*?

And although indeed the general *Corruption* (running into the common-shoar of filth) swell'd it up to a necessity of being washed away by so direful *Inundation*, yet hath God mark'd as with a *Black cole* the foreheads of those, whose mighty provocations, made his Heart to ake so, and were no other but the very *Flowers* and *Heads* of the People; to speak plainly, the very *Nobility* and *Gentry* of both the Families of *Seth* and *Cain*, mighty *Men*, and *Men of Renown*.

So usual hath it been for Divine Mercy to pity the sottishnesses of the Rude and Illiterate (unhappy in the want of those advantages of *Education* and *Learning*, which might have refin'd them into the Ingenuities of a generous and reasonable Service) that he hath sometimes spared the greatest *Cities* upon the account of the very *Bruius* that were in them; but still remember, it was then too, when the *Princes* sat in *Sackcloth*, and *Fasted* with them.

God knows, the Authority and Port of *Greatness*, strikes so great an Awe into the Spirits of the *Beasts* of the people, and hath so great an influence upon them, that they dare not be so unmannerly to be more Devout than their *Masters*, and out of fear to spoil the Frolick, merrily venture a *Damnation* with them. Thus the *Blasphemies* of the *Parlour* pass out with the *Dishes* into the *Hall*, and are kept on the Coals for the *Servants*,

ants, to swallow with as great a pleasure and sweetness, as the Meat which was sauc'd with them before. 'Tis a wonder to me, that *Dives* should forget his *Livery-men* in the Prayer that he makes unto *Abraham*.

But anon when the *Camaralls* of Heaven lie open, and *Judgment* appears upon all, Then shall the miserable *Wretches* know, that as they had the confidence to Sin with their Masters, so shall they have the unenvied Honour of Suffering with them.

*Mighty Men, and Men of Renown!* Come then ye *Mighty*, and evidence the Bravery of your great *Souls*; God is resolved to try the mettle of your *Courage*. Great *Dangers* do but edge the noble *Steel*; the mighty *Alexander* once Triumphed in the Encounter of an *Enemy* that Peer'd his *Spirit*. Shew us now how bravely ye can Bridle the *Clouds*, and fetter up the insulting *Waves* that dare be so insolent to invade your Presence, and trip up your *Heels*. How oft have you boasted of your *Valour* in your *Cups*! and breath'd out *Thunder* from your *Nostrils* against *Heaven*! How often have you rent the terrible *Majesty* by the frightful claps of your *Oaths*, and the dire *flashes* of your profane *Tongues* and *Wits*! What do your *Spirits* sink now at the Appearance of a *Shower*? Blessed God! wherefore are these so *Renowned*, whose *Souls* are weaker than *Water*, that are thus dismayed at the insurrection of so common an *Element*? Were these *Mighty Men*, *Valiant* for thy *Truth* upon *Earth*, and did they take thy part, and Side with thee against the flood of *Impiety* that then overflowed the *World*?

World? Were they *Knights of the holy Order*, who fought thy Battels, and sacrificed their Blood to thy glorious Interest? Why then is their Name perished, and we have not the *Legends* of their *Chivalry*? But if they were famous for Wickedness, Men Mighty to Oppress, and Renowned for Profaneness, Is it so glorious a thing to Brave a God, and Challenge the *Omnipotent Arm* to a Combat? Is the contempt of a *Deity* the Foundation of this great *Coloss*? I plainly find that none shall be losers by thee; Thou wilt give *Atheism* it self the due *Encomium* of its Daring Spirit, that has Courage enough to flie in the Face of thine infinite *Justice* and Power. *Mighty Men, and Men of Renown!* but I fear this is to their little Comfort, when these *mighty Worms* are washed away in the more mighty Waters, and turned all into Slime and Dirt; and thy *Sword* prides it self to be Bath'd in their Blood, while it executes thy pleasure in the devouring such *Mighty Enemies*. *Men of Renown!* God deliver me from the Vanity of a swelling *Tink*; which will little Ease me when in *Hell*.

But would'st thou, that I give a more distinct Account, and produce a *Catalogue* of those particular Sins, that put the Almighty upon such Resolutions of a total defacing the Beauty and Furniture of the whole Earth? Sure they were no *Punic Ones*, no *Peccadillo's*, that could prevail to pour down so great a Ruine. Verily they are with thee, *Reader*, already, in the *Streets* where thou livest; Nay, they are in thee, Clattered up in the *Bosome* thou bearest about thee, at least in *semine*. Take heed therefore they break not out,

out, and force down a shower of Wrath upon thee. And tho' *Moses* hath given us but the small draught of them, and seems but lightly to touch them, yet such were they as never could be forgotten, and are indelibly Engraven upon the Heart of God; so written in Heaven, as it were with a *Sun-beam*, that the blessed *Jesús*, Two thousand years after, brought them down to display them before us; not for Imitation, and to teach us new Arts of *Debauchery*, but for utter detestation, and to Arm us against the Riots that so perfectly destroy them. Tho' still he fears the new World (in the heat of Blood) will be so mad to degenerate into the very same again; for if *Gluttony* and *Drunkenness*, *Lust* and *Obscenity*, *Forgetfulness* of God, and *Mocking* at his *Ministers*, *Scorning* at our *Noahs*, while they are *Fanatically* building the *Ark* against a Flood that will never come: If *Oppression* of the poor by the mighty Gyants, *Unmercifulness* and *Cruelty*, *Contempt* of the *Patience* and *Longsuffering* of Heaven; if all these and a World more, as *Blasphemies* and *Oaths*, &c. which I have not named, Usher'd in by *Pride*, (the Midwife of all Plagues both to *Angels* and *Men*) be not enough to justify the righteous Proceedings of God against them, and to verifie the Prophecy of our *Saviour* against our selves, let us wait till the next *Deluge* of Judgment overwhelm us, and then we shall feel how just a God he is to *Sinners*.

*Sin* was born with a *Sword* in its hand, and hath been a *Murderer* from the beginning; when a *Child*, it slew the World in *Adam*, and all his Posterity by little and little, one after another;

but



but now grown to *full Age* it makes nothing (with *Sampson*) to pull down the very *Pillars* of the House, to destroy *Worlds*, and to make but one blow of them all.

*Original Sin* is favourable and kind, it gives Letters of *Licence* for Life, if it be once satisfied, if at all, it sufficeth; but open Profaneness eggs on Justice to take out *Execution* without any Patience, like the *unmerciful Servant*, it takes all by the *Throat*, and sends to *Prison* without pity.

Yet God who sometimes cries out of the *Barren*, as if unable to sustain it any longer, does here engage his *Patience*, yet to bear up resolutely under the Load of all this Mass of Provocations; to let us see what Infiniteness can do, and that he delighted as little in their *Blood*, as he did in their *Sin*.

He very well knew, that as slender *satisfaction* would be made at the end of that Term, as presently could be, yet because he foresaw that he had time enough to pay himself in the next World; he valued not the casting in of *Six-score years* and more, which was little to him with whom a *Thousand* are but as one day.

To live for *Sin* is little Comfort, yet to live for *Punishment* is surely less; the giving this Term was a *Mercy* from God, but the abuse of it was a *Misery* to themselves; he that lives and must suffer at last, were better die soon and suffer the less; God indeed lent it for *Repentance*, but they improved it for *Sin*, and repented of nothing but that they had so *short* a time to Sin in, when God knew they had a *long* one to suffer in.

Come Watchman, *What of the Night? What of the Night?* Why the Fair and long Summers day of the Old Worlds Goodness and Pleasures too, is come to an End; 'tis perfect *Midnight* with them; *Night, all Night, ever Night*, such a *Night* as shall never see *Morning* more; *Themselves Dark, all Dark, ever Dark*, therefore *Darkness* above is hurl'd into *Darkness* below; *Sin to Sin* here, *Hell to Hell* there; *Carnal Wickednesses*, to *Spiritual Wickednesses*, to *Eternal Wickednesses*: What should *Light* do with *Darkness*, all *Light* with all *Darkness*, ever *Light* with ever *Darkness*? O see the fuel of the devouring *Flames*! *Rottenness*, all *Rottenness*, ever *Rottenness*, irrecoverable *Rottenness*, no sound part in them; *Stubble, dry Stubble*, fully dry, ready for *Burning*, *Vessels of Wrath*, vessels endured with much *Patience*, with *Long-suffering*, with much *Long-suffering*, and now fitted to *Destruction*. What could *Mercy* do more then wait, till of *Good* they became *Evil*, of partly *Good* perfectly *Evil*, and eternally *Evil*, resolved to be so, and yet after this to wait on still, to wait for *Six-score years*; to wait upon a *Wilderness* till it become a *Garden*, upon dead *Sticks* till they *Blossom* and *Bear*, upon degenerate *Plants* till they should bring forth good *Fruit*, is to little purpose or end; *This Evil* was from *Themselves*, *Wherefore should the Lord wait any longer?*

Art thou gotten into the *Ark* (Reader) are all things ready? Is the door fast shut down? See, *Darkness* is over all the *Earth*, (the *Darkness* of *Sin*) and *Darkness* has covered the *Heavens* (the *Darkness* of *Judgment*.) The *Firmament* hath put on her *Mourning Suit*, and with *Tamerlain* erected

erected the *Black Flag* of despair. *Clouds and Darkness, and thick Darkness, and an horrible Tempest is round about; the End, the End is come upon thee. O ungodly World, behold it is come upon thee! see it hastening from the Four corners of Heaven. Now will God Judge thee according to thy ways, and will recompence upon thee all thine Abominations, his Eye will not spare thee, neither will he have pity. Death, Ruine, Judgment, Hell, and Confusion to all Eternity. Ah I will ease me of mine Adversaries— Mercy is gone, clean gone, gone for ever; Compassion fails for evermore. Now look to yourselves, Profaneness and Atheism; if you have any Courage shew it now, keep up your huffing Spirit, Snort against Heaven and Goodness, bear up briskly like you selves, don't degenerate from your wonted Bravery. Lord, Gentlemen, Why do ye tremble? What do you mean to turn Colour? Why so ghastly in the Countenance? Why such a shivering and Ague in the Joynts? Why so down in the Mouth? Why not a word now? Ladies, What are you so startled at? Why so undress'd to day? Why your Hair so dishevill'd? Where are the Enchanting Curles that Captiv'd so many poor Lovers in them? Where the stately Brow, and the sparkling Eye that struck your Admirers Dead? Go, get ye to your Glasses, and view your Complexions now. Come, come, clear up, there's no such Fear, be not so Affrighted; 'tis but a Thunder shower, 'twill over again, go get Ready: Oh no! what Noise, what Bustle, what Roaring, what Shreeking, what Yelling, what Fainting, what Bleating, what Bellowing is here! Men, Women, Children, Sheep, Oxen, Wolves, Dogs,*

*Dogs*, all howling together in an hideous *Outcry*, and the *Waters* out-roaring them all! Oh, oh, oh, oh, the Worlds at an End! Our Wickedness has overtaken us, and Judgment is come upon us, it is come, *undone, undone, undone* for ever! You are in the very right of it *Gallants*, you are in the very right, it is come indeed, never were you in the right before: Now cry to your Gods to save you, if they can. Did not the Old Man forewarn you of this many a time? Why did ye not take warning, and build *Boats* too? Is he such a *Fool* for securing himself? How often hath he told you of your *Villanies* and *Whoredoms*, your *Ranting* and *Tearing*, your *Haughtiness* and *Huffing*, and to what a fearful end it would bring you? See how he rides securely yonder against all the dreads of Death that are come upon You; now your sport is at an end; farewell *Gyants* and *Ladies*; Adieu for Evermore.

Now here (Alas!) I am at a Loss: Can any one Rationally expect, that Invention and the Issues of one Mans Brain, can be Witty enough to delineate the *Face* of an Universal *Confusion*? I have seen, indeed, some Fanciful *Sculptures*, pretending to satisfy the Eye in the dreadful Prospect of some *Climbing* up to the Tops of the *Tallest Trees*, while others are hastening to the *lofliest Mountains*; and some (more Brutishly) Mounting on *Beasts* to outride the Destruction that makes but an easie Gulp of the *Horse and his Rider*; every Family yelling in the uppermost *Rooms* of their more *Dwarfish Houses*, not one but who betakes himself to groundless and impossible Refuges. Let me present my

Reader

Reader with a *Table* of the General Security, that Fetter'd up the Drowsie World into Fatal Slumbers; not the least *Fear* or *Dream* of an Approaching Tragedy, but what had been laugh'd out of Life by the *Atheists* of the Age, that admir'd the Frenzy of the Fanatick *Ark*: Each *City*, *County*, *Town*, *Village* and *Hamlet*, as Secure and Thoughtless, as our Selves at this day: Every *Family* busily driving on the daily Trade of *Rebellion* against Heaven, and thinking as little of any *Change*, as those that are past it in the Grave.

The *Ruling Part*, not content to impose the *Iron Mace* of Authority on the *Shoulders* of the *Subjects*, to make them Cringe by a gentle Touch, but fiercely lift it up to fetch a more killing stroak on the tender *Head*; with design to break and make it Bleed, while the poor helpless *Patients* have no Appeal but to their own *Passions*, which vent themselves in bitter *Curses* under all the *Smart* and *Sores* of that fearless Tyranny.

The *Gentry*, (terminating their Delights in a perishing Portion, and Marrying their Souls to the Clod, as if God himself were pleas'd with the Match) are exalted above the *Cares* of Life that Oppress the Hearts of the *Needy*, and the *Fears* of *Want* that afflict them: They *Club* together with those of their *Order*, where they talk of nothing but Hoisting their *Rents*, and Grinding the *Faces* of their miserable *Tenants*; unless for exchange of Discourse they Sally out into Stories of their own *Debauchery*, and ever and anon Jibing at the Melancholy *Noah*, whose *Head* (they think) is troubled with the *Vapours*, while he Builds him-

self into perfect Poverty: Let him go on (say they,) *Experience* at last may make him Wise, when we shall have time enough to *Ridicule* his unparallel'd Folly,

The *Merchants* and *Traffacking Companies* distracting themselves in the Croud of their Foreign *Concerns*, are in earnest Expectation of those happy Returns that (they think) cannot fail to Enrich them: The Poor *Mechanicks* Sweating as hotly in the hasty Pursuit of their meaner *Accrements*, and promising themselves a Brisker Trade in the ensuing *Years*. The Laborious *Villagers* Manuring their *Acres* in the confident Hopes of Perpetual *Harvests* (which alas, they will never *Reap*) and all without the least Eye or dependance on the Blessing of Heaven to Ripen them. *Imaginations* forg'd in every Brain of an endless Prosperity, which they take care to make sure to those *Heirs* which are never likely to *Inherit* it. Courtships are made with as Flagrant Pretences of Love to Young Ladies, (as now) in hopes of Establishing the Families into future Successions of *Honour* and *Estate*, when alas they are ronzed from the Bed of Fondness and Delight, when nothing remains but the Poor *Complacency* of Dying in each others Arms. Projects are contriv'd to Assign Children to this and that Employ, that in greatest Probability may make them *Happy*. The Toiling *Hirelings* are flattering themselves with the hopes of deliverance (into better Services) from the wearisome Tasks they at present Groan under, The very *Beasts* are fattening up to the *Yoke* and *Shambles*, when alas they shall never approach to either.

For

For the *Women*, (the Sources of this Plague) their Provocations were so many and Great, that my Pen in despair to number them up, takes the wisest course to let them alone, while their Minds are wholly Immers'd in Vanity; they make up too great a Part of the *Tragedy*, and I leave them to Skreak together at the approach of their Ruines.

O learn hence what the destructive end of Sin is, that hath brought so Tremendous a Perdition on all the World: And if such were the Havock by the Inundation of Water, what will the Streams of Brimstone in Hell do, and what the Flames of the last Conflagration? How terrible is God in his Executions upon Sinners, how Scorching his Justice and Vengeance: Upon the Wicked *He shall rain Snares, Fire and Brimstone, and an horrible Tempest: This shall be the portion of their Cup: Put them in fear, O Lord, that the Nations may know themselves to be but Men!*

They are gone, Reader, and as of all things else that are past, there is nothing remains of so Tragical a Story, but the bare remembrance of it, that hath so weak an Influence upon the Spirits of Men at so remote a distance of time, that it hath lost its operating Virtue and Power, and retains not the least Efficacy to deterr us from the Sin for which they perished. If when the *Earth opening her mouth* to swallow up *Corah* and all his Confederating Rebels, the surviving *Thousands of Israel* gave a *Screak* only, and returned the very next day to the same *Murmurs* for which They died: Nay, if the very Children of *Noah* had so little sense of it, that while himself

lived, his own Eyes were so unhappy to see them so early revolting into the very Provocations and Idolatries that brought the Flood first upon the World; How should we hope that our Selves, (upon whom the Ends of the present One are come, and which is grown *Old in Wickedness*, and Ripe for a second Destruction) should be affrighted out of our long riveted Lusts from any Reflection of our Minds on so Antiquated a Tragedy. Yet hath God Enrolled the Execution in the perpetual Records, and sent down his Son to take out a Copy of it, and commanded him to Post it into his own Journal to give it a new and a fresher Life, not without hope that it might *Rouse* us a little from our fatal Slumbers, while the Noise and Horrour of the *mightry Waters* should sound in our Ears: Yet doubted it still, while he Prophesies that *Himself* should find us at his *Second Coming* plung'd into as deep Perpetrations as They, and lock'd up under as perfect Insuperability of our Approaching Ruine, from which nothing could awaken us but the surprising Trumpet of an *Arch-angel*, alarming us to Judgment and the Everlasting Doom: For as it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be also in the day of the Son of Man: They did eat, they drank, they married Wives, they were given in Marriage, until the day that Noah entred into the Ark, and the Flood came and destroyed them all.

But what is become of Prides Kingdom now? When (with the Great *Darius*) she is flown and hath left all the Rich Plunder of her stately and Golden Tents to the Spoil of the Conquerour; Alas, she has no pity for so many slaughtered Carcasses;



*Carkasses*, thrown over into the *Ocean of Ruine*! Nor is it so much her Care to *Protect*, as to *Betray* her unhappy Subjects: She delights not so much in their Safety as Destruction; she Dresses them up only for Sacrifice, and they have the Pleasure to dye in their *Holiday Cloaths*: She *Combs their Heads*, and *Shaves their Beards*, and *Smooths up their rivell'd Cheeks*, to expire, (with *Octavius*) and lays them asleep on gentle Pillows: She Courts them (with *Jael*) to come in to her, and hides them from the Danger of others; but then the *Nail* and the *Hammer* is in her own Hand, which Pins them fast to the *Earth*: With *Alexander* she hunts out more Worlds for them to Conquer, and with the desperate *Pharaoh* leads them into the very Bowels of the *Sea*: See how she drives them into Corners; first out of *Heaven*, then out of *Paradise*, and now out of the *World*: She is the Devils *Spirit*, employ'd to furnish Inhabitants for the lower *Region* to an eternal Slavery. Behold where she Perks on the Prow of *Noah's Ship*, where she Splits her very sides with Laughter, at the Glorious Present she has made to *Lucifer*! What a World of Furniture hath she boarded away at once for his Spacious *Palace*! How will his stately Rooms be hung with the *Tapistries* of *Prides Tragedies*! What Horrid Stories will they represent of her Cruel *Tyrannies*! And here she waits to drop her *Cockatrice's Eggs*, which she knows will Hatch themselves within the very *Ark* into another Brood for her. She thinks not her Case so desperate yet, as not to hope she has a Friend in the very *Council of*  
*Eight*

*Eight.* One that has Courage enough to own  
her Principles, and doubts not in a little time  
to grow up into Power and Strength enough,  
advantageously to declare for her Interest.

*Men of Renown Dash'd out of Breath!  
Gigantick Huffs, yet Pump'd to Death!  
O Baffling Heaven! Mighty Mountains,  
Tumbled into swelling Fountains,  
Lye sprawling there, (Trophies of Strength  
Divine) whose Massy Weight and Length  
Makes Justice smile! A Righteous God  
Reducing all to Dust and Clod:  
Chaos and Carcasses, O Sin!  
How Dismal have thy Ruins bin?  
Tremble ye mighty Gods of Earth,  
Here God's as Great as you want Breath.  
O for an Ark of Safety now!  
Come in, come in, and Lowly Bow.*

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*The*

### The Impiety of Charn.

**T**HE proud Waters that had received their Commission from the King of Heaven to Fight his Battel, and revenge his Quarrel against the universal Apostacy, (with more Faithfulness than *Saul* who in pity spared the delicate *Agag*, and the best of the Cattel for Sacrifice) undertaking the General *Massacre*, without Mercy, (Proud of an opportunity to Muster up all their strength, and by this Execution, to Chronicle the Eternal Victory over all their opposite Elements) pour'd out all their *Forces* with such a Torrent of Fury and Rage, that soon did the poor baffled *Flames* Sacrifice themselves for fear, and lie all Martyr'd in their own Ashes: Not a *Spark* left in the whole World, but what must be fetcht from Heaven to warm *Noah's* Altar. The *Air* (guilty of the Treason too, for yielding Breath to such a Rebellious crew) is all smother'd to Death within the *Concaves* of the Spiring World. But the poor *Earth* (for the Guilt of bearing this unhappy Burden, and Feasting them with all her Luxurious Prodigalities with *Caspar*) muffles her Face in her Mantle, and patiently receives the Wounds of her own folly, while the insulting Enemy (not content to ride upon her *Back* only) tramples her under his Feet, and is trod into Mire and Dirt. Whose cruel Tyrannies when the All-gracious God perceived, and now that these insolent Waves,

Waves, *help'd forward the Affliction* of his poor little Church in the Ark, (crowded among Brutes and very uneasy) commands them to go back, *It is enough, stay now your hand.* But while they hardly retire, and with too slow a pace, a mighty *Wind* is sent forth to *sound the Retreat*, and enforce them to a speedier conformity; that so the Creator might conferr a New World on those his *favourites*, who had alone been so Loyal and Faithful to him in the Old.

The Commission is Executed, and the good *Prophet* hopes that this *Wind* has blown him some good, while the obedient *Surges* post so fast away to their *Quarters*, and that neither *Wind* nor *Water* had done him hitherto the least prejudice in their several *Marches*.

How submissively doth he wait till he receives the glad Tydings of the Recession of the *Enemy*, which is confirmed to him by his winged *Ambassadour* under seal (with the Signature of an *Olive Branch*.) And that *Patience* might have its perfect work; he still attends and dares not set a Foot on the Earth without receiving orders from Heaven.

But now, behold this poor despised *Preacher* of the Old World, comes ashore from his dark *Cabin*, and lands the great *Monarch* of the *Universe* (a Type of the greater Saviour) the *Prophet*, *Priest*, and *King* over all the Earth: whose first work is to build an *Altar*, whereon he Sacrifices his very Soul in Praises and Thanksgivings to God, the *Perfume* of which was so sweet in his Nostrils, that it brought down a blessing not on Himself only, but on all the Earth to all Generations; for  
while

while *Seed-time* and *Harvest*, *Summer* and *Winter*, *Day* and *Night* continue unto us, we cannot be unmindful of holy *Noah's* Sacrifice, which was so pleasing to God, that to him was sealed the Confirmation of them all to us.

Yet could not all the *Floods* of *Wrath* extinguish the rage of that *Venom* which his Impious Son *Cham* translated from the Old World into the New, and had lodged in his Heart (all this while) like a close *Traytor* in the very Bosome of the *Church*: A *Contagion* which will spread it self to that *Latitude*, as in a few years shall over-run the Earth again. This was the cursed *Stock* out of which shall sprout those venomous *Branches*, which shall dilate themselves into a prodigious *Plantation* for the increase of *Wickedness*.

He was a fellow of so vile a Spirit, that you might have found all the *Rudenesses* of the past World concentred in him. And while he wants other opportunities to manifest the Villanies of his Heart, he blushes not to act them against his own *Father*; so devoyd was he of that common Grace and reverend Respect, which every *Pagan* Conscience payes to the Maintenance of the Honour of *Sovereignty*; so insensible was he of that Duty, which as a Natural Tribute is due to so great a *Prince*, and so good a *Parent*; that he is not afraid of the Vengeance of Heaven, while he belches out the *Crudities* of his rotten Lungs, upon his venerable Face, by open Derision and prophane Contempt of that glorious *Person*, (now a Prisoner in the surprizing Snares of his own *Vines*, whose uncivil *Twiggs* had

had caught him by the Heels, and ruffled off his *Mantle* from him in the fall.) Unhappy Prince! to give so vile a Miscreant occasion of so Rebellious an Affront to thy Majesty. But most worthily Accursed *Wretch*, that wer't so far from casting the Veil of *Duty* and *Charity* over that naked Bosom, wherein lodged an *Heart*, so lately, by the Righteous Judge of Heaven, pronounc'd to be the very Best and most Sincere in all the World: That here I find thee taking up the perfect Postures of a *Mad-man*, extending thy widened *Throat* into loud Exclamations of Laughter and Derision, to the insufferable dishonour of that mournful Object. Nor canst thou be satisfied in ridiculing thine own *Father*, in the presence of the All-seeing God and his *Angels*, but must maliciously summon all the *World* to do it too; how righteously therefore wer't thou and thy whole Posterity, bound up in the strong Chains of an Eternal Curse!

The *Infirmities* of our Fathers (either Civil or Natural) should be so far from causing us to draw a wry *Mouth*, that they must be ever the subject of our *aching Hearts*; Since the Fathers eating *sowre Grapes*, do but cause the Childrens Teeth to be set on Edge. And who is Ignorant that Noah's Wine did but exhilarate his Spirit into a more chearful pronouncing the dreadful *Imprecation* upon that Son, whom the doom of Heaven had before decreed to be blasted. Sure I am, those *Israelites* had forfeited their own *Heads* before ever God gave way to Satan to Tempt *David* to Poll them; and *Absalom's* hot Brain did but naturally generate those long *Locks* which Divine Justice

Justice twisted into an Halter to hang him with, for the short Cutt of his Curtail'd Obedience to so good a Father.

'Tis but *Turkish* Impiety, to reck our Revenges against the Plagues of Heaven that Sin hath procured, upon the very *Bodies* of our *Kings*. 'Tis remarkable, that most of the *Rebellions* which Sacred *Writ* hath acquainted us with, were raised against the best *Princes*, and the very *Intimates* of God, whose *Interest* for divine Assistance was so apparent, that 'twas a Miracle, Passion should so beset men into the fatal Effects that pursued them all: Since *Corah's* Grave was so affrightfull, as might well allay the rage of that *Spirit* to this day.

The *Zimri* slew his Master (that was but a *Sort*) yet a *Jezabel* could observe, that he suffered the Plagues of a *Regicide*, and the Pleasure of a *Weeks* Reign was soon expired in the Flames of his expeditious Ruine, when despair of Safety from the Prosecutors of that Treason reduc'd him to that wofull Exigency of Offering up himself (a most unacceptable *Holocaust*) in the Fire of his own Kindling.

'Tis the Kindness of God to all *Subjects* in acquainting them, that the *Hearts* of *Kings* are in his own hand; directing them by that discovery into the safest Methods of Redress against any the wildest Exorbitances of *Tyranny*: Since 'tis but their Addressing unto himself who is able to turn them (as the *Water-streams*) to flow into as great *Currents* of Favour and Kindness towards us, as ever they have ebb'd in the diminution of any Rights or Liberties from us. If  
their

their own Prayers can redress their Conditions, 'twere but Madness to fly upon the Faces of Princes (*whose Wrath is as the roaring of Lyons*) when speedier succour may be drawn by humbling themselves into the Arms of a gracious God; *Who for the Oppression of the poor, and for the sighing of the Needy, will surely arise to set them in safety from every one that puffeth at them.*

Be it ever remembred, That God hath secured the Prerogative of Honour to all our Superiours, with the same Care as he hath provided for the Lives of other Men; to shew us, That 'tis as dangerous to withdraw our Allegiance from them, as to act Murder upon others: And that their Sovereignty is as safely guarded as our own Reings.

And Oh! that the Brightness of those Eyes that sparkle Terror into the Hearts of the Wicked, and scatters them *as the Clouds before the Sun*, may reflect so great a Light into all the Paths of Princes, that their Royal Feet may never slip into Noah's Noose, nor any of those more vulgar Weaknesses which give Opportunity for *Chamish* Impiety to set light by that Majesty which God hath made the very Image of his Own.

And let Undutiful Children take care, that the Stones of Absalom's Heap (which Travellers say are still increased by very Jews and Turks passing by it, in detestation of that unnatural Act) be not brought hence by Divine Justice, to beat out the Brains of those whom the Horrour of so notorious an Example can little affright into better Obedience! the Punishment of this Crime being



ing so seldom *Provoked* to the General *Affire*, as Vengeance hardly takes a *Nap* before *Excursion* be done to the full. When a wretched Son was once laying violent Hands on his Aged Father, and kicking him out of doors; "Now hold thy Hands, (said the Old Man) for 'twas but *hitherto* that I served thy *Grandfather* in the very same Manner.

And 'tis observable, that the Curse is entail'd expressly upon *Canaan* for the Sin that was committed by his Father, to let us see how so great a *Profaneness* is seldom expiated but by the Blood of Generations: And God's withholding his Grace only from Children, is *Slip* enough to strangle them with the same Halter their *Fathers* hung in.

This is that *Canaan* whose Name gave Denomination to the *Fruitful-Land*, and whose Sin made it yet but a *Wilderness* to his whole Posterity; since the Blessing of Exuberance is but a *Curse* to those to whom common *Mercy* is but a constant *Judgment*; and God did but send them before-hand as a Company of *Slaves*, to build those Houses, and plant those Vineyards which should cheer the Hearts of the more obedient Children of *Shem*; to whose use God sealed the Lease of their *Ejectment*, and delivered it to *Abraham* (so weary was he of such Tenants) four hundred Years before it was Executed, while in the mean time a People should be born that should serve the Lord, and Pay him the *Quit-Rent* of Praise for so pleasant Habitation.

And what! Is not this another Tragedy, when the Sword of God strikes inwardly, and

executes its Massacres upon all the invisible Faculties ; kills them *spiritually*, and spares the poor *Corps* to the Curse of Slavery, not to *Men* only, but *Lusts* and *Hell* ; leaving them so perfectly *Dead* from performing the Functions of the *true Life*, that they are absolutely senceless of any other end than that of *Luxury* ; wherefore they are continued in the World, 'till running up and down for a while (like *Swine* with the fatal Knife sticking in their Throats) they faint away and bleed themselves into Eternal Death, as *Vessels of Wrath* fited for *Destruction*.

*Canaan* Adieu ! ( the unhappy Son of so prophane a Father ) who hath entail'd upon thee and thine so direful Execration, that I see some of thy Cursed *Off-spring* hypocritically crouching with their *mouldy Bread* and *clouted Shooes*, to begg a miserable Life from the flourishing *Family* of thy more dutiful *Unkle*, and none other is granted them but such as is worse than *Death* it self, when, rather than perish, they are content to become the contemptible *Skullions* of their *Kitchen*, the Prophesied Judgment is actually verified, *Cursed be Canaan, a servant of servants shall he be.*

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Babel's

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# Babel's Tragedy,

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*To the City of God (if any on Earth be) the Incomparable London, (Instructed and Edified on Everlasting Foundations into all the Dimensions of Saving Knowledge, Faith, Love, Truth and holy Experience, by the Care, Skill and Industry of Her Spiritual Builders) do I humbly Dedicate this Tragedy. Beseeching God that neither the Clattering of Tongues, nor the Divission of Hearts may ever procure Her the Baffle of Babel: But that she may be a City at Unity in it Self; her Affections as uniform and Compact as her Habitations, ever remembering that she is not Secure, till God himself lay her Topstone in Heaven, and Finish her up to Perfection.*

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GEN. XI. 4.

*Go to, let us Build, &c.*

**B**UT come Reader, Let us pass from *Golgotha*, (the Charnel-house of Dead Bones and Skulls,) while we divert our selves a

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little

little with the Comical *Tragedy* of *Babel*, where not a Man lost his *Life*, and so many lost their *Language*, and exchanged not their *Beings* but *Tongues*, which they might have kept long enough had they us'd them to the right *Edification*; but because they begin to talk *Idly*, they shall talk *Odly*, and vent the sence of their *Minds* in Unintelligible *Sounds*, and be brought to understand *One another* as little as they did *Themselves*, when they began to Babble together of building Castles in the Air: Come, say they, *let us build a Tower, whose top may reach unto Heaven.*

Mighty and daring *Attempts* need a joynt and Confederate Strength to effect them, when single and solitary Power (discourag'd by its own *Impo-  
sency*) despairs of accomplishing the Contrivances, whose failure in the end is sure of no other issue than certain Confusion to its self: Nor can we imagine this *Project* was Hammer'd on the Forge of so many Brains at once, as could assure that Encouragement of a prosperous Success to its Authors, which no other Interest or Opposition could check: And methinks it should carry the Face of fair Innocency upon it, since the first Mover, (whosoever he were) believ'd it would meet with so general a *Reception*, as should yield him not Security only, but *Re-  
nown*; and the rather when there was no Fear or Jealousie of Resistance from above: Yet the Councils of the Wisest have that uncertain Issue as can never secure an Infalible Event any further than the Correspondency of Heaven close in with, and bless them to *Perfection*; for how frequently

quently have more Landable and Innocent *Consuls* been shamefully baffled by an *Invisible* hand, from an Idle Neglect of calling in the Divine *Assistance*; since Infinite Wisdom so impatiently bears the Affront of an *Exclusion* from the Conventions of the Mighty, and will be sure to maintain the Honour of its *Presidency* in the *Council of the Gods*.

And possibly if *Nimrod*, (whom *Josephus* will have the first Projector) had reverently address'd for a *Fiat* from above, God might have pitied a *Vanity* in Men who Aspir'd no higher than the Glory of a Name, and the Pile had attain'd its desired Perfection: Since the heaping up *Stones* (tho never so high,) was so small a danger to the *Frontiers* of Heaven, that they Built themselves up but to nearer Ruine, and gave the Clouds the fairer advantage (upon the least Rebellion)'to humble the Insolence with easie *Shots*.

But the mighty *Hunter* knew no such *Game*, and could he *Halloo* in Hands enough to the work, he doubts not to fix it on *Eternal Columns*. So Bleer-ey'd is Nature into the Decrees of Desolation, that it neither dreads nor dreams of any.

He was one so suitably *Spirited* to the Towering Design, that (besides the Bulkiness of his Body, that terrified all into the *Sweats* of Slavery) his larger *Soul* disdains to walk in any other *Galleries* than such whom the united Hands and Wits of *all the World* must be summon'd to Rear him.

So uneasy was he under the Confinement of

## Babel's Tragedy.

a Narrow Station, that he violates the Bounds of that Modesty which yet blessed the World in a contented *Level* of Moderation and *Parity*, that with the *Iron Mace* of an usurped Sovereignty, he breaks in upon the Rights of his peaceable *Kinsmen*, (as a *Torrent* bearing down all before it with an irresistible Violence and Fury) to drive them into the Trail of an enforced Obedience and Servitude; while he Dates a *Felicity* to himself from the Hypocritical *Cringes* of his flattering Subjects, who tamely yield him the *Supremacy*; while the Great *Noah* was yet alive, and *Shem* and *Japhet* too, infinitely more honourable and worthy of *Dominion* than himself.

His *Placet* for a Palace is imparted to the Council of *Princes*, and by them communicated to all the Commonalty. The Motion is so happy in finding an Universal Approbation, that now every Head is in Labour with *Inventions*. A Spirit of *Building* animates the General Body, and all hands prepare to work in carrying on the Commands of the Great *Sovereign*: When almost an Invincible difficulty encounters the whole Scheme, the very Ground it self (checking the Fondness of the Enterprize) is so far from affording them the Materials of *Marble* or *Stone*, that hardly can it pay the Contribution of the least *Pebble*, to the Erection of so haughty a *structure*; nay, not the common Kindness of a *Chalk-Hill* for *Lyme*: This shrewdly appall'd the *Adventure*, till a *Committee* of the choicest Wits, sitting daily to jumble Brains together, they happily light upon a New *Expedient*, and Vote to force *Nature* it self under

der the same *Tyranny* with themselves ; and since she was so Rude and Discourteous in not favouring the Design, the more Loyal Fire shall undertake to chastise her Reluctancy, by *Martyring* her Clay into Brick ; which (as if less Graceless then the first Founders) has *Blushed* ever since at their Ridiculous Folly and Pride.

*Josephus* in his first Book of *Antiquities*, tells us, That so many Men were employed in assisting *Nimrod* to the Erection of this mighty *Pile*, that the work grew to Incredible Height and State ; the *Largeness* and Strength of the Foundation very fully answering its intended Sublimity and Weight. *Isodore* saith, [in *Lib. 15. de Etymol.*] that it swell'd and mounted to five thousand One hundred sixty four paces: And *St. Hieron*, [in 14 cap. *Isaiah*] to four thousand, which make a great German Mile, all made of Stone of Brick bound and fast knit with a slimy Clay instead of Mortar, the Remains whereof continued to the days of *Theodorit*, and *St. Jerome*, as *A. Lapid* tells us.

The *Colosse* going on, and prosperous hitherto, and all Big with huge Expectations of a Glorious Issue, while it now is swelling into so Prodigious Immensity ; 'twas high time for Heaven to consult its own Security : Therefore a Council is called there too, to contrive means of giving Check to this insufferable *Impudence*. See to what Height and Considerableness the Kingdom of Pride is already arriv'd within little more than a hundred years, that nothing less than a Parliament of the *Trinity* can prevail to countermine its audacious Invasions. Come let us go down and see, &c.

*History* acquaints us, That when *Julian* the Apostate in (despight to our Saviour) had granted the *Jews* a Commission to rebuild the Temple at *Jerusalem*, great Collections of Money were every where made, and Materials for the work provided: Hands are set to it, and the Foundations laid upon the *Ground-works* of the Old Temple; when Lo, now an Earthquake from Heaven, dissolv'd the Corner-Stones, and a *Fire* issued out, which consumed the very Tools and Instruments of the Workmen, and all the Timber prepared for the Building. So easily could God have blasted this insolent Attempt in the very first Preparations for it, not have suffered the Mounting the first Story: But *He that sitteth in the Heavens* will wait a while, till they heap up something worthy of his *Thunders* to destroy, which are seldom spent against base and contemptible Objects: 'Tis his way to stay the hatching the *Cockatrices Eggs*, and to see how the *Viper* will behave it self, when an easie stroak will crush it to death at his Pleasure. Thus he beheld the Artificial Piling up the *Powder* and *Faggots* together, and patiently suffers the fatal *Match* to be lighted that should *Fire* the Train, (as if himself were in the Plot; but then calls for Pen and Paper, to write a Ticket of discovery to his *Lieutenant* here on Earth, and orders him presently to execute the Traytors: He holds the *Waves* in his Hand till the Attendants of the *Tyrant* are waiting on his *Chariot* in the Channel, but then he gives Order to all his *Artillery* to discharge at once, and destroys them all at one *Shot*: The Commissions must not only pass the *Seal* that legitimate



gitimate the Massacre of the Church, but the Posts must fly about to disperse them into every Quarter of the Kingdom, and the Sword of the Enemy is half drawn out from the Scabbard to put them in Execution, e'er a Countermarch shall arrive with the News that the Villain who procur'd them is hang'd.

God still loves to be seen in the Mount: 'Tis not like himself, if the whole World be not astonish'd at the Wonders of his Justice and Power, while the very Blasphemies of his baffled Enemies are *Musick* to him; since he knows 'tis but the same Lesson they will repeat in Hell, Rev. 16.

But *Blessed God*, by whom shall great Babel fall? Shall the proud *Waters* be once more called in to Top this lofty Mountain? No, these Adventurers had thy Security against them, (tho' now they were endeavouring to wrest the very *Bow*, (the Seal of it) out of thy gracious Hand :) Or wilt thou wrap thy Self in the *Whirl-wind* of thy Fury, and Rend away all its Scaffolds in a Trice? No: Or shall the very *Earth* quake under them, and open her Voracious *Jaws* to swallow up this huge *Morsel* at a Gulp? No: Nor shall the *Lightning* of thy Rage fall from Heaven and consume them? No? By what means then wilt thou scatter these *Proud Ones* in the *Imaginations of their Hearts*? Even by no other than a Light and Insensible stroak on the Mouth, (far more easie than that the *High-Priest* commanded *Paul* to be smitten with) a little dash on the *Teeth* shall evacuate and disappoint this whole vast Design. Not so much as a *Rams Horn* blown to  
Race

Rase these Foundations, which shall stand : while, as the *Monumental Folly* of the Pride and Shame of their *Founders*, while themselves are blown into so perfect Astonishment that they are at an absolute loss to make to each other the least Intelligible excuse for so vain an *Undertaking*.

Never was there such a *Victory* without the least *Blood-shed*; a *Total Rout*, and no *Slaughter*; a full *Defeat*, but no *Wounds*; a *General Blow*, but no *Smart*; a *Scattering*, but no *Pursuit*; an utter *Confusion*, without any *Destruction*. Men as well and as able to work as in all their lives, and as willing too, if it were possible, and yet they cannot tell why they do not. The *Tools* in their *Hands*, and all *Materials* ready to proceed, yet not a Brick is laid more, and yet not one of them scarce knows wherefore; while yet none calls for any, so as to be understood; and none carry up any, because they understand not that they are called for: Those above call and vex because they are not answered, while the other below think they are either *Mad* or *Drunk*, and mutter they know not what; when anon they come down in a *Rage*, and demand why they are not served, while the question is put in a dissonant *Idiom*, and none found that is able to answer it. They are ready to *Fight*, and the *Hands* are up to strike, when the fault of all was only found in the *Mouth*: They run to *Nimrod* to excuse the matter in a *Dialect* he could not Ken; while Himself speaks *Gibberish* too, and bids them go home like *Fools* as they came: They depart away and knew not each others *Minds*,  
whether

whether ever they should meet again, and had not so much left of their Native *Speech*, as Civilly to bid each other *Adieu*.

How did the whole *Trinity*, (with Reverence be it spoken) sport themselves at this confused *Hubbub*! while they had marr'd the whole Project of *Pride* with so great Recreation to themselves, but with so perfect a *Raffle* and Confusion on Her! And this was the end of her stately *Palace*, whose Foundations were so strong, and so hopeful a Progress made in her *Superstructure*, till God saw it fit to Puff upon it, and lay all her fair hopes in the Dust.

But what! were the Affluences of the Valleys of so Venomous Influence, to swell up the *Mirmidons* of the New World, into such Courage and Valour as dar'd to Attack even *Heaven*, and to revenge upon it the Quarrels of the Dead? They seem'd to be more modest and humble upon the *Armenian* Mountains, where the *Ark* was still preaching to them with more effect, than to those whose *Spirits* were now in *Prison* for Disobedience to its Doctrine: Whence is it that they perk up now so early into *Arrogance*, that were but of *Yesterday*, and the Product of one Generation? Alas! the Courteous Waters (like those of *Jordan*) had been so kind to their *Lodgings* at their departure, as to leave behind them those *Fees* of their Civility and Gratitude, as quickly shew'd themselves by the rising *Womb* of the Teeming Earth, now Prouder than ever, of her Luxurient *Burthens*, (no wonder when She had been so prodigally *Cramm'd* with all sorts of *Flesh*, and drunk so large Draughts of

of the Blood of Men, and had been happy in so strong a *Constitution* and *Stomack*, to make so quick a digestion of all into perfect Vigour and Spirits, yet had not her *New Guest*, the Grace to draw from her the plump Issues of her *Veins*, with the least sence of her former Sorrows, that had so long mourned under the Deplorable Curse of the first *Rebellion*: Nor the least sence of their own Duties, in returning the Acknowledgments of those Services to her Maker, which were due for those many Blessings she so profusely poured out upon them: That as *Jesurun*, feeding on nothing but *Kidneys of Wheat*, and drinking the pure blood of the *Grape*, they wax fat and Proud as He, (their very Hearts caul'd over with the thick Collops of it.) They begin to Play and Frisk, and Kick up the Heel: Wonder not then that a God is forsaken, and all dependance upon Heaven so perfectly broken off: We find the same *Apostacy* was ever in Fashion, and I fear will never pass out till the Consummation of all things. *We are Lords, we will come no more unto thee.* In short, so far from any serious reflection on the devouring Waves, that had delug'd the whole Creation, and swept away the World of ungodly, that themselves appear to be as *Dead* as they, and as deeply *Drown'd* in the killing Streams of Lust and Sensuality; while they swallow down the *Elixirs* of a Lascivious Earth, their very Souls are turned into *Mummy*, and the old rebellious Spirit against the Creator boils as high as ever, when the *Waters* came to cool its Courage; so that if God Repented that he made man into the Old World, 'tis a second

cond grief to him to continue him in the *New*. So soon had *Pride* recovered her Kingdom again, and sent out her strict Commands, that under pain of her high Displeasure, all her happy Subjects should merrily enjoy themselves in the Fruition of their present Prosperity, without the least Reflection on the past *Tragedies* of her Government; nor be so vain to embitter their sugared *Pleasures*, with any Remembrance of those Fatalities which would but damp their Spirits, and render them very uneasie to themselves.

Therefore as once the *Danish* Army, having made its Conquests over *England*, were set on work by their Willy General to raise that Prodigy of Wonder, call'd \* *Stonebenge* in *Wiltshire*, as an Eternal Memorial of their Chivalry, and a *Chappel-Royal* for the Coronation of their *Kings*: So the Victorious *Empress* now perceiving her Subjects wantonly dallying in the Lap of *Idleness* and Ease, (and her self not so Commodiously provided of a *Palace* to appear in that State and Glory she desired) would needs set her Vassals on Building too, and was resolv'd the Magnificence of the Structure should every way Commensurate the height of her Spirit, for the *Turrets* should be seated in the Clouds, and the Pinnacles menace even Heaven, that all the World might know where to pay their *Devoirs* at the Imperial Court of her Residence: To this end she inspires her New *Lord General*, whose Character and Qualifications for that Service you have received so large an Account of.

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\* Dr. *Charleton* in his Account of it.

But

But what! Art thou *Asleep*, Reader, (with *Jonah*) while all these *Storms* are about thine Ears, and thy self ready to sink into the Deep? Is it possible that all this *Clutter* and *Noise* should rock thee into Slumber? Methinks, if the Roaring of the *Mighty Waters* have not awakened thee, yet the *Fambling* of all Languages in an horrid *Confusion*, (as if the World were in an Uproar again) the Crashing of the Fall of *Babel* might. Come man, Rouse up and open the Eyes of thy Faith a little, and see where all the Glories of the *Children of Pride* lye. Dost thou not perceive that *Black Spot* in the very Heart of them? That is the *Curse* (Man) that even in a Moment hath eaten thro' all, and with more expedition than the Decreasing *Moon*, that by more leisurely passage hath obscur'd the *Body* of the Earth. It came down and lighted on the first *Builder*, who went out from the presence of his God to gather *Stones* for his own *Immurement* against the Vengeance that pursued him: His *Mark* is yet visible on all his Posterity, he that runs may read it in the very *Forehead* of the same *Frenzy*: They Erect *Follies* too, and enclose themselves in *Cedar*, and with the poor *Snails* promise themselves Security, against all the *Crushes* of the Foot of Wrath, from the weak *Shell* that is over them, little remembring how still a *Wind* blew down the Great *Babel*, and the weak *Element* rased the Foundations of the whole *Universe*, when the Inhabitants met their Death (with *Eglon*) in their *Summer Parlors*. The *Babylonian* Monarch lost his Reason in the spacious Walks of his *Palace*, and thought himself a

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God in that *Heaven*, till Justice sent him into the open *Fields* to learn a Greater there, where the meaner *Outworks* of the *Celestial Court* (all Enamell'd with glittering *Diamonds*) convinc'd him that he had justly forfeited his *Wits* while he thought his *Babylon* any thing more than *plastered Rubbish*. The poor *Fisher-men* gaz'd (as astonish'd) at the goodly *Carvings* of the *Temple*, till their *Master*, who had seen the *Ravishing Beauty* of the *Holy of Holies*, read them a better *Lesson* than to dote on *Stones*, from the Ruine that was hastening upon Those; for that now God was taking leave of the *Golden Seraphims*, to furnish for himself a Lodging in the humble Cell of a *Contrite Heart*: And the Spirit of Truth looks upon all the Earth but (as *Venice*) built upon the Waters, while he allows *Foundations* only to the *City* above.

And no wonder, when the *Decree* is gone out so long ago for the lighting the Fire that shall burn it up: And the very days we live in, are but as the *six-score years* allowed to the building the *Ark*. If but *Christ's Church* were once perfectly finished, Heaven would not forbear a day from commanding the dreadful *Flames* to do their Office. Did those thundering *Billows* come at last, and shall this Fire ever spare?

'Tis said of *Naples*, that it's a *City* to be seen (for its Gayness) on *Holidays* only, but God will shortly break that *Holiday* when he shall come to visit her and all the Earth, in fiery *Indignation* and *Wrath*.

Come on then, and let us consecrate our humbler *Cottages* into Holy *Chappels* for *Divine Service*,

*Service*, while the People of the *Curse* are drinking themselves drunk (with *Benbadad*) in the rich *Pavilions* of their Pride, and spreading all the *Tables* of their Luxury with *Visellius* his *Plattery* of *Jelly*: With the Holy *Patriarchs* let us secure an *House* whose *Builder and Maker is God*; while the *Decree of Ruin* is written on every *Wall* by the *Hand* that causes them to tremble already, and from thence pass down to make an *Earthquake* in every *Heart* that admires them. *Vengeance* roared not louder against *Him* that tempered his *Mortar* with his *Brothers Blood*, than does the *Rafter out of the Wall* cry against those who *Mortais* their very *Souls* into their *Timber*, and mix all their *Affections* with the *Vermilion* that *Graces* the *Rooms* of their *State*: *These cover themselves with a covering, but not of my Spirit*, saith *God*. The *Curious Embroideries* of their *Cielings* terminate their *Prospect* and *Desires* together, while they *Covet* nothing beyond them, they have raised but their own *Monuments*, and fear to take a turn on the open *Leads*, which discovers the *Glory* themselves despise, and upbraids their cursed *Neglects*. *Less* lofty *Palaces* might serve these little *Worms* of the *Earth* to crawl in, while with the *Serpent* they are damn'd to wriggle on the *Ground*, and make their *Meals* on the *Dust*. With *Cosroes* they build their *Heaven* on *Foundations of Mire*: And in the very height of all their *Pomp*, are but as the *Egyptian Corpses* (with their *Brains* pick'd out) in design to keep them from *Rotting* a little. Would you think such *Cadavers* (so richly dress'd up) should be perfectly *Breathless*,  
who



who are yet so *Fair* to look on: Go near them, *Reader*, and be not afraid, if they Savour of any thing, 'tis of nothing but *Earth*. They are the Family of *Ptolomy*, who have Entomb'd themselves in these *Pyramids* of Stone, and are absolutely dead unto God. Let us make an *O Yes* at their stately Gates: *O Earth! Earth! Earth! hear the word of the Lord: Thy beauty shall consume in the Grave from thy dressing; Thither shalt thou go to Mesheck and Tubal, and all thy Fellows, whose Graves are round about thee; All of them uncircumcised (as thy self) and slain by the Sword of Gods justice: Though whilst they lived they caused their Terror in the Land of the Living, Ezek. 32. 26.*

What, do they Move, *Reader*? No, No, I told thee how perfectly Dead they were. Away away, from the *Tents* of these proud Men, lest the *Earth* swallow us up also. Nay, Haste Men, lest they should force on us the Civility of the *Cellar*, and our Heart should smite us (*with Ridley's*) for but drinking within the Walls where the word of the Lord is so basely rejected.

Come now, fly with me to the Plains of *Mamre*, and refresh thy self with the Prospect of an *Abraham*, sitting at the Door of his Tent, with his Soul all full of God, till his Eye discovers the Passengers, and his Heart calls him to the Duty of that Genteel Hospitality that was so *Natural* and proper to Him, whose Custom was to invite his Guests to his *Table and Heaven* together, and see how he is rewarded here, when instead of *Pagans*, he is accosted by *Angels*, who were sent to him in Embassy from Heaven, with Orders to

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his

his Lady to provide a Cradle for the little Great Heir of Gods Promise and their own Prayers.

Sure 'twas sweet *Dwelling* with them to whom God himself made so many Kind and Familiar *Visits*; their Pilgrim Affections were no deeper *Stak'd* to the World than the slender Pillars of their Tabernacles, which they lightly pluck up with ease, to follow the Conduct of that gracious *Providence* that never left or forsook them.

Nor can we complain of the unkindness of the same *Angel*, who once vouchsafed us a *thirty years* Visit and more, but then found so cold Entertainment from the degenerate Children of his *Old Friend*, that he peremptorily resolv'd to exchange his Lodging and remove to the *Tents of Japhet*, since they provide nothing but a Stable for him to be born in, and an High Priests Palace to be Judg'd in, with *Herod's* stately *Hall* for a *Pageantry*. To let us see how unwelcome a Reception Himself or his Followers must expect from the Great Gates of the *Mighty*, who still *Eccho* with the hideous Notes of, *Away with him, Away with him, He is not worthy to live.* They will pull down the very Tabernacle of his Body, (the only house he had on Earth.) Though *Herod* (that *Fox*) may enjoy his *Hole*, and *Caiaphas* (that *Bird*) his Downy Nest, *For the Son of Man* had not where to lay his Head: And now they will send his very Soul away to wander whither they cared not: But he returned to Heaven to tell the *sad Stories* of their Salvage Usage, and how Once he begg'd a *Lodging* for a Night, but was denied, and others more civilly *prayed him to depart*

depart their Countrey, as a very dangerous Person to their Swine.

What shall we think of this, Reader, and how shall we learn better Manners? But to bring into Fashion the Good Patriarchs Charity, and be more really Hospitable to his Poor Friends in his Absence, lest if we be Rude, and too Samaritan-like to his Suffering Outcasts, God provide a Covers, even with Moab for them; And he do to us, as he hath done to the Jews, leave us without House or Home, and send us a Wandering too; and while we give so Churlish a Reception as They, we be justly retaliated by a suitable Dispersion.

But hear me, Reader, and then we Part: Hast thou heard the Tragedy of Jesus, the Son of the most high God? And art thou angry with thy Thatch now? Go get thee into the Stable and learn a greater Humility, there recollect thy self, and consider who once lay in the Manger: Thence return to thy Book, and there see his Followers (the very Heirs of Glory) wandring about Houseless and Harbourless in Desarts and Mountains, in Dens and Caves of the Earth, of whom the World was not worthy; and then Murmur if thou canst, that thy Lodging is so hard, and thy House so little: The Hardness is in thy Heart, Man, and thy self less than the least of all Gods Mercies. I am afraid Pride hath stung thee too; If so, take heed to thy self, and remember Babel.

*Vain Heirs of Cain ! to shut out Guilt  
That Gripes within, have Sconces built  
That Shake, (as did their Founder too.)  
Ah ! what can Stones and Cement do ?  
Foundations from Above appear,  
That cover Sin, and banish Fear ;  
Whose Superstructures lofty lay,  
And can admit of no Decay.  
Make up a Temple for a God  
To sit in, laying down his Rod :  
Build on Them, Reader, - (surely too)  
For what can Stones and Cement do ?*

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THE

THE  
 TRAGEDY  
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 Sodom, &c.

*To the Spiritual Sodom, the Mother of Harlots and Abominations ; (where Stews are, if not establisht by Law, yet conniv'd at for Interest, ( the Exchequer swelling by Meretricious Contributions ) and Sodomy it self Dispenc'd with, and practis'd thro' all her Borders ; ) does this Tragedy most properly belong, as Prophetick of her own in God's own Time : May He deliver his poor Church and its Angels from the Violent Attagues of her Tyranny and Lust ; and open all our Mouths in Praise and Thanksgiving for deliverance from her who Corrupts the Earth with her Fornications, and who is Drunk with the Blood of the Saints.*

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*Turning the Cities of Sodom and Gomorrah into Ashes.*

**T**HE *Cities of the Plain* were most happy beyond others, in all the Contributions of *Nature*, and whatsoever else might bless them into a most perfect *Felicity*, whether we consider either the Fertility of their *Soil*, (the very Fields admiring their own Harvest Loads) or the Luxuriency of their *Pastures*, heightened by the bordering Streams that lent them as well the *Profit* as the *Pleasure* of their excellent Company. The Loveliness of their *Situation*, as not *Buried* alive by overtopping Mountains, or *sunk* (with some unhappy Buildings) in a Bogg of Dirt, or Grave of *Obscurity*; nor mounted so *high* as to be made the first Subjects of the Wrath of Heaven by too near a Proximity to the *Clouds*, but seated on a dainty *Level*, that yet afforded all the satisfactions of a pleasant Prospect to every Eye that beheld them. Then for an *Air*, they seem'd as founded on a *Rock of Spices*, breathing out their sweet and salubrious *Scents*. To all these we may add the Blessings of an established *Peace* and Liberty by the Victorious Arms of *Abraham*, and the concomitant Happiness of a settled Government; the defect of which is sometimes so great an Obstruction to the General *Weal*, as render  
King.

Kingdoms but the alluring *Baits* to every ambitious Spirit to swallow them.

This was the happy State of *Sodom*, and her Sister Cities, when *Pride* (having received that shameful Foyl at *Babel*, where she was building her stately Palace) was perfectly then to seek where to sit down with her wandering *Court*, till a little time might recruit her into her former Splendor: When now the many Accommodations of these fair Cities, invited her to fix her Resolutions of taking up her Residence in them, where not disappointed of her Hopes, she found both the Place and People so fully corresponding with her utmost Expectations.

Unhappy Cities! from the first day of her fatal Entrance within your Streets will I date the certain *Prognosticks* of your Absolute and eternal Ruine: So surely is her Presence attended with all the long Train of Desolations and Plagues. 'Tis God Himself that hath given Evidence to all the World of the cause of your Woes. *This was the Iniquity of Sodom, PRIDE, fulness of Bread, and abundance of Idleness was in her, and in her Daughters, they were haughty and committed Abomination before me, therefore I took them away as I saw good.*

Other Sins are but petty *Vice-Roys* that reign precariously in the Soul; but *Pride* is the Sovereign *Empress* that hath Triumph'd over Heaven and Earth, and dragg'd *Angels* at the Wheels of her Chariot. Let not the Reader impute *Levity* to me, while by the Liberty of a *Prosopopeia*, I discover by what insinuating means she twisted her self into the fascinated Affections of this People to that degree, that in a little time they be-

come her absolute Vassals, yielding up themselves and all the Innocent delights of their Lives to be perfectly poyson'd by her deadly Druggs, swelling to that degree of *Monstrosity* by the same Infection that gives them the denomination of *exceeding Sinners before the Lord*.

Her first *Arrival* thither was grac'd with all the Shouts and Acclamations of a People that were Drunk with the Expectation of the Glory that her *Presence* would afford them; their Thoughts taken up with nothing but ambitious Designs how they might outvie each other, in yielding her the most prostrate Demonstrations of a clear Resignation to her Service and Commands; they strive to give her all the Evidences of a perfect *Assurance*, which might inform her how gratefully sensible they were of the Honour and Happiness she had brought them: Besides, they Reflect on the many *Emoluments* and welcome Advantages they were like to reap from the *Residence* of so stately and Magnificent a *Port*, and doubt not but in a little time their *Spirits* will be sublimated from those gross and *Saturnine* qualities that depress'd them into a more *Airy* and *Mercurial* Temper, that will the better qualifie them for her Service, and give them the Credit of being Reputed the most Brisk and *Genteelst* People in the World. 'Twas impossible but the Association of her *Highbness*, and the gallant Deports of her Attendants must derive an universal Influence upon them, to make them as conformable as her self desired: And the Good Lady was so far from being slow or defective in answering all their Ambitions, that in a sensible  
Return



Return of their Kindness and Joy, she was resolv'd to expatiate her self into all the Acts of possible Favour and Grace, and was not so lofty, but would stoop to instruct them into all the Arts which might expeditiously form them into *Grandeur* and *Fineness*.

And first, They must not take it unkindly from her, if she freely discourse to them of matters which had wrought some *disquiet* in her Breast, upon those few *Observations* she had made of their Customs since her first coming to Town.

She is Astonish'd to find that Men of such Exuberant and plentiful *Estates*, should thus forget themselves to bustle in the Clownish Employ of the *Field*, as if there were no meaner Souls ordain'd to *Slavery*, whom the Goodness of Heaven had Created to free them from those dirty Services: True, in the Infancy of Time, e'er the World was Populated, the Great Ones were necessitated to toil in the *Clods*, and yield their dainty Fingers to the *Flow*; but *now* there were Heirs of Poverty enough; Men of *Brutish* Tempers, and *Horney* skins, that were sent into Nature on purpose to excuse them from the dishonourable *Drudgeries* of Life: 'Twas business enough for them to sit at home and receive the Accounts of their Slaves; and if they had any real purpose to commence into *Gentility*, they must speedily resolve to bid an everlasting *Adieu* to the Scurrilities of Labour: She was concern'd indeed at her Entrance into Town, when passing the *Plains*, She had discover'd from her Chariot a sort of Men, whose proper and tall *Personages* promise fair, a far greater Capacity for more Honourable Service

vice than to *While-away* their pleasureable days in the melancholly Attendance on Cattel, and to be Slaves to the very *Brutes* that were made but to feed them : *These* she could wish would throw away their disgraceful *Crooks*, and scorn to be chain'd to a *Dog* any longer ; The her self will take care to find out some more *Martial* Exercise, wherein they shall give Proof of the Bravery of their Spirits in a more honourable *Field*.

But now for the rest that were fixt in the *City*, (She cannot but declare her Resentment,) her Great Soul hath been grieved to see each *Shop* in their Streets grac'd with very *Princes*, sit rather by their Majestick Appearance and *Meen* to sway *Scepters*, and to manage the greatest Offices in *Empire*, than lamentably to be immur'd up within too narrow Walls, (as so many *Anchorites*) stuffed with a few *Merceries*, and busily employ'd about *Cissars* and *Ells*, and others of them drudging amongst *Weights* and *Scales*, the former *Measuring* out but their own Misery, and the others so forgetful to *Weigh* themselves in the right Scale of their own juster Merits, which (if they did) they would find their own Happiness but very Light, and real *Prisoners* in a seeming *Liberty*; and tho' the little Accrements of their trifling Trades might help a while to gild over their Chains; yet were they *Captives* still, and perfectly Strangers to the happy Pleasures of the *Country* Life; and she should take it very ill, (when now she is come to Town to Reform them) if they did not depute others into those *Mechanick* Services, while themselves attend upon her own Court, and grace her *Pa-*  
*lace*

lace with their Presence there, their own Shops affording them variety of Choice, to dress themselves up into Garbs of State as might every way suit with that Honour. 'Twere a shame for such not to appear in her Livery, and wear the *Badges* of Dependante, which she doubts not will very gracefully become them.

For *Those* that have no other business but to Trace the *Streets*, she cannot entertain any great conceit of their Courage, since they walk as *Peasants* unarmed without their Swords, which, (besides the pleasure of feeling them dangling on their Thighs,) would be ready to cool the Sawcy Bloods of such as should insolently Affront them by usurping the *Wall*, or giving the *Lye*. She begs them to consider what a dishonourable thing it were to have their Mistresses huff'd away from them, while themselves had not so much as a poor *Daggar* to awe the Spirits of the Impudent *Invader*.

And by what Conference she hath hitherto had with those few of them that had humbly address'd her, she cannot but be jealous they are as cowardly Managers of their *Tongues* as their *Arms*: They seemed so absolute Vassals to Truth, that they scrupled the Advantage of a *necessary Lye*, which she protests is the way to bring them to *Beggery*. Their Language is too Rustick and unlac'd, and savoured so much of the Countrey *Simplicity*, she must have them Tutor'd into more fashionable *Dialects*: They must not be afraid to *Thunder* at the Mouth, and to Peg down each Sentence with a creditable Oath. Their very tongues must learn to tread the

Grand

*Grand Paw*; she mightily dislikes their whining *Minnies*; she must have them *Note* it to the *Ela* of &c. And as their *Speech*, so their very *Looks* do please her as little, they know not how to charge their *Countenances* to dart a *Terrour*, nor how to *Swell* and look bigg; nor with one *Frown* (shot from the furious *Brow*) send away the *Impudent Creditor* that dares take the boldness to *Dum* for his own. In all these *Reformations* she promises her utmost skill to assist them.

Now for the manner of their *Eating*; this above all hath given her the greatest *Affliction*: As if God had still left them under the *Curse* of *Temperance*, and given them nothing but *Herbs* and *Sallads* to feed on: She verily thinks their *Fields* and *Meadows* did not present their *Liberal Issues* to a more silly and dull-brain'd *People* in the *World*. What, had they not learned the sacred *Science* of *Eating Well*? Unskilful yet in the *Lectures* of *Cookery* and *Sauces*? Nor how to *Exercise* the *Trained-Bands* of *Dishes* and *Platters*? She hates to see them gnawing upon those tougher *Bits*, which tormented them into the *Fret* of a tedious *Digestion*: Had their *Women* no *Alimbeck*s to bless them into the *Felicities* of the *Quintessence*? Had they never dissolv'd an *Oxe* into a *Mess* of *Jelly*? And what were so many *Flocks* given them, but to *Elixirate* all into *Broth*, whose subtile vertue they should find frolicking in their capering *Veins*?

And as to *Drinks*; she fears the *Vicinity* of their *Streams* had but bewitched them into the *Judgment* of too frequent *Draughts* from them: Or if they were arriv'd at the *knack* of improv-  
ing

ing them a little, by a small Infusion of the *Spirits* of their *Acres* with them, this she believes is their extreamest Happiness, when now she was come to acquaint them, That the Jolly *Grape* was proud to shed his *Blood* in their Service, and offers himself to be *press'd to Death*, to give them a greater Pleasure in Life. Why was the Experienced *Noah* so careful to prune up his *Vines*, but that he might leave behind him the Honour of bequeathing so great a Blessing to the World? But if hitherto that *Nectar* had been enviously detain'd from them, by the Policy or Power of their *Princes*, and made a *Monopoly* to their own *Palats*, she will take care to break the *Damm*, and make it run down into every Corner of their Streets.

But then they must promise her to enjoy that Happiness in the proper *Season*, which would double its Pleasures to them, and that is by *Night*; they would never arrive to any great Proficiency in the Noble Practice of Drinking *Al-a-mode*, till they *muffled up day in their Curtains*, and *Lighted up Night with their Tapers*. 'Twas a Glorious Adventure to baffle the Orders of Nature, and to begin to *Chime* up their Consorts of *Musick* and *Dancing*, when the drowsie World lay fetter'd in the Charms of a *breathing Death*, and themselves alone Alive unto Jollity and Mirth: They could never think to mount the high *Flight* of Pleasure indeed, till they had tamed Nature by *Watching*, (as *Hawks* are fitted for the Game); she fears they will slight her Advice as to this, since she never observ'd a People more chain'd to their *Beds*, taking care with the *Sibarites*

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to kill their *Cocks*, in order to secure their *Naps* in the Morning.

There are many other things she would gladly see redressed, but she is willing for the present to dismiss them, on condition they will evidence a fair Respect to her Counsels for the future. 'Tis true, there was one thing more she would be glad to whisper in their Ears (saining here a Politick backwardness to discover it, yet such as she knew would but whet their desires into longing expectation to know it, which they fancy too, above all the rest, would help to compleat up their happiness) but she desires to be excused for the present, till she see to what Measure of Obedience they would pass in a dutiful Conformity to her Dictates, given out at this *Meeting*: And besides, she fears the disobliging of their *Wives*, (whose company she expected too, and who might equally need her Instruction) since what she had further to impart, might be expounded at least *Misprision* of Treason against the *Female-Interest*, and whenever she reveals it, it must be under the sacred Seal of *Secresie*.

They depart with all the Expressions of Joy and Satisfaction in her admired Condescention and obliging Nature, and assure her, that nothing shall be wanting on their part to Honour her Directions by a ready Obsequiousness and Respect, and all in an Extasie of Ravishing Delight, they lowly take their leave and pass away.

*Memory*, that is ever a faithful *Treasurer*, to lock up every thing that casts but the least shadow of a promising Happiness, fail'd not these Citizens to make a very punctual Repetition of all

all the Branches of this goodly Oration, to the greedy Ears of their attentive *Wives*, whom they soon raise into equal Raptures with themselves, in the *Imagination* of the prescribed Felicity; till anon, unfortunately One of them (more *Uxorious* than the rest, and who wanting the prudence of Retention, would make but an ill *Privy Counsellor*) chanced to blurt out that last clause so imperfectly delivered, and broken off Abruptly, which seem'd to grate upon them a little too nearly. This takes *Fire*, and from a little Spark in the Bosom of One (too hot to hold there long) spreads into a Flame over all the City. A *Convention* of the *Sex* is holden to debate of the matter, each one vents her private Conceptions, which blow up the rest into a greater Fire. The fury of Jealousie incenses them, and they cast about how to prevent an Evil that seem'd to bear so ill a Face and Onien towards them. They universally *Vote* a *Conspiracy* hatching, and resolve to stand off, and bid defiance to their Enemy. What knew they, but she might bring up some new Laws of *Divorce*, and endeavour to preferr her own *Drabbs of Honour* into their *Beds*. For their parts their Spirits were as *high* as her Own, and they scorn to crouch for Advice or Directions from her. They needed none of her Imperious Impositions, and were Bred sufficiently already into all the *Decors* of State. What can she add more to them, than what they enjoyed already? Could she teach them other Fashions than what themselves had invented? They had not studied the Arts of Dressing so long, to be corrected now by a Stranger.

Stranger. The World was mistaken in them, if they were not Notorious already. They thought she had come to Town to have improved her self rather by them, and added to her happiness in their Company, than thus mischievously to Plot against them. Besides, 'twas rudely done of her, not to give them the Priority of the Invitation. They like not she should be so great with their Husbands.

The *Empress* was of too sensible a Spirit to pass by the Affront, without the just Revenge payable to it. She will make them know that she hath not so low a Soul to put up such an Affront to her Honour, so tamely as they imagin; and is very glad that themselves give the first Occasion of the Breach, they shall quickly feel the effects of their stubborn Folly and Rebellion.

If the *Spirit* of Purity hath drawn a Curtain over that *Obscene* Advice, that once was whisper'd by the Cursed *Sorcerer* into *Balak's* Ears, and hath modestly hinted the time only, when the wicked Counsel was given, which prov'd so fatal to the poor Children of *Abraham*: Marvel not, *Reader*, if my Pen blush to describe the unnatural Revenge which the *Sorceress* dictated to the Men of *Sodom*, whose hot pursuit of her pernicious Orders, was the Torch that lighted the Flames of their Ruine, and stamped upon them the black Character of *Exceedingly Wicked*. 'Tis enough if thou know that God gave them up to the most villainous Exorbitancies, and the fury of unnatural and unaccountable Lusts; to Charge an *Incubus*, and Ravish *Pluto*, while Nature it self recoils at the Horrour of so Infernal a Courtship.

*Pride*



*Pride* checkles at the happy success of her Project, and finds her *Disciples* so tractable, that she resolves to raise an *Academy* in the City, to train up Youth to *Succession*: Her self will sit in the *Chair*, and Read daily *Lectures* of Debauchery and the blackest Arts, and those so Publick, that none shall pretend the want of Opportunity to pass into the greatest Proficiencies in them. She designs them all for *Epidemical* Profit, and therefore shall be performed in open *School*. She celebrates *Impudence* as a glorious Vertue, and to be found *Blushing* is present Expulsion, (tho' few were found in *Sodom* of that Maidenly Complexion.) *Epicurus* hath but stollen his principles from her: She assures them that the Soul dies with the Body, and there is nothing better than to *Eat and Drink*. They must contemplate nothing but *Sensuality* and the *Palate*, protesting to them how great a God the *Belly* was; and that nothing would satisfy this *Deity* better, than when they made much of themselves. The more they *Offer* to him, the sooner should they experience the Blessing, to whose Sacrifices their *Fields* and *Herd*s yielded them so cheap an Assistance, that they would be the ungratefulest Persons living, should they not load his *Altars* with their frequent *Victims*.

This Doctrine sounded so sweetly in their Ears, and was suited so fitly to their natural Constitutions, that you might have seen the Furniture of their stately *Plains* taken off and devoted to the Voracious Gulph of *Glossony*. Each *Park* and *Forrest* send in their liberal Contributions; the Luscious *Venison* is immur'd in Pales

of *Paste*: The stately *Taurus* drefs'd up with Gilded *Horns* and Flowery *Garlands*, presenting himself in Sacrifice to the great *Colon*. *Beasts* lie mangled on every *Stall*, and more *Shambles* ordered to be presently built; a general slaughter is proclaimed. The innocent Inhabitants of the *Air* cannot lie in peace for them, and the *Scaley Nations* are made to swim in Ponds of *Butter*. *Dishes* march in Battel Array, and Jolly *Boles* go Round, while *Gomorrab* Smoaks too, and the Five *Cities* are all but one *Kitchen*. *Hogheads* bleed, and the *Conduits* run with the Blood of *Noah's Vintage*. *Musick and Songs, Good Cheer and Wine, and Wine, and Songs, and Musick, and Good Cheer; an Health, and an Health, and Ten thousand Healths* to her who bad made *Sodom* happy, and brought a perpetual *Holy-day* with her: Teaching them the true end and use of Life, and merrily to pass their Time away. When before her Arrival, their days were spent in carking Cares, and solicitous Thoughts for the World, which basely Captiv'd them in the Chains of a sordid Bondage, and made them very Slaves to their own degenerate Humours, from all which she had so happily freed them, and open'd the Gates of that grateful *Liberty*, that makes every Mortal so Happy. *Pride, Fulness of Bread, and abundance of Idleness* was in her.

The poor Women finding how the Game ran, began to relent, and think it folly to stand out any longer. They fall in with the Humour of the Time, and see *Coyneſs* and *Stiffneſs* grown quite out of *Faſhion*. They found themselves losers already by an unprofitable Haughtineſs, which

which (if they persisted in) might in a little time, render their whole Sex but *needless and immodish*, since there was no standing against her who swayed all the *Town*. They are willing therefore to yield a little and out of *Policy* to be more tractable, since very *necessity* drave them to it. They think upon Terms of Accommodation with the *Empress*, who they hope is not so *Imp*lacable by Nature, but may be by some means appeased again, while themselves will give her those fair Demonstrations of future *Conformity*, which may work her to better Apprehensions of them. To this end they let loose all the Reins of *Modesty* and Chastity, (by which they think) they had been Restrained too long already, to run in a full career the Race of all Licentiousness and Lust: *Virtue* grows a very *Burden* and hateful to them. *Pleasure* the only brave *Goddeß* they Adore, in whose Service they are so superstitious and severe, that they devote their whole Time and Studies to approve themselves her most *Bigotted* *Votaries*. The snares of Temptation are weaved by every Hand, they dress themselves up into all the Advantages of *Love*, and have Exchange of *Complexions* that suit with the several Fancies of every new *Admirer*. That day is lost that is not bless'd with fresh *Assignations* of to Morrows Joys, and they awake to nothing but renewed *Acts* of Yesterdays Frolicks. They take care not to appear too frequently in the same *Garb*, *Ridiculing* those of meaner Fortune whose Abilities supply them not to the same Variety of Dress. They look with scorn on those that Retire themselves to the Inner Rooms with the *Formless*

of keeping at Home, who have not the Invitation to *Gallant* it abroad, or be blessed with the Courtships of a *secret Love*. They are Mad that Nature had not lodg'd upon them the most killing Charms of Lust, which they strive to supply by Artificial Means, and the bewitching Arts of Language and Wit. They— But alas! My very Ink blushes to pass any further, and the humour of our Age needs little Instruction into courses they Imitate already so much to the Life.

When the great *Ninive* was ripe for Judgment, God sent them a *Prophet* to give them notice of their approaching *Ruine* (and gave them *Forty days* to consider of the Message;) the Breath of whose Mouth blew them All to the *Ground* in the deepest Agonies of Terror and Sorrow. *Proclamations* issue out for a General *Fast*, and the whole *Court* (for Example to the People) are wrapt in *Sack-cloth*, and the *Ashes* on their *Heads*, very happily prevented the whole *City* from being turned all into *Cinders*. When God himself drew Arguments of Pity from their present *Penance*, the *Tears* of the *Children* and the very *Looing* of the *Cattle*, turns his Heart, and prevails to revoke the *Decree*. But such was the fearfull Defection of *Sodom*, that the Inhabitants there were more *Burish* than the *Beasts*; so Pamper'd and Shining, so ready and fit for the *Slaughter*, that he resolves now by an Immutable Decree, to Offer up an *Holocaust* of them all, to the honour of his Justice, and the Eternal *Memorial* of the Sacrifice: so Great and Exceeding were their *Provocations*, that he will not deal with them as with other Sinners, and summon them severally to

to Judgment, as they are taken and Arrested by Death: But a *Commission* of Oyer and Terminer shall be sealed for their immediate Tryal and Execution: Giving all the World notice by their *Pre-damnation*, what themselves must expect for the same Guilts at the General *Conflagration*.

And now *Sodom*, the last Scene of thy *Tragedy* is just upon Acting, and the merry *Banquet* of thy Luxury is hastening to an End: Wrath and Destruction bring in the *Voider*, *Tables* and *Guests* are hurried away together. Thou hast enjoyed a long and pleasant *Day* to Act the *Comedy* of thy Mirth, but now it's dying into an *Eternal Night*. The *Play* is over, and the *Musick* is ended. 'Twas all but a *Frolick*, and Frolicks are grown so Natural and Customary to thee, that even in Death thou canst not leave them, thou wilt *Act* one more, and thy Last, upon the very *Ladder*, and that shall shut up all for ever.

The *Executioners* of Justice drawing near to the Gates, the Genteel *Lot* (who had learned from his *Uncle* the generous Duty of Hospitality and Kindness) perceiving them entring, was there sitting, ready to offer them a free and courteous *Invitation* to his House, (little thinking they brought with them the *Writ* for the Burning it and the whole City together.) He is Cordial in his Civility, that no pretence of excuse shall prevail upon him to be denied. He knew the Streets of *Sodom* were too dangerous for *Strangers* to lodge in, when the strongest *Bolts* could hardly secure them from the Insolencies of the Place. In their passage from the Gate to his House, the *Fair Guests* are observed by every Eye to be

Persons of lovely and delicate Presence (as Angels ever delight to bind themselves up in handsome Covers) such Beauties as these must not think to depart the Town (where *Pride* and *Luxury* kept a Court) without paying *Homage* to their abominable Orders: The Word is given by the Pimping Officers, about all the City, and scarcely had these Strangers (unknown) received the Courtesies of the House, and *Lot's* unhappy Wife dress'd the last Supper before she condens'd into *Salt*; but their Lodging is beset with the General Assembly of the Rioters: Old and Young, all the People from every quarter (as well such as *Age* had rendred Impotent, as those whom yet *Time* had not maturated into Sufficiency) demanding out the very Harbingers of their Death, (as if the pure Spirits had assumed Bodies to become the base *Succubusses* of their Lust;) giving them by this too clear an Evidence, that the loud Cry of their Villanies had not made a false Alarm to Heaven, and that the bitter Clusters of this unnatural Vine of Sodom, were fully Ripe, and ready to be press'd into the Fats of Eternal Vengeance.

There is yet hope when the poor Slave of Concupiscence veils his Guilty Head, and Muffles himself up, while he sily creeps through the back Door into the Brothel of Impurity, trembling in every Joynt, lest discovery be made of his shameful Adventure to his eternal Ignominy and Reproach. But for Lust to beat up the Drum, and make her Proclamations till the Roll of her Levies swell into so formidable a Bigness, as shall create in her a proud Confidence of beating down  
all

all the possible resistance that Virtue and Modesty can Rally against her: 'Tis high time then for the *Hierarchy* of Heaven to fly to their *Arms*; and alas! a small *Powder-charge*, shot into the *Eyes* of the Rebels, shall secure them well enough for the present, till on the morrow the *Ammunition* arrive, that shall dispatch them all at a Blow.

The *Sun* made hast from the *Amipodes* that Night, and was gotten up very early into the visible *Horizon*, to appear in Triumph over *Sodom's* Tragedy. Many fair Courses had he made, while his glittering *Eyes* in a full Prospect had been steddily fixt on their profligate *Actions*, and blush'd (when themselves could not) at their 'abominable Impudencies, repining to yield them *Light* to so many Deeds of *Darkness*. But this *Morning* he appears to bid them *Adieu* for ever, and e'er He or They return to Bed again, they shall find themselves scorch'd in more sensible Heats than *His*: However he would be kind still, to visit their *Ruines* in his passage, which done, he wrapt himself up in a Cloud, and gives notice to the *Ministers* below, that the dreadful Hour was come, and Heaven was ready to give fire.

How little apprehensive the Town was, of a Storm of *Brimstone* and *Flakes of Fire* ready to consume them, we may judge by last Night's *Attack*, made with such Vigour and Force upon the *Angels*. They hold up their Courage to the last Moment, and Magnanimously pass down into *Everlasting Burnings*. To little purpose did *Lot* make his *Harangue* to his Sons in Law, who

## The Tragedy

repay his Kindness with *Jeers and Mocks*, and believe him as little as the *Old World* did *Noah*, when he *Prophefied* to them of a *Deluge*: Or as the Men of this Generation do those who talk to them of a *Day of Judgment*; they therefore Meritoriously reap the Fruits of their *Incredulity* and Contempt of *Admonition*, and leave us the true *Prospective* to discover which is the most condemning Sin: Even *Unbelief*.

And surely there is a *Faith* in the World, *Lazy and Idle*, that makes as little haste to escape the General Ruine, as *Lot* did out of *Sodom*, who though himself believes, and perswades others to secure their Safety, yet is not very *Expeditions* to further his own; and appears to be saved rather by the meer Mercy of God, and the Power of *Abraham's* Intercession, than its own care. Very happy are we in a better *Advocate*, who delivers us from the *Drowsiness* of our own *Faith*, and keeps us by his own power to *Salvation*.

The Pleasures of *Sodom* that brought him *hither*, detains him *here*, and though the *Angels* hasten and urge him to dispatch by the affrighting Arguments of Destruction with the *Sinners*, yet he lingers still, till they pluck him as a *Brand out of the fire*. 'Tis not our own *Free Will*, but Gods *Free Grace* that preventeth our Ruine. We should ever be attentive to the *Angel of the Covenant*, who is always crying out to us, *Arise, and depart, for here is not your Rest*. Make haste least ye be consumed in the Iniquity of the World,

Lot



Lot and his Wife and two Daughters are brought without the City, and commanded to escape for their Lives, and look not behind them; but Eight Persons out of the whole Old World, and but Four are preserved out of Sodom: Follow not a Multitude to do evil. To walk with God, is a securing Grace, though none but thy self do it. To walk with the World is sure Destruction, though Millions together do it: Peter knew what he said, when he advised Men to Save themselves.

And now in the very Moment, to let us see that Mercy can Triumph over Judgment; He that would have saved all for Tens sake, will yet save One of the Cities for Ones sake. Zoar shall escape at the Entreaty of a Lot. 'Twas Sodom that had driven the Whole-sale Trade of Abominations, and was the Head Quarters of Pride. (This was unpardonable, that Pride was in her.) Zoar dealt but by Retail, and Pedled in her Merchandizes of Fornication. Hither the Old Man flies, as to a City of Refuge from the Storm. God hath his Pella's still, for his bidden ones till the Indignation be over-past: Well might they afford him Lodgings there, whose Prayers prevented all their going to Bed in Hell.

I perceive there is a Time when Complements and Courtship will be quite out of Fashion. Lot hath not an Hand or an Arm for his Wife, when his own whole Body is in danger; he presses forward and shifts for himself, leaving her to Trudge after as she could; 'twere well if so many were not over-courty together, handing one another into Death. The hour is coming  
when

when the Dearest *Relations* shall be all swallowed up in that nearest *Interest of Self-preservation*.

*Lot's Wife* was a Native of *Sodom*; her Body was out of, but her *Affections* were in it still. So little doth God value the *Carcass-service* of *Hypocrites*, that he will make them the more lasting *Monuments* of his Wrath: While she disobeyes the Command, and her *Eyes* turn back to look after her *Heart*, her whole Body is Petrified, and the Eyes of the whole World commanded to look upon her, now become a *standing Pillar*, that yet hath a *Voice*, and loudly preaches the Dangers of *Disobedience*, *Ingratitude* and *Backsliding*; and lest *Time* should wear out the Memorial of so strange a Prodigy, the *Son of God* comes from Heaven to proclaim it afresh, and sets up a Buoy to prevent our Splitting upon the *Rock* against which that unhappy Creature broke her self: And whenever thy deceitful Heart starts back from God, Terrifie it with three words, (as three Darts shot by *Joab* into *Absalom's Heart*, to end that Rebellion against so great a King and Father;) *Remember Lot's Wife*. God had sent his *Angel* to deliver her out of the Flame; that *Angel* had given her fair warning by no means to *Look back*: *Zoar* was but a little way, whither she had Orders to escape: She had the company of her *Husband* and *Children* with her, yet she alone (insensible of these Mercies) despises them all and will Sin, and she alone that *Sins* doth Suffer. No Means nor Mercies can prevail with the *Obstinate* and *Wilful*; while others believe to the saving of the Soul, They draw back to Perdition, and

and turn from the Holy Commandment delivered unto them: Whose end therefore is Destruction.

Naked and Bare passes Lot out of Sodom, leaving all his Riches and Goods behind him as Fuel to the Flames. His Life only is given to him for a Prey, to let Him see how little he had advantaged himself by an Intermixture with the Wicked, and to teach us how low and mean our Gains will be in this Evil World, when at the last we shall carry nothing out of it but a Shroud to lap the Poor Carcass in: And very happy shall we be, if in the loss of every thing else, we make our escape with a Soul to God washed from the Pollutions that are in the World through Lust, by the precious Blood of Jesus.

Art thou gotten up, Reader, and with Abraham early viewing the dismal Obsequies upon the Hill of Contemplation: Look out yonder, and see how Wrath and Justice are burying the filthy Cities into their fiery Graves, in a miserable new and unheard of Manner: Here is no Earth to Earth, Dust to Dust; Alas! they had acted as Devils, and overturned all the Laws of Humane Nature: Therefore, as Infernal Spirits shall receive their Interrment, Fire to Fire, Flame to Flame, Burning to Burning, in sure and certain Desperation of any other Resurrection than to everlasting Damnation from Jesus Christ, who shall raise their vile bodies to make them yet more vile, according to his mighty Power, whereby he subdues all things to himself.

Come, lend thine Ears a while, to the sad Screeks and Tellings of the miserable Wretches thorough every Street in Sodom, and the same answered by those of Gomorrah; and Admah and Zeboim.

*Zebeim* Ecchoing to both : Lord ! into what Confusion hath Pride and her *Idle, Gluttonous, Drunken, Beastly, Filthy, Unnatural* Counsels betrayed them ! When there was but one dead in the several *Families of Egypt*, what an Outcry and Noise, what a fearful Distraction was there at *Midnight* ! what a Tossing and Tumbling to hasten away *Israel*, when there was no other Fright, but of one quietly *Dead in his Bed* in each House ! But here the Lord thundered in the *Heavens*, the most high gave his voice, *Hail-stones and Coals of Fire* ; he sent out his *Arrows* and scattered them, he shot out his *Thunderbolts* and discomfited him. Their cursed Eyes behold the Shower of *Fire and Brimstone* falling down on them all, whole *Flakes and Rolls of Fire* first burning down their *Houses*, to make the more haste to seize on their more combustible *Carkasses*, which had been so long *baking* in the *Oven* of their flaming *Lusts*, into a perfect *Crust* of *Obduration and Sencelessness*, they were become now fit for nothing but the *Fire* : The *Plague* is proportionably suited to the *Sin* ; they flame in *Lust*, God flames in *Wrath* ; and because their *Heats* were *Unnatural*, so shall these also, and the aspiring *Element* shall act *Retrograde*, and descend to consume them : They *Universally Suffer* as they *Universally Sin* : *Old and Young* environ the *House*, *Old and Young* are environed in their own : The young *Urchins* of *Villany* are put into the *Fry*, to prevent the cursed *Succession* of their *Breed* : Their *Fruit* is rooted out of the *Earth*, and their *Seed* from among the *Children of Men*. O tremendous *Spectacle* ! to see them altogether, *Houses*  
and

and Bodies of Men, Women and Children, Castel, and whatsoever was found within their Bounds, all roaring together in one Raging Furnace heated seven times, and blown up by the furious Breath of an incensed God, whose Smoak passed up in thick and black Clouds and Pillars, darkening the very Air, and benighting Heaven it self. Upon what Hill wert thou gotten, thou most accursed Sorceress, Piping and Dancing with Nero to the Flames of thine own kindling, while it is Sport and Recreation to thee to see them all burning in a Flame together? Where will be the end of thy bloody Tragedies?

Sixteen times in Holy Record hath God lighted up the Fire of Sodom, to affright (if possible) the whole World from the Execrable Provocations that enkindled them. His Holy Spirit hath held up the Tapers in whose Light we see them in Hell, as if our very Eyes beheld them there. They are Suffering the Vengeance of eternal fire, and their Damnation set forth for a fearful Example to those that hereafter should live ungodly. But Alas! Man's Wickedness hath made Gods Examples as void and uneffectual as his Counsels. To find Sodoms Vices surviving among the poor Heathen, is horrible, but to see them translated into the Church of God, is Insufferable; whose Eyes runs not down with Tears to hear of the Daughters of Sion exceeding the Daughters of Sodom in Pride and Wantonness. But to find the Brothel-houses (erected for the very Trade of Sodomy) so impudently out-facing the Temple of God; This might call for Tears of Blood. And I could wish History had fail'd of Truth, when it tells us of a  
Dispens-

*Dispensation* granted to the Family of a *Cardinal* for the same *Villany*, with a *Fiat ut petitur*. ('Tis a strange Power that can rake up Vices out of *Hell*, to bring them up and make them in Fashion again upon *Earth*.) It were well too that others dispens'd not with themselves in *Practices* so Vicious as theirs in *Sodom*. God grant they be not found in our own *Streets*, and the Daughters of *England* as Idly passing away their precious *Time* and *Souls* together, as those that so long ago were sent into *Torment* for the same *Sin*. What were the *Incentives* that enkindled the *Flames* upon our own *Houses*, and reduced them all into *Ashes*? Would Men think there is a *Sin* (lurking in their own *Bosoms*) which far exceedeth the *Sin of Sodom*, and which will one day meet with Judgment more Scorching and Intolerable; 'tis but believing the *Oracle of Truth*, who hath convincingly forewarned us of the dangerous Consequences of that Fatal Contempt of his *Person* and *Gospel*, that every where Reigns, and whose *Plagues* are legible enough in *Capermann's Woe*, that are sentenc'd by the *Judge* himself to an hotter place in Torments than the *Sodomites*; and surely very deservedly too, it being nothing less than the *Trampling under foot the Blood of a God*, and doing despite to the *Spirit of Grace*. This is *That Condemnation* which will double Their Sorrows upon our *Own Heads*: And our *Unbelief* shall not make the *Word of God* of none effect. Let us Repent, and prepare for his second Coming, who once for ever hath cautioned us by Them, not to be surprized in the like Security: Since in the very day that *Lot* went out of *Sodom*,

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*it rained Fire and Brimstone from Heaven, and destroyed them all.*

Heaven showers down Hell on Guilty Wights,  
Vile (as were those Infernal Spirits)  
Flaming in Lusts unnatural,  
Ripe for Destruction, down they fall  
To their own Places, Scorched there  
In Everlasting Heats, when here  
The dreadful Judgment Awees us not;  
Ah me, the Tragedies of Sin forgot!  
Nor Waves, nor Fires of Vengeance can  
Melt the Hard and Obdurate Man;  
Yet what, nor Flames can do, nor Flood,  
May easily be wrought by Blood.  
Come Lord (the Work's thine own) and save  
A perishing World from the Grave!

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FINIS.



ERRATA in the Life of Abraham.

PAG. 31. l. 11. r. *Lustre*, p. 35. l. 1. r. *rigour*, p. 66. l. 6. for  
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for *Now* r. *No*.



By

LC



Remarques  
ON THE  
L I F E  
Of the GREAT

Abraham,  
THE  
FATHER of the Faithful,  
AND THE  
FRIEND of GOD.

By S. JAT, Rector of *Chinner* in the  
County of *Oxon*.

Isaiah 51. v. 2.

*Look unto Abraham your Father.*

LONDON, Printed for **John Dunton**  
at the *Black Raven* in the *Poultry*, over  
against the *Compter*. 1689.

Summaries

1. H. H. H.

2. H. H. H.

3. H. H. H.

4. H. H. H.

5. H. H. H.



TO THE

Right Reverend Father in GOD,

GILBERT

Lord Bishop of SARUM

My Lord,

**T**Hat I presume to devote these Papers to your great Name, when so perfect a Stranger to your Person, may savour a little of Rudeness and Irreverence : Yet your Lordship very well knows, that a more refined Acquaintance is attainable with Spirits at a distance, where the divine Idea's of the great Soul have Drawn themselves out

A 2 <sup>1</sup>to

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

to the very Life in the visible Characters of their own Excellency, which have not fail'd to dragg after them (as into an easie and pleasing Captivity) the entire Affections and absolute Obedience of others, as the natural Fruit of their Victory. Thus we pay Homage to the very Saints in Heaven, and to all Meritorious and Eminent Persons on Earth, dignifying our selves by frequent and familiar Converses with them, though perhaps exalted into mighty Stations, far above the low Sphere of our meanness and humble Estate.

'Tis this Prospect, My Lord, made into the sublimer Forms of your spiritual Part, that hath fix'd me your perfect Captive, and given birth to this bold Intrusion. ( But if sometimes the inferiour Dependants on the Court Ensure themselves of a gracious Reception, when they come charg'd but with a Message from  
the

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

the Sovereign to you, I am certain you will not shut your Gates against me when I come laden with Expresses from Heaven, and recommended too by the Father of the Faithful, and the very Friend of God. ) And tho' it be little to your Lordship to hear of any New Pretender, yet 'tis Complacency enough to me, when I make the World know how much I honour you for your Self; and with what Pleasure and Satisfaction I received the good News of the Presidency of that Church to be lodged in your Lordship, where my Ancestors with my unworthy self for four Generations successively paid the Tribute of Reverence to its Mitre, now Priding it self in so rich an Head as yours; unless perchance it be deprived of that Felicity by the Ambition of another, which may emulate its Honour, and think it no robbery to succeed in the same Happiness.

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

May your Lordship long live, the true  
Heir of Abraham's eximious Faith and  
Piety, the pleasing Object of your Princes  
Favour, the Peoples Love, and the De-  
sire of all the Churches: so Prays

Your Lordships

Most Obsequious Servant,

Steph. Jay.

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THE

REMARKES  
ON THE  
L I F E  
Of the GREAT  
Abraham.

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C H A P. I.

*Abraham's first Call from Idolatry to the Knowledge of the true God. The Encouragements God gives him to follow him. His Obedience to the Call, in leaving his Countrey. He takes his Father and Family with him. Their Arrival and Stay in Haran: Their Business there. Terah his Father dyes in Haran.*

**I** Shall not reflect on this great Prince as a rough Stone lying unhewn in the Quarry of the Earth, but as a sparkling Diamond polish'd by the Divine hand, and made fit to be set in the Bosom of a God.

## 2 / Remarques on the Life

The *Chaldeans* (if any) were famous and expert in *Astrology*; *Abraham's* ambition aspired no higher than to get an acquaintance with the Heavens, whose Power and Influences he thought had a great hand in governing the World; he terminates his desires in the *Zenith* of these pleasing Studies, being yet a perfect Stranger (a) to the Omnipotent Power that had fixed those Luminaries in their several Orbs.

Though the Book of the Creature discovers an infinite treasure of Wisdom and Power, and clearly convince of a God; yet is not the Eye so kind a Tutor to the Heart, as to impose its speculations with so great Authority or Success, to work any powerful Impression upon it: but rather taking up with the senses by the way, it finds so pleasing Entertainment there, that *Man* minds nothing more than what he sees; and the glory of the invisible God becomes perfectly lost in the dazle and crowd of his visible Creatures.

The Mind of this Great Man was wholly immersed in them, he admires no *Deity* but that of his Countrey, 'till by a Miracle of Mercy the Clouds of his Natural Darkness are dispell'd by an extraordinary light of Divine Revelation, that

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(a) Writers differ about *Abraham's* Idolatry, some averring that he was never guilty, though God seems to humble his Children with the consideration that their first Father had sinned, which *Alapide* confesseth to be meant, not of *Adam* only, but *Abraham*: And that of *Jeshua* can hardly be answered, *Gal. 2. 14, v. 3.* *Philo* positively concludes him so, before the Divine Call.

*Neque enim audire possunt qui cum magno sonitu Abrahamum ab hoc scelere vindicare nescio quibus argutiis student, quasi non tantum illustrior sit Dei Gratia qua illum est complexus quanto ipse fuit scelerator, Mafius. In juventute Idololatra erat. Tyrinus*

makes



makes Day in his Soul. Illumination from the Father of lights is so bright and influential upon the Faculties, as fully secure from the danger of Delusion. There is not only light but Assurance attending all the manifestations of God to the Mind. *Abraham* was no Fanatic, to be led by false Fires from his dearest Interests: From this time the flames of *VR* burn darkly in his Eye, he loaths to sacrifice any longer to the *Fire*, when himself is enkindled by a diviner Spark. *Tradition* tells us, (how true I know not) that being now turned from their Religion, his Countrey-men in rage, threw him into the *Fire*, for refusing to own their god; but by miraculous escape he baffled the impotent Deity, and discovered to its Votaries a greater, that had bridled up his natural fury from singeing one Hair of his Head.

This poor Element had the good fortune to be promoted to Honour, from the gross mistake of some, who had either heard or seen it fall from Heaven to consume the Sacrifices of the true Church; these pass home, and Vote it into (b) *Godship*, perhaps on less improbable Error, than others since, who contrary to all reason have promoted *Meat* to the same Worship, and *Deifie Bread* instead of a *Saviour*. Indeed the true God hath since fallen from Heaven in immaterial-Fire on those holy Tapers, who being first illuminated themselves, were to pass over all the World to enkindle others, baptizing

(b) *Chaldaei & Persae cum vidissent Olem, igne calidius delapso Patriarcharum sacrificia consumi, putarunt esse Deum.*

them

them into Refinedness and Purity. These Flames feed on nothing but Corruption and Ignorance, they burn invisibly, and this was the holy Fire which now God himself had kindled on the Altar of *Abraham's Heart*.

See from what mighty grounds of Reason and Truth, our kind Mother the *Church* hath faithfully instructed us into the Necessity of God's preventing Grace, which puts an effectual stop to the course of Sin, even while with *Saul* we are posting on in a full career towards Death and Ruine. *Artic. 10.*

Divine Wisdom knows with what *Heifer* Man's Heart is best plowed, 'tis a selfish thing, and plods on little else but its own Interests. God pitying his Infirmities, gratifies his weakness, and falls in with him upon the terms that he sees best please him: He knew this would make good Musick in the Ears of *Abraham*, *I will bless thee, and I will make thee great*. Man will not serve God for nought, though he owes all that he hath and is to Him for his Being. *Abraham*, though pretty well stricken in Years, was yet but a Child in Experience of spiritual Grace, therefore God dandles him on the Knee, and allures him with the tickling Arguments of a *Great Name* and *Estate*. *We arrive to the Knowledge of Him by degrees, and from a taste of his Goodness in the Creatures, are afterwards brought to live upon Himself in the greatest abundance or want of them.* He knows by what Methods to train us up to perfection. *Abraham* was no vulgar Person, he stood already under very considerable Circumstances in the World: But he that had much should

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should yet have more, and he that held his Estate but by the uncertain *Tenure* of general Providence, shall now have his *Copy* enlarged to hold all in *Fee-simple*, from a special donation of Grace. God will hereafter add Sauce to his Meat, and sweeten all his *Messes* with the Honey of *Canaan*. 'Tis a small thing to be Great, if we hold that Greatness from our selves, and derive it not from the great God; who can make even Death it self (that would else unstrip us into nothing) to be the *Porter* to convey the Robes of a finite Honour into the next World with us, where himself will overlay them with the *Embroideries* of an Infinite Glory.

But *Abraham* lived among his own People in all the delights of Security and Peace, therefore God forestalls his Objection of Danger, and offers him Articles (c) of *Alliance*, wherein he makes over to him the whole *Militia* of Heaven for a Life-guard; (which we shall shortly find him making use of, when he charged the Camp of the four Kings as Lightning, and routed them,) these were to be commanded by his Faith at any time, and that not for himself only, but his Allies too: *Abraham* should have the Aid of a God to lend at his pleasure to his Friends, *I will bless them that bless thee, and curse them that curse thee*. In what desperate Estate then are the Enemies of the Church, with all their Confederates of Hell, who unite together unto cer-

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(c) *Mira Dei benignitas, quod tam familiariter paciscitur cum Abrahamo, hac enim solennis est fœderum inter Reges & alias formula, ut communes habeant Amicos & Hostes. Vatabl.*

## Remarks on the Life

tain Ruine, and band themselves unto Death: Thus shall it be done unto Abraham whom God delighteth to Honour.

Tho' Reputation, Riches, and Long life be all that humane Nature can well wish for, (that Ignorantly closes her desires in the supposed felicity of them;) yet *Abraham* whose Soul should relish a greater Sweetness in God, would not think himself sufficiently happy, unless to all these, there be superadded a blessing of that quality, which might secure to him the lasting fruition of that Spiritual pleasure. We bitterly part from Creature Joys, but who that is Wise would want a God? Temporal things grow Thredbare in the wearing, and wither as Flowers in our Hands; they abate of their Fragrancy, and put us to the Blush for our too great confidence in them. We are obliged to others for our Honour, and Melt away our Treasures to purchase the Aire of their Mouths. Life wasts away its self, and grows ungrateful with long keeping. If *Abraham* will be truly happy, he must have something more than these. There were Princes already in the World that glittered in all the Grandeurs of State; it were a poor thing if a God should put off his Favourite with the fading Flowers of a Crown: No, an Honour shall be contrived for him, brighter than the Sun, which shall display its Beams as far as He, and shed his influences over all the Universe, to make it a fruitful Seminary for Heaven. For in thee *Abraham*, shall all the Families of the Earth be blessed: As if God had said,

There

## of the Great Abraham.

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There shall arise a Glorious Person into the World, completed (by a Mystical Union of my own Divine Nature and Essence with thy Humane Seed) into a perfect God-man; who shall be the Prince of Peace, Righteousness, and Salvation to thy self, and to all the Children of thy Faith, Obedience and Love, over all the World, and thro' all Ages of it; who shall bless God for Abraham, but much more for that Glorious Son, who shall deliver them from all their Enemies, (Spiritual especially) and shall bless them in turning them away from all their iniquities, drawing them from the cursed estate of Nature and Sin into the free and fearless Service and Fruition of Me their God for ever.

In the former Promises God had affixed to him the Felicities of the Earth; but in this he Marries him to Himself, and gives him a Propriety in that blessing that is derived from the glorious Emanations of his very Essence. Indeed nothing but God himself can make up a perfect Happiness to the Soul. The Spirit of Man is an everlasting Substance, which therefore can be blessed in nothing but an Everlasting God. *Whom have I in Heaven but thee?* The Creatures are nothing without God, but God is every thing without the Creature. 'Twas but the common Sluce of his Bounty that he had hitherto opened to *Abraham*, here he shews him his very Heart, running out in full Streams of Love and Grace towards him, which hereafter shall break out and divide themselves into all the parts of the Earth, to refresh and rejoyce the Souls of all the Children of his Faith. Now hath Heaven opened a Second time, to ensure the Seed of the Woman that must  
break

### 3      *Remarks on the Life*

*break the Serpent's Head.* God Munites *Abraham* not against the Dangers of the World and Men only, but against Hell and Devils.

Since the Joys of Faith are *Unspeakeable*, and have something of the Nature of those in Fruition, very Glorious. I despair to express the mighty Passions of *Abraham's* Joy. He is all rayished into *Extasie*, and feels, tastes, hears, thinks, rejoyces in nothing but God. Something like this, every true Christian experiences at the First appearance and breaking out of Divine Light, when God first opens the Eyes to behold the Wonders of his Love, and shines in upon the Spirit in the bright Beams of his Grace; the Soul passes out of *Darkness into Marvellous Light*: Which affects it more than all the variety of Objects did Him at the first opening of his Eyes by *Jesus*. This is the Musick and Dancing at the *Prodigal's* meeting with his Father. *Abraham's* Faith pierces through some Thousands of years, and sees already the promised Saviour cloathed in his Flesh, walking up and down amongst his Children, inviting them to come and take share of that Bliss their happy Father enjoyed in Heaven: Now is he perfectly at the disposal of God, and is content to be any thing or nothing, at the good pleasure of his Will.

Tho' Natural Engagements stick fast to us, and our Hearts be close Lockt up in them, and very impatiently suffer a Divulsion, yet such are the commanding Charms of a Divine Beauty beating upon the Soul, that they easily Dissolve the Enchantments by which the Affections are bewitched to the Creatures, and procure not an Enstrangement

ment

ment only but a Cordial Divorcement from them, when reflecting (with an Holy Indignation) on those Dishonourable Prostitutions, (whilest Ignorant or Forgetful of her self) the debased Soul had bowed down to those shameful Embraces.

*Chaldea* was now no longer a place for a *Federate* of Heaven: *What agreement hath the Temple of God with Idols? He easily parts from his Country, who had first parted from himself.* God having taken *Abraham* into his Bosom, had those Secrets to disclose to him, which he could not so heedfully attend to in his Fathers House, and therefore will draw him to a more proper Place, where he may with greater advantage and convenience give him the demonstration of his Kindness. *Come my Beloved, let us go into the Fields, let us lodge in the Villages, there will I give thee my Loves.* Noise and Hurries distract the Powers of the Soul, which when United are all too little for a God to enjoy. 'Tis in the Night that he gives his Songs, when we are wrapped up in Rest and silence. God is best enjoyed by Sedateness and close Composure of the Affections. *Jesus* himself went into the Mountain to Pray, and in his last Agonies separated from his dearest Disciples. God having pickt out this One friend, 'twas fit he should have him wholly to himself, and resolves to admit no Competitor in his Affections. He was wholly for *Abraham*, and *Abraham* must be wholly for Him; God cannot be held in a divided Heart: 'Tis the Single Eye that penetrates deepest into his Love, he that squints upon any thing else, sees Him not at all. God was all in *Abraham's* Eyes, and there-

therefore finding nothing in his Country wherefore he should desire it any longer, he cheerfully passes out of it with a joyful Heart, and hath not the least Reluctancy within him to check the Delights of his glorious Progress.

Behold him giving the necessary Orders to his Family, to get ready for a Journey whence they are never likely to return. *When once we go forth after God, there is no drawing back but to Loss and Perdition.* Sarah is so far from Countermanding her Husband, that she disfur-nishes her Closet with nimble Hands. His Nephew Lot resolves to partake of his Uncles Fortunes, but old Terah (to whom his Son Abraham had communicated the Divine Mandate) seems as forward as the best; his Aged Joynts are invigorated with new Strength, and is the First of all the Company in a readiness to be gone, which God takes so kindly from him, that the Honour of the whole Expedition is devolved upon him in Holy Writ; and Abraham is led forth by his Father out of Ur, Gen. 11. 21. They pass lightly away, and care not to spend time in entertaining the Dilatory Complements of the Town at their departure, to whom they could give no great Account of their Progress, since themselves knew not wither they were going. *Blind Obedience is commendable enough where God himself is the Guide.* He securely Travels that hath Light and Truth for his Conduct. Divine Presence is a sure Pass-port against every danger. 'Tis a fair Flower in the Crown of Abrahams Faith, That *He went out, not knowing whither he went.* With what pleasure did the Almighty



## Of the Great Abraham

11

Almighty God look down on this Glorious Pro-  
cession, which is ordered all at his Special di-  
rection. Every Step we make in his ways is de-  
lightful to him.

Here here the true Nature of Saving Faith, who  
willingly departs from the World and Self at the naked  
Call of God, to follow him on the Face of his Com-  
pass, whether up to the Mountains of Prosperity and  
Honour, or down to the Valley of Adversity and  
Contempt. It moves and is moved in the Motion of  
the Cloud of his Presence that directs it, and fears  
not to lose its way, while it is guarded by, and keeps  
close to infallible Truth through every Stage, till at  
length it arrives at the happy Place of its eternal  
Fixation and Rest.

It is but one Alarm that God calls out of Chal-  
dea, to pass away with his Train from thence,  
where all the rest tarry behind to be destroyed  
in their own Idolatrous Ways. *For all there  
but few that shall be Saved.* The whole World  
lies still in Wickedness, and will not awake to the  
Call of Heaven: Some stir a little, and open an  
Eye, but heavy with Sleep, shut it down again  
into fatal Slumber: Others suddenly rise still,  
while the Call is repeated, and willingly wear  
the *Adversary's* Earn. Some get out of Bed and  
Dress for the Journey, they make to the Door  
and shew themselves in their Travelling Posture,  
when their Neighbours enquiring whether they  
are hastening, and themselves not able to give an  
Account, are easily laughed out of the design, and  
soon content to stay at home. Others more re-  
solutely *Cross* themselves, and *Vow* to stand to  
all Adventures, they go abroad and Sail away,

but they rack about at the first Storm, and make  
for Land, glad at their Hearts to set foot again  
on their Native Shore; therefore the *Fearful* and  
*Unbelieving* lead the Van of the Damned Crew.  
Tis only the brave *Abraham* and the Heirs of his  
great Soul, that dare cut out their way to *Ca-*  
*naan* through the Giganick Mountains of diffi-  
culties and danger, and can hew the *Sons of Anak*  
in pieces, to level the *Road* for their more pleasant  
Passage.

By gentle and easie Proceffions these holy Pil-  
grims arrive at last with safety at *Harah*. Where  
God intending that this noble *Plant of Righteous-*  
*ness* should appear somewhat like himself in the  
Kingdom of *Canaan*, and not as a low contemp-  
tible *Shrub*, gives him here for a while a Root-  
ing time, that he might grow up into all the  
Dimensions of a *Stately Cedar*. Here therefore  
the Womb of the Divine Promise begins to swell,  
and be prolifick; *Abraham* already feels its pro-  
ductive Virtue, and soon experiences what an  
advantageous Change he had made of his *God*,  
who seems to call the Creatures together, and  
commands them to give their Attendance upon  
him as another Lord of the Creation, next and  
immediately under himself. 'Tis God that di-  
rects the *Flight of Riches and Honour*, they are  
mov'd by him to take Wing, and to pass away  
from such as abuse them, and themselves by  
them; so they are ordered to flee to others that  
know how to give them more generous Enter-  
tainment. The Treasures of *Charran* ligh for a  
lodging in *Abraham's* Coffers, and confederate  
together to revolt from their idolatrous Masters,

to

to offer their Service to the true Heir; yea, the Inhabitants are Proud to present them as a grateful Acknowledgment of the fence they had of that Honour he had done them in blessing their City with his Presence. And surely had *Abraham* drain'd their Exchequer by an Offering of their whole *Town-Rock* to him, yet should they have little cause to repine, since God himself hath made ample Payment, with all the Arrears of Interest to their Successors there, by giving up the Superstitions (*d*) *Saraceni* to the Vanity of exposing themselves to the expence of a long Pilgrimage (in whole Troops together) to this City, there to pour out their Devotions in the very place which they thought the Sacred Presence of *Abraham* and *Sarah* had Hallowed all into Chappel, and out of which they fancy to be heard with greater expedition and success. Whatever they gained by their Prayers, the City is no loser by the *Nosaries*, and doubtless found it their Interest, concernedly to maintain them in their Error, and to flatter them sufficiently in the continuance of that Zeal that was so profitable to them.

While his Servants Generate and Multiply in his Family, *Abraham* and *Sarah* are no less employed in a work of a more blessed Increase. They who were as yet unsuccessful in the Act of Natural Generation, were not unprosperous in the Regeneration of Souls unto God. They erect

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(d) Locum nunc donant *Saraceni* quid ab *Abrahamo* suis donatus eoque procandis causa accedunt ait *Benjamin*. Grot.

a *Divinity School*, and daily *Lectures* are kept up in it. In this happy Employment they pass away their time in *Haran*, and make it their business to Sow the Seed of Divine Truth into many a *Charronites* Heart. 'Tis very confidently delivered by their Learned *Posterity*, that not only *Abraham* was a diligent instructor of the *Men*, but his (e) Lady also undertook it as her *Province* to woe those of her Sex to embrace the Worship of the true God, whom she presented (as the happy *Issue of her Soul*, and knew yet no other *Travel*) to her *Abraham*, to be admitted into the Communion of the *Church in his House*, and adopted into all the Priviledges of his *Spiritual Daughters*. Wonder not then, that their Train is encreased, and these Children of their *Fairb* have Zeal and Strength enough to leave all their interest in *Haran* to wait on their holy Parents into *Canaan*.

All these had God given him in Exchange for a *Father* whom he here thinks fit to take to himself. The good Old *Terah*, who had followed him hitherto, falls here; whose *Funeral* he Solemnizes with a becoming Gravity and Sadness, and withdraws himself to Weep in Secret, lest by yielding too much to Passion, he betrayes the Honour of his Faith and Religion. Grief (tho' Natural) is some kind of Debasement of the Soul, forgetting her self, in stooping to every petty Gross, in the Nonage of her *Infant Estate*,

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(e) Tenent Hebraei Abram viros, Saram mulieres, in Dei cultu instituisse, acque isa eos Deo procreasse. Fagius.

but

but growing up to the knowledge of her Princely Birth, she draws that holy Sweetness from her high Relation to God, as soon makes her clear up again, to fortifie her self against all the weaknesses that dissolve her. 'Twere *Treason* against *Abraham's* dutiful Piety to dispute his conscientious Care in confirming his Father in all the comforts of the *Promised Seed*, that should one day spring from his *Blood*, for the perfection of his Happiness in the future World. God that knew *Abraham's* Faithfulness in the teaching of his *Children and Household*, might well trust him in the discharge of his Duty to his dearest Parent: Who by the same Arguments that he prevailed with him to forsake his *Country*, might be easily wrought to forget and abjure any *Confidence* in the vain *Idols* he had served there. Happy *Terah* in such a Son, who became the Parent of his Father's better Life, and the blessed *Instrument* of his Eternal Salvation. Complements of *Seniority* are vainly insisted on in the greater concern of Endless Happiness: Nor do we find the *Old Man* peevishly pushing away his Son from him, with the Phlegmatick *Objections* of the Novelty of his Religion, or angerly pleading for the *Antiquity* of his own: 'Tis well if by any means, and at last we arrive at the Saving Knowledge. Methinks I see him humbly bowing his hoary Head to the God who vouchsafed to *Catechise* him by the Lips of his own Child. He gratefully Embraces the Promise, Dies in the Hopes and Apprehensions of it, and is waisted by a shorter cut into the Heavenly *Canaan*; *Abraham* commends his Spirit into the Hands and Mercy of the

Father of it by humble Supplications, and did so well improve the Lesson of his Parents Mortality, as never to forget in his greatest Height and Strength, that he himself was Dust. *Your Fathers where are They? The Children of the Bed-chamber cannot Mourn, so long as the Bridegroom is with them.* Abraham's holy Heart was so full of God, that he hath little room left for Sorrow. Yet doth not Religion teach us Stoicism, (for *Jesu Wept*) but excellently directs us to Regulate and Moderate our Natural Passions, which little prevail when Divine Joy prepossesses the Soul; How hardly then are Tears wrung out? Therefore Grief and Pain have no place in Heaven, where the Spirit is swallowed up in its Masters Joy.

## CHAP. II.

Abraham removes out of Haran into Canaan. God welcomes him into the Land that he had promised to shew him: Which is sealed to his Children by Promise. He returns thanks, and sets up the true Religion there. A Famine arises, and he is forced to remove into Egypt; where he denies his Wife thro' fear. She is taken from him by the King, whom God plagues for the Rape. They are dismissed, and return again into Canaan.

**T**He dayes of Mourning for his Father being expired, view we now the great Patriarch dislodging again in a suitable Magnificence and State.

State. Every Motion of the Ark of God is Remarkable. Great Princes tread with Majesty. Nor was there a greater upon Earth than Abraham, who was every day growing up to be the Mighty Pillar on which God would build his Church, that must stand for ever.

'Twas in the Seventy fifth Year of his Age that he passed out of Haran, not without the special Order of God, who now without further delay leads him down by the hand into Canaan. This was that good Land which he had promised to shew him. God never disappoints our hopes that are grounded on his own Word. His Eyes doubtless are greatly surprized with the pleasing Prospects of that goodly Countrey. Heaven will be infinitely better than what we are able to conceive of it here below; when we shall see it with our Eyes, we shall confess that half of its glory was not conveyed to our Ears. Abraham travels on, till he arrives at the pleasant Plains of Muzah, adorned with a delightful Grove of stately Oaks; here he hath the honour of another Visitation from Heaven; God welcomes him into Canaan. So far is he from tiring our Faith, that he loves to refresh it with the sweet repasts of his gracious Presence; he will not give ground of suspicion by too tedious absence from his Abraham, that he had drawn him out of his Countrey to his loss. God is every where present to the eyes of our Faith, but sometimes more sensibly to the joy and rejoycing of our Heart: I will manifest my self to him: A Mercy that the Stranger intermeddles not with. God never comes empty

ty handed to his Servants, but brings that with him that shall make up his Entertainment and Welcome; he knows that Man hath nothing worthy of himself, and therefore expects nothing from him but an open and thankful Hand and Heart to receive his Kindness: *Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.* Were our Faith so great and large as to comprehend the vast extensions of his Bounty, we might fetch down Heaven into our bosoms: 'Tis our weakness and incapacity that puts him on feeding us (as Infants) with such scanty drops of his Fulness. Our barren Hearts might otherwise break out into thousands and ten thousands of ravishing Pleasures and Joys, which the narrowness of our Spirits do now most unhappily deprive us of.

Thus full fraught with Blessings appears God unto *Abraham*, and brings down with him a Conveyance of all the Kingdoms of *Canaan* to him and his Heirs for ever. Indeed the *Tenants* were not to be thrown out of Possession presently, but the Estate should be as certain to him as if it were already in hand: The poor *Slaves* that had it, were to be spared for some time, till they had dressed it up into a more delightful Habitation for his Children. They had forfeited their *Copies* already into his hands, and he might dispose of them at his own pleasure; yet will he be so gracious as not too rigorously or hastily to make his *Entry*, till he try whether they would submit themselves; and if not, he will yet wait for his Goodness sake, and so should *Abraham* for the Promise sake: And though they would pay him but little *Ac-*  
know-



*knowledge* as their great *Landlord*, yet should his *Posterity* fill their *Exchequers* with the *Ar-rears*, and bring such *Writs of Ejectment* with them as should very feafibly root them out of their *Eftates* and *Lives* together.

*The wickedest Men* have a *civil Right* to all they enjoy, from the *Title of general Providence*; and though themselves weaken it by their unfofferable *Provocations*, and *fin* themselves out of doors, yet it is not for *Man* to take the *Forfeiture* without *Orders* from above. Those who violate the *Proprieties* of others on the bare pre-tence of a greater *Interest* in *God*, and break open their *Houfes* without a *Warrant from Heaven*, may chance at the *Affixes* to be found guilty of that *Riot* which will shame and confound the *pretenders* for ever. Since *God* hath confirmed the *Grant* in *Heaven*, and sent it down to be proclaimed by the *Mouth* of a very *Beaft*; *Am not I thine Aff?* To teach us, that they who dispute it, are greater *Brutes* than he.

But what *Man* must not, *God* may do; He is the *Judge* who putteth down one to set up another in his stead. The *Most High* ruleth in the *Kingdoms of Men*, and giveth them to whomsoever he will, yet never by *unrighteous Sentence*; for he tempereth his *Justice* with so much *Lenity* and *Patience*, that he shameth *Offenders* into a blushing *Confession* of their own *Guilt* and *Madness*, and leaveth it to themselves to confider, how little he hath contributed to their *Ruine*.

The *Inheritance* is Promised, but where is the *Heir*?

*His* & Where, but lying *Dormant* in the Womb of the same Promise. *Abraham* must wait for both; *He* that believeth doth not make haste. *God* worketh every thing by the leisurely degrees of his *Wisdom and Will*. *He* that made all things to start up out of nothing at the first, could have easily healed the defect of *Sarah's* Womb, and made her a present Mother of Generations; whereas yet must she wait *five and twenty Years* longer for one Son: But *God* ever acts according to the wise Purposes of his own Council, and what is Man that he should Anticipate the Decrees of the Almighty? Let *Abraham* live a while upon the Naked Promise, which is therefore so often repeated to him again and again, that he might feed afresh upon the Sweets of its Assurance, and every time he looked up to *Heaven* and saw the *Stars*, or down on the *Earth* to behold the little *Dusts* thereof, or passing to the *Sea* might view the *Sands*, should from all these be put in mind of the Goodness of his *God*, who had secur'd him a Posterity as innumerable as these, and all to proceed from a barren Womb, the Work of that *God* only that calleth those things that (yet) be not, as if they were.

*We* are shut up in unfruitful Nature and Unbelief, and nothing can open us unto *God* but Himself: could we believe aright with *Abraham*, from our very Sterility and Nothingness would start up such a Progeny of Graces and Comforts, which an Eternity should never see extinct.

*Abraham* bows, and believes, and bows again, and can never enough admire the infinite-

pitencess of the Love of his God to him: He raises up Altars, and sends up his thankful Heart in the smoak of his Sacrifices: Every place where he passes is perfum'd with his Incense, and God smells the sweet savour of it from above. *Great is the correspondancy of the grateful Heart with Heaven. Seven times a day do I praise thee.*

But does *Abraham* remember where he is? Is not his Zeal above his Discretion? The *Canaanite* was yet in the Land, and what makes him thus bold to invade the Countrey, and bring in a Religion with him so perfectly different from all theirs? He finds them a fierce and cruel People, *inflaming themselves with their Idols*. 'Tis strange he did not smother his own in a politick Concealment, and more prudently have consulted his security: No, but with a Courage and Undauntedness, great as his Heart, he dares own the Truth, and the God of it, in the Faces of them all. He charges the Devil in his own Quarters, and sets up an *Ark*, before which he knew all the *Demons* of the Countrey must one day fall. *Fearfulness and Courage for God is the natural fruit of a lively Faith. Confession must be open and valorous: He that is ashamed of me, of him will I be ashamed.* *Abraham* knew the God with whom he was in League, was sufficiently able to defend him. What are the combined Policies and Forces of Men, that cannot move a Joynt any further than as commissioned by the first Mover, whom *Abraham* had secured to himself! He that hath a God to trust in, and fears what Man can do against

against him, deservedly forfeits his Pretence and Hope in the Almighty Protection. *Flesh may recoil a little, but Faith stands its ground and is safe.* Having therefore the Grant of the whole Kingdoms so surely confirmed to him from Heaven, he passes up and down the Countrey as their Prince, and makes his Kingly Progress with a Breast devoid of all fear, which he leaves to torment the bosoms of those who were perfectly *Strangers* to his God. Would we keep Heaven in our Eye, and our Hopes clear and unblotted upon our Heart, we might follow him with the same Gallantry of Spirit through all the Territories of the Sons of the Gyant, and pass from pleasure to pleasure. *Faith is a prying Grace, and narrowly surveys the Map of the celestial Canaan, to make discovery of those joyful Mansions which our hope tells us are as secure to us, as if already we were in possession, (through Grace) by the Vertue of the same Covenant that God sealed to Abraham.*

While this Great Prince is thus recreating himself in the variety of the pleasurable Prospects of *Canaan*, he is surprized by a discovery of a *Leanness* that appeared upon the face of the *Fields*, such as might well make way for Jealousie to arise within him of its natural Fertility and Goodness. Alas! God had lock'd up the Womb of Nature that was productive enough of it self: It was *He that called for a Famine, and brake the whole Staff of Bread*: This fruitful Land is made barren for the *Wickedness of them that dwell therein*: Even *Canaan* yields not her Increase, and *Abraham* must learn the Lesson, that

that *Man liveth not by Bread alone*. When God stops his Ear, and *hears not the Heavens*, they must not *hear the Earth*, nor *the Earth the Corn*. In vain do Men Plant and Water, where God withdraws the Blessing. Manna still falls from Heaven by the immediate hand of his Providence. Substract but the Divine Influence, and the whole Earth turns Desert; you may *Plow the Rocks* with the same hopes of Increase. Men distractedly *Sacrifice to their own Net and Dragg*: All means are subservient to the supreme Will of God, who although he ordinarily works by them, and sometimes without them, yet not always with them, and then all means are vain. We must endeavour because he hath Commanded, and hope for a Blessing because he hath Promised; but if that fail, it is because we have sinned, and sin too frequently stops up the common current of his Goodness, that it cannot flow down upon us in such full streams of Bounty as it would: *Your Iniquities, O ye Canaanites, have turned away, and withholden good things from you*. God shoots his *Evil Arrow* of Famine into the heart of the Land, he is already beginning to weaken their strength, and shewing his *Abraham* by what variety of Means he could beat down all their proud Confidence and Power: His Children should have no impossible task to obtain Possession, since he hath other Weapons to spend upon them besides the Sword: He could famish them all into *Skeletons*, and make them drop down before him as Dead Men. It is confidently averred, that this *Famine* was sent only as another Try-  
al

al of *Abraham's* Faith: How could he believe that the *Ten thousands of Israel* should be maintain'd with such abundance in that Land, which now sufficed not to supply the wants of his own private Family? Be it so, that the *Canaanites* starve in that Pentry, while *Abraham's* Faith is yet in good plight and does flourish; God is little concerned for the *Ramages*, whom he lets continue in *scarceness*; he values not their *howling on their Beds* because of their empty Bellies, if his *Abraham* murmur not, he hath gotten his end. And do we find one Syllable of Discontent passing his lips? God had doled out the whole Loaf of his Bounty to him, should he repine now at the failure of a *Meals Meat*? If God hath given us to taste of the *Water of Life* here in the *Wilderness*, in earnest of a fuller draught from the *River* of his Everlasting Pleasures in his own *Canaan*; methinks the stopping the *Cistern* of Creature Comforts for a little while, might be very reasonably suffered by us with Patience and great Resignation. God did this only to prove him, and the self same Method he took afterwards with his Children, to try what was in their Hearts: Though (\*) he doth not inform himself by our Temptations, as if he were ignorant of their Issue, yet he loves to shew us to our selves, and to let in such a light as shall reflect our sincerity and faithfulness on our own Hearts with Comfort and Joy.

(\*) Non proprie tenet Deus ut ipse sciat, sed ut hominibus ipsis manifestaret quantum timerent Deum.

*Abraham*

Abraham is afraid of God's *Angry Bow*, and thinks fit to depart from the showers of his Wrath that were falling on the *Canaanites*: He was no partaker of their Sins, so neither was he willing to be of their Plagues. *'Tis ill breathing in infectious Air*: Though in general Calamities the Church doth often bear her share. Piety does not *priviledge us from Sufferings*, such as are common to Men, but arms us with an heroick Courage to bear them, such as all Men have not; and debarrs us not from those Means as open to an *Immunity* from them, so as we take just and innocent Measures to obtain it.

*Egypt* was not far distant from *Canaan*: *Jordan's* fruitful streams overflowing their banks, had left behind them that enriching Virtue which blessed their Fields with Fertility and Plenty: Their *Graparies* swell, while *Canaan's* *Wheat-floors* are empty and fail. The whole Land mourns, while the *Egyptian Vallies* are covered over with Corn, and sing for Joy: The good Abraham thinks it no breach of Civility to communicate with them of the common Blessing: He removes but to another part of his Fathers *Table*, that was better furnished. He intended to take a *Common* with them and be gone. *Egypt* was no place for the Church to fix in; *Out of Her have I called my Son*: Yet thrice hath that Kingdom been a Sanctuary to her in Distress and Storms. *The Earth shall help the Woman* from the voracious jaws of the *Dragon*. Good is God to his People, who sometimes saves their Lives by the hands of their Enemies, as well as from them. Abraham therefore trusses up and prepares for  
Egypt.

*Egypt.* The Church is ever in Motion, as the Sun, darting out her quickning Beams and Light. What is Life it self but a tossing too and fro, by alternate motions, into variety of Objects and Events. Who would not think the *Princes* of the Earth incomparably more happy than *Abraham*? who fix'd in the *Orbs* of their Majesty and Grandeur, had little else to do than to play with the *Leviathan* in the wide Ocean of exchanged Pleasures, and to glide from Joy to Joy; while the good *Patriarch* oppressed with Famine and Want, is forced to travel to seek his *Bread*; and yet was he the only *Golden Pot*, which was brim-full with spiritual *Manna*, while all They as poor Earthen Pitchers run over only with the deadly *Pottage* of their own *Scathing*, and at last are broken in pieces together, when himself is lodged in the perpetual *Ark*. 'Tis ill judging of the Churches Complexion while she is sullied in the smoke of the Afflicting Furnace. No Man knoweth either Love or Hatred by all that is before him.

*Abraham* in his Progress to *Egypt* unhappily discovers an impending danger, and as well as he could projects to divert it. The *Egyptians* were a luxurious and lascivious People, and for ought he knew his *Wife's* beautiful Eyes may dart those Arrows into their Hearts which might possibly at last retort upon his own Head. He justly fears those that fear not God. Lust is outrageous, and limited by no boundaries; 'tis a Devil that breaks all the Chains that pretend to fetter it, and cares not through what Blood and Dangers it wades to its own satisfaction. He



is going down thither for *Bread*, and now is afraid to be swallowed himself. *Beauty* is his dangerous luggage in the way of our pilgrimage; for prevention of the danger, he contrives to strengthen the *silver Cord* of his *Life*, by loosening the *golden Bands* of his *Marriage*. *Sarah* that had consented long ago to become his *Wife*, must now write the *Bill* of her own *Divorce*, and consent again to be his *Sister*; he *Wooes* her a second time to disown him as an *Husband*, and the poor *Lady* must hide her *Wedding Ring* in her Bosom, lest it Wedd her *Lord* to his *Grave*. Could *Abraham* have removed the wrinkles that this fear hath fixt on the fair Face of his beautiful *Faith*, and plac'd them in the *Forehead* of his *Sarah*, 'tis probable the *Egyptians* might not have had that Appetite to her, as that for her sake he should dread to be kill'd, — *Lord*, if thou hadst been here, my *Father* had not dyed. Why did not *Sarah* take his *Mantle* from him, and smite asunder these *Waters* of *Jealousie*, crying, *Where is the Lord God* of *Abraham*, who useth to part these *Waves* of danger *hither* and *thither*, and cause them to fly before us to make a *safe* path through them all to tread on? If a *Quail* of Fear came over his Heart, she had done but her Duty as a good *Wife* to have presented him with a *Cordial*, which soon had recovered him into a Spirit again: *In thee Abraham shall all the families of the Earth be blessed*. Must that *Blessing* blossom from thy *Asbes*? (†) But where is the *Jewel* that hath no flaw, and the *Faith* that

(†) Hoc factum Abraha infirmitate non videtur carere. Ainsw.

is void of all fear? We must seek it in Heaven, where perfect Love casteth it out. Famine had driven him down hither, and fear surprises him here: We must forget that we are in the World, if we promise our selves security from Troubles in it.

*Abraham* is not deceived in the *Egyptians*, that which he feared is come upon him; no sooner is he entred into the Land, but every Mouth is chanting out the *Encomiums* of the *Beautiful Stranger*. They gaze on her as on some *Auspicious Deity*, that was arrived to scatter her Divine Influences over all the *Kingdom*. The News hastily flies to Court; think with what little pleasure the *Queen* and all her Train of *Ladies* receive it, as the Rising of another *Sun* in their *Horizon*, that will Eclipse them all into perfect Obscurity. The (\*) *Parasite Princes* (despairing to Enjoy her themselves) joyntly vote her to the Honour of the *Royal Bed*. They vie with each other, who should Sing the *Panegyricks* of her Praise, with greatest advantage into the Ears of the *King*, whose Amorous Passions are soon blown up into Flame, by so pleasing *Bréach*. *Nuncios* are dispatched to *Abraham*, who Solicite the suit in the Mighty Name of *Majesty*. *Imperial Mandates* are too absolute to admit a denial, but least of all in the Affairs of Love. Now must *Abraham* hazard the Chastity of his Wife for the Security of his Head, and whence he might have expected

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(\*) Solent Antici etiam lenocinio gratiam Regum querere.  
Grot.

the greatest Protection, there he finds his greatest Danger. Yet, while himself owns her but as a *Sister*, and denies her as a *Wife*, he *Legitimizes* the Rape, and her own silence makes it still the less Criminal. How great were the contests of Love and Fear conflicting together in her Breast, is better imagined than expressed. *There are some Passions that Letters and Words are too weak to Decipher.* But what bright Ray is this that I discover gilding the Cloud, and Shining thro' all the Storm into the Heart of the Great Abraham? Can we think that he so tamely parts with his dearest Lady, to offer her up a Sacrifice to the Lust of a *Pagan*, from a principle of base Cowardise? What meaner Spirit values a *Life* to preserve his *Honour*, and will not rather suffer a Thousand deaths, than survive a despicable Monument of Shame and Scorn? *Jealousie is the rage of a Man, and he will not spare in the day of Vengeance:* and should not *Sarah* have kneeled, and begged him to dispatch her out of Life with his own Hands, rather than thus to Prostitute her Glory to an Eternal Ignominy that could never be wip'd off? Whence is it then, that they so easily separate, and she seems to pass from him as if she hastened after another Lover in the Court of Egypt? Ah no! *Abraham* had recovered himself into a better temper of Mind, and stronger fence of his safety, and delivers up his (†) *Wife* to

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(†) *Dem pudicitiam tuam custodire potest, neque illam conservare, confide enim in Deo meo quod hoc fieri non patietur. Ferus.*

the King, with the same Confidence as afterwards he offered up his Son unto God, with a certain assurance of that Infinite Wisdom and Power, that could find ways enough to prevent the Violation of his *Sarah's Chastity*. And she herself doubtless had confirmed Him into all the Confidences of her Fidelity, that the long Experience of her Goodness, Constancy, and earnest Affections to so worthy a Lord could affix upon him. Well might she be ravished from his Bosom into *Pharaoh's House*, but she doubted not God would provide her an *Innocent Lodging* there, without being forced within his *Curtains*.

In Confidence therefore of Divine Protection, *Abraham* surrenders her up to the Court. The Heart of her Husband doth safely trust in her: Princes do every thing in State, they pass with considerate Steps, even into the Bed of Love: *Motions of Majesty are Deliberate*; 'tis below Kings to Violate or be Rough. They are losers by Violence, while they know there is little pleasure in constrained Embraces. *Amnon* loaths, and Bolts out the Lady that he had Ravished. A little Patience ripens the Flower of their Desires, which Precipitancy vainly Crops in the Bud; and we know Monarchs Woe by Proxy, which yields great advantage to delay and excuse. And doubtless *Sarah* had Arts enough to shift off too close Applications that were made by the Couriers in the behalf of their Master, or by Him for himself. *Abraham* is courted too, and caressed with all the Complements of Endearment. Each Officer cringes to him, as to the Rising Favourite, and a Growing Ally to the Crown; the King himself

self treats him with that *Courtesie* as might most powerfully win him to his Interest: He obliges him to favour his *Suit* by all possible demonstrations of his Royal Bounty, which *Abraham* most gratefully returns to his *Courtiers*, to whom (if we may believe *Josephus*) he became a *Tutor*, and taught them a Nobler Science than the Art of Love, bringing them to Doat on the *Beauty* of the *Heavens*, which far exceeded that of his *Wife*. And some of them (as *Chrysostom* thinks) to the knowledge of that *God* who had fixed the Lustre upon them.

A *Jewish* Tradition makes us believe, that *Sarah* had a *Tutelar Angel* sent her from *God*, to secure her from all the Assaults of this Tyrant, who, upon every rising of his Lust and Hot desires, would strike him into so perfect an *Impotency* as forced him to pass from her *Chamber* with the shame and vexation of an *Eunuch*, laden only with the *Spoils* of his frustrated Hopes, instead of those of her Honour, while her self stands *Laughing* (as her Children afterwards) on the *Shore* of security and freedom; when this *Pharaoh*, venturing to pursue her, hark the Heels of his eagerness tript up, and is sent to cool his Flames in a *Watery Bed*.

'Twas indeed from a Power unconquerable as her Own, Steel'd with a *Spirit* wholly Divine, that she gloriously stood the *Shock*, and baffled all the *Attaches* that were made upon her *Virtue*; till at last *God* pitying this Noble *Free-woman*, in Bondage here under the *Tyranny* of this impious *Prince*, and hearing from above the *Sighings* of the *Prisoner*, was resolved to knock off the *Shackles*

of her Captivity, with such an *Hammer* as shall make the Foundation of her Prison to shake, and the *Keepers* thereof to Tremble. A Cloud of Indignation Condenses over their Heads, and falls down in a shower of Plagues upon them. The whole Court is under Horror, and Labours under Diseases and perfect Confusion. The happy Pair are in Ease and Safety, while That is under Consternation and Disorder. Some say, the *Magicians* are consulted, to enquire into the Causes of the Wrath of Heaven; others, that *Sarah* her self is re-examined from the Jealousie they harboured of her nearer Relation to *Abraham*. Indeed she knew her self (as *Jonah*) the procuring cause of the Storm, and that a little time might blow Her into Harbour and Safety. They all grow Sick of the New *Missress*, and would gladly send her packing for calm Weather again; themselves with her another *Lover*, and would gladly pay a Priest to Marry her a Second time into *Abraham's Bosom*; and possibly they might save that labour, for the Sister may be the Wife already. God had sent down from Heaven an ample Certificate of the Marriage, which they might read but too plainly in Characters of Judgment. *Sarah* (as some say) upon Examination confesses the whole, and now (if at any time) had *Abraham* just ground to fear; but God had secured him from the fright, for if they were thus Plagued for the guilt but of an Unlawful desire to his Wife, what should they be, if they lay violent Hands on her Husband.

There is a certain Divine Appearance of Majesty seated in the very Countenances of the truly God-

ly, and shining there in so clear a Light, as never fails to strike Terror into the Hearts of prophane Men: A Spirit of Glory resting upon them, that melts the Drossle Spirits of the wicked, who are made to fall before it, and yield that due Veneration and Reverence as greatly tends to their Honour, and happy Security from danger; so that the hand of Cruelty wants an Heart to offer a rude Touch to Gods Anointed, or to do his Prophets Harm. It was this Venerable Aspect sitting on the Brow of the Great Abraham, from whose Eyes darted the Lightning that Pierced the Breast of this Egyptian King, and dissolv'd him from his Natural Ferocity, into so Meek and gentle a Temper; that instead of the Thunder of Wrath we might have expected to have railed from his furious and incensed Spirit, we find nothing but the still small Voice of a soft and weaker rebuke; *Why saidst thou, She is my Sister? It is God that turns the Hearts of Kings, whether he will.* Methinks I see the Blood that under the first Temptation had passed from Abraham's Cheeks to guard his Heart, and left him Pale with Fear, now returning all back again, making him blush with Shame. Nor could he in Civility do less than wear the same Livery with the King, whose Face is dipt into the same Scarles, and blusseth as deep as he, from the Conscience of so great an injury done by him to the Lady of so Mighty a Personage as Abraham.

'Tis strange this Fallacy had not wrought to greater Vengeance. Princes seldom brook the Affronts made upon their Reputations or Affections. 'Tis but Sport and Recreation to them to Revenge them.

themselves, especially where there is not a proportionable Strength for Defence, and where too, there is nothing but *Nature* to check its Fury and Rage. But *the Lord was there*, and the whole Court was under the Sores of his Wrath, who therefore Politickly consult rather the more safe and generous way of heaping up *Coals of Fire* upon the Head of Her that had inflam'd their *Prince*, than by any injurious usage to provoke greater Flames on themselves.

And the *Monarch* is content to pay well for his Liqueurish *Longing*, who thinks it Bargain good enough if he buy off his *Guilt* with the price of those liberal Presents, which he sacrifices as *Trespass-offerings* to *Abraham*, which he hopes will satisfie for the Sin of his *Ignorance*; after which received, he has *Audience* of leave and free Liberty to depart, who passes from the Court with his *Lady* in his hand, a *Greater Man* than when he came in. We must not forget the *Kings* last kindness in giving severe Orders to the *Guards* for their intire security, making it little less than *Treason* for any Subject to profane the *Shrine* himself had so religiously adored. And surely all but need, while he providently foresaw how the common People could easily expound their greatest Insolencies into good Service to their *Prince*, when they heaped them on those only who had been the instrumental cause of so many plagues and mischiefs to him, (as they think). *Vulgar eyes* (looking no higher than the bloody Effects of the Judgment) are perfectly blind from any Perversion into the first procuring Cause. Had *Pharaoh's Heart* bin as innocent

as



as *Sarah's Eyes*, they had never felt the vigour of Gods displeasure upon them.

The Church hath bin ever indeed a *Burthenstone* to the Wicked; who making all their force to heave and lift at it, have found not their *Shins* crackt only, but their *Hearts* *Springs* broken with the weight of it. *Whosoever* hath fallen on this *Stone*, hath bin broken, but on *whomsoever* it hath fallen, it hath ground him into powder. *Abraham* travelled into *Canaan*, because they gave him so cold a welcome; behold a *Famine* on themselves, from thence he passed into *Egypt*, where they plague him by the Rape of his Wife; behold a *Disease* on themselves: See *Haman* hanging on the Gallows prepared by himself for *Mordecai*, and an hundred fourscore and five thousand Carcases spread as *Dung* on the Fields of *Jerusalem*, who threatned to make the *Inhabitants* eat their own: *All that burthen themselves with this Stone, shall be cut in pieces, tho' all the People of the Earth be gathered together against it. Wherein they deal proudly, God is above them.*

*Abraham* doubtless had Impaired his Stock by the *Famine* of *Canaan*, and now he abundantly recruits it in the Court of *Egypt*; he was afraid to lose his *Life*, where now he augments his *Estate*. His Wifes *Face* had not bin more pleasant than now profitable unto him: instead of being kill'd for Her sake, he lives and is enriched by her. By what strange means doth the Church sometimes thrive and prosper! The good Father went down into *Egypt* but to receive the first *Fruits* of those Spoils, which hereafter his Grand-children shall lade themselves out with, when

when in the like Affright the *Egyptians* consent to be robbed by them.

Behold we Him now retreating, replenished with Treasure and Joy, he leaves nothing behind him but the *Infelicity* of his Diffidence in his God, and could willingly part again with *Pharaoh's* Presents to have purchas'd off the remembrance of his *Weakeſt* and Shame. The best Men are most sensible of their least Failings, and are most deeply bumbled under them, while fools make a mock of Sin, and think to Jeer away their Consciences and Guilt together. God certainly left him here to Trip, for our Instruction: And *Abraham* did that which was right in the Eyes of the Lord, and turned not aside from any thing that he commanded him all the days of his life; save only in the matter of his Sister: Yet hath he not wanted *Advocates* pleading so well for him, that in this also he is made Innocent, and little fault found in him: to which may be added this, That he receives no Reproof at all from Heaven. The best use we can make of it, is to learn where to look for Perfection. *Spury* their vanity, who pretend to have their Houses of Clay dress'd up with the furniture of the next World, when the Father of the Faithful hath nothing to boast of but what he receives from God.

By daily Regresses he now passes back into *Canaan*, where by this time the Staff of Bread that broke under his hand, was increased into many Bands of Plenty. He proceeds to the Conſines of *Bethel*, which he had made Eminent by his first *Altar*, there erected unto God; which he reverently repairs again to offer up those *Sacrifices* of *Thanksgiving*, which in Clouds of *Perſume* shall

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shall give publick Testimony how much his gratefull Heart was inflamed with a most lively Resentment of Gods stupendious Goodness towards Him and his dearest Wife, in their miraculous Deliverance from all the dangers of the Egyptian Court: And he is glad to do it in this place where God had answered him from Heav'n already. The very Spot where divine Appearances are made, is exceedingly delightful and affecting. Alas, thine Altars, my King and my God? How then should we be ravished with the remembrance of that happy place, where we shall one day praise him for ever.

CAP. III.

*The Dissension between Abrahams Hersdmen and Lot's. The ensuing separation. God appears to comfort and confirm Abraham in the Promise of Canaan. Lot passes to Jordan. A War arises. The Sodomites are vanquish'd; and the City ransack'd. Lot is carried away Prisoner.*

**L**OT the Son of Haran, the Brother of Abraham, had been the comfortable Companion of his Travels from his first departure out of UR; Therefore had God blessed him, and made him a great Sharer in the Mercies of the Covenant. He is increased to that degree of Greatness in Wealth, and Substance with his Uncle, that now their Cohabitation is rendred incompatible any longer.

longer. *Los* Eyes could not be so short-sighted, as not apparently to find, how Good it was for him to be here; and how much he had profited by his dutiful respect to his Fathers Brother, who had been more than a Father to him. He resented the Mercy, I hope, with a better heart, than that Atheistical *Gown-man*, who since cryed out, *Quantum nobis profuit hac Fabula de Christo!* How much Wealth hath this Story of a Christ brought us! Poverty sometimes parts good Company, but here Riches; And though themselves agreed together in all the Principles of Faith and Religion, yet the very *Cattel* necessitate a Schism, and the only Quarrel is between the *Shepherds*, who studied more the Bellies of the Sheep, than their Masters happy Communion and Peace. It were well if the *Pastors* of the Christian Flock had divided on no other Motives than Zeal for the good of the Sheep. There are *Herdsmen*, who while they swagger for the Interest of the Flock, engross the whole Pasture to themselves, and leave the poor Sheep to bite on such hard *Ques* which they cannot swallow nor digest; they lead them from the green Pastures of infallible Truth, and the pleasant Waters of unspeakable Comfort, to make them couch in the barren Wilderness of Uncertainties, and the dry Heath of unprofitable Errors and Vanities.

The wise *Abraham* not minding to espouse the *Fewds* of his Servants, thinks fit in time to prevent a growing Dissension in his Household; by a prudent giving way to the present necessity, resolves rather to take leave of his *Nephew*, than his Peace and quiet. He cannot tell  
into

Into what Combustion these quarrellsome Fellows might throw his *Family*; and therefore he Addresses his *Kinsman* with such fair Proposals, as should quickly depress the Flame, and evidently shew him the true Nobleness of the Mind from whence they arise. *The strongest Christian, is ever the truest Gentleman*, who is happy in a natural Facility and sweet Condescension of Spirit, which on every occasion so becomingly passes from him, to command a Power over the *Affections* of all that observe him. He keeps the *Gates* of his *Soul* ever open as a passage for *self* to walk out at, when a weaker Faith *bolts* it self in, and cannot so easily Sacrifice its Interests to the Honour of *Peace* and *Truth*. *Princes* scorn to spend a thought on the petty pretences which meaner *Subjects* pursue with Heat and Passion. The Great *Abraham* casts all the *Rights* of his *Supremacy* into the Arms of his *Nephew* at once, with License to dispose of them at his own Pleasure, and generously offers him to rest satisfied with the *Refuse* of the *Countrey* which himself should not please to make choice of.

The Grum *Lot*, who should have lowly bowed to his *Uncle*, and by a Scarlet Cheek, made sign how sensibly he resented that unusual Generosity of *Abraham*, and very humbly begg'd his excuse; is so far from that, as he thinks it not policy to return back the Complement, but rudely takes him at his Word, (\*) and all in an Hurry prepares to depart, having first cho-

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(\*) Nota modestiam Abrahami, et parum Loti gratum amicum, quod ei non reliqueris Optionem. Estius.

sen his own Apartments on the fruitful Plains of Jordan.

How often are the unlovely knots of an ill disposition too visibly discovered through all the varnish of a fair Profession: Yea Grace it self is not so Victorious to make a thorough Conquest over all the Clowneries of Nature. Lot was surely a Good Man; yet had his Goodness been more Conspicuous, had it been so happy to have shined thro' the Attendant Lustre of a greater Civility and Gratitude to his Uncle, by whose means alone, and for whose sake he had grown up into all his Dimensions of Wealth and Greatness.

Good Nature bears so near a Resemblance to Grace, as one must weep to think of a lovely Titus his going to Hell; and Ill Nature is so like to Corruption, that one must admire the Mercy that ever receives it to Heaven. Civility without Grace, may temper up for a fine Gentleman; when Grace without Civility makes but a crabbed Christian.

And certainly Lot's undutifulness is written yearly legibly in the Characters of his Punishment; for while he greedily gazes on the Pleasantsness and Amenity of the Cities of the Plain, and the Commodiousness of the Fields for his Flocks, without Counter-ballancing in his mind the Inconveniences of a Neighbourhood, so very wicked and profane, he utterly betrays the sweet Comfort and Happiness of his Life, electing himself into a perpetual succession of Sorrows and Woes.

Were it Lot's Case only that parted from Abraham, on the Account of Brutes, we might easily pardon it to him, and pass from the place without

without a *Tear*, or sympathizing much with the *Sorrows* of their Separation: But when we every day find the greatest part of Mankind breaking off from the participation of the Eternal Felicity of *Abraham's Bosom*, from no other Motives than the Gratification of Beastial *Appetites*, and sensual Lusts, that destroy their Peace and Souls together; this is a *Sorrow* that fetches Tears into the Eyes of a God, who in a doleful sence of that Madness, cryed out in fear of the small remnant, *Will you also go away?*

*Lot* is no sooner departed from *Abraham*, but the loss is made up to him by another *Visit* of God from Heaven. The seasonableness of *Mercies* make them doubly sweet and welcome to us. Natural Affections work most sensibly in those who are most *Holy* and *Spiritual*, when wicked men that are without them, are perfectly *Stoicks* and *Stones*: He could not but be very grievously afflicted with the loss of Him that was so near and dear unto him, *With whom he took sweet Counsel, and who was one in all the Service of God with him.* *David* bitterly bemoans the failure of his Familiars: *Lover and Friend hast thou put away far from me, and mine Acquaintance into darkness.* God considering his Affliction, comes to 'extinguish it with the unspeakable Comfort of his own Gracious Presence. *How do all our earthly Sorrows pass away as the Clouds of the Morning, making Room for the rising Sun to break day in the Soul when he appears.* We do not find that God is in the least displeased at the separation. *The more of the Creature drops from us, the more entirely doth He possess us:* Nor do we  
ever

ever enjoy God fully, 'till our Affections be perfectly divorc'd from every thing, to be all centred in himself. *Lot's* Absence hath procur'd God's Presence. *Blessed is that Want that brings us to the Gain of a God, how great soever it be.* May I for ever be confin'd to the solitary Cell of an *Anchorite*, were I sure to be happy in the fruition of the same Blessing. The *Draughts* of Pleasure we swallow from the best Company, are imbittered from the consideration that a little Time will discontinue it to us, and leave us only the remembrance of a good that is past, and the bare hopes of a possibility to renew it, of which we are yet uncertain too, since the quarrels of *Attendants* may occasion an estrangement, and a thousand Accidents a perpetual separation: 'Tis Heaven only can bless us with an everlasting Communion: God is *Almighty* to compleat up an Happiness to us in Himself, which all the World cannot give us.

Now will God discover to his *Abraham* the vast difference of his own happy Condition from *Lot's*. *Lot* had lift up his eyes to behold the Plains of *Jordan*, but not as his Own! *How many are in the Church of God, that shall never enjoy the Churches God!* 'Tis *Propriety* makes the Prospect pleasant. Therefore shall *Abraham* lift up his Eyes too, and look Eastward, Westward, Northward, Southward, on all round about him, and behold all as his own. *Lord, how Extensive is thy Bounty to thy Servants!* By the *Perspective* of his Faith must he view it, at the distance of a few hundred years, all planted with his own Children, who in Number should compare to the little *Dusts* of



of the Earth. God again and again ~~proceeding~~ to ~~Abraham~~ on the same ~~Fear~~, with those Enhancements which greatly comfort his Heart, and giving new Eyes to discern that Sweetness in his precious Promises which he never before had observed. Is not this our own Case? God hath made us a Promise of Heaven, and repeats it over and over; the squeamish World grows weary of it, as a stale word, and hant after New Discoveries. But the true Sould find such Variety of Pleasures in the good Old Time, that with their Father they feast upon it, and care not how often it sounds in their Ears, since they taste how sweetly it refreshes their Souls.

See the Care and Kindness of God, who before he departs from his ~~Abraham~~ (like a good Physician) leaves Orders with him to divert himself from his ~~Melancholy~~, by the pleasure of another Progress thro the whole Land of ~~Canaan~~, which he doubted not might yield him those pleasing Prospects that would greatly affect and delight him: Whose directions ~~Abraham~~ so obsequiously follows, that he presently gives orders of Removal from ~~Bethel~~ where he now was. And after a very delectable procession, at last it pleases him to make choice of the fruitful Plains of ~~Moré~~ in the Vicinity of ~~Hebron~~, where we shall leave him devoutly employed in the holy Exercises of Prayer and Invocation of God, and taking many a sweet Turn in the Grove of ~~Oaks~~ which here grew up together to give him the Complacencies of their refreshing Shade, while we discourse to you for a while of the less happy Affairs of ~~Lot~~.

This

This unhappy happy Man, having taken his leave of his flock, travels Eastward from him, and fixeth his Tent towards Sodom. The very first step we make from the true Church, is dangerous, but the further Egressions are fatal. He contents himself for a while with the innocent Delights of a separate State, where on those pleasant Plains he had Leisure enough to reflect on the past Felicities of his Life, under the Government of so wise and great a Relation, and might well have been satisfied in the paring away those superfluities of his Substance, which (as needless Excesses) had grown up to be injurious Nuisances to the well of his Happiness, and had now endangered the very Vitals of his Comfort and Joy. And doubtless with bitter Tears did he repent of his folly, when he found himself afterwards plundered of his Estate and Liberty together, by that unfortunate separation. So unprofitable are we of the advantages of our present security, that reaching out to grasp after greater, in a moment are deprived of all. By several Stations he approaches the Town, and at last adventures within the Precincts, where his Fancy tickled with the variety of Conveniences for Life it abounded in, he resolv'd at length to pluck up the stakes of his moveable Tent, and to sleep under a more fixed Roof in the City. Thus do we pass by various Gradations to the last Extremity of Sin, (No Man accumulating to the shameful degree of being Master of that Art from the first day of his Maniculation) so neither nor Solus fall we down at once into the deepest sloughs of our sorrows, but dabling at the first in the little

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*paddles*, and with Children adventuring into the *shallows*, ( and enduring them well enough, ) e're we are aware are caught away into the *deep*, where our Feet sticking fast in the *Mire*, we become like *Lor's Wife*, unmoveable Monuments of *Wrath*.

The *five Cities* seem to be an *Exception* from this general *Rule*; for the first account of their *Character* is so black and sulphureous, as very early *Prophecies*, how probable it might be, that God would match a *Judgment* of the same complexion with their *sin*; which as it appeared to baffle the *Order of Nature*, that ripens every thing by *Time*, they like *Mushrooms* grow up to perfection of *Wickedness* in a *Night*, and start up *Graduates* of the highest form of *Villany*. The *Men of Sodom* were *wicked*, and *sinners* before the *Lord* exceedingly: They needed no *Tutors* to instill the *Mysteries of Iniquity* by short *Lectures*, according to their weak *Capacity*, but themselves read them to all the *World*, and are become the *Gulph* that streamed out its deadly Issues to others: 'Tis no wonder then (standing in so ill circumstances with Heaven) that we find them under a state of *Bondage and Slavery*, the proper infliction on *Rebels*: God had given them up into the hands of *Chedorlaomer King of Elam*, who as he bore an hard *Name*, so surely had no very soft or easie *Nature*, but had clap'd an *Iron Collar* on their *Necks*, which while they endeavour to tear off, shall gaul them the more, and eat the deeper into their *Flesh*. *Twelve Years* had they patiently endured the *Yoke of an heavy Imposition and Tribute*;

Tribute; and while they see no end of it, they believe there will be none, unless themselves cut it off with the Sword of Rebellion: His Oppression makes them mad, and drives them to Despair, which threw them into speedy Resolutions of hazard-ing their Lives for their Liberty. Whom Divine Justice decrees to bring to ruine, those it hardens to cast themselves into the very mouth of those Cannons that shall batter them to pieces. God needs not to call in the Sword of an Enemy to dispatch his Rebels, but can invert the Edge of their Own upon themselves, making them to fall by their own Councils, and giving them over to that sottish Gallantry which shall entitle them to the Honour of Chivalry in the Battel of Self-execution.

The News of the Revolt of these Cities, fly with nimble Wings to the ears of the Conquerour, whom they will not find so ready to bury the Honour and Accrements of his former Victories in a Cowardly Grave. He resolves to carve his revenge in bloody Characters upon their Flesh. Dispatches are sent to the Princes his Confederates, to get ready their Arms, who with all Expedition incorporate themselves with his own, and all together, compleat up a formidable Army, which by hasty Marches soon make their Appearance on the Plains of Jordan. This was no more than what the Revolting Kings might prudently foresee and expect, and were accordingly obliged to prevent the mischief. They muster up their Troops therefore, and prepare to make an obstinate defence, drawing up in a full Body within sight of the Enemy, and Politickly

Politickly taking Advantage of the Ground, they make an Halt with design to draw them to the *Ph-falls*, whereinto they think to *Trepanne* them. The *Vale* of *Siddim* was full of *Slime-Pits*, the Inhabitants thereabouts, for their benefit and supply in building, had furnish'd themselves thence, with a sort of strong and clammy Clay, that (well temper'd) made excellent Mortar and *Cement*: they had dug deep in many places, and left the Mouths of the Pits open; the Enemy being altogether ignorant of these, and themselves intending to keep them so, by standing before them, when anon feigning a retreat, and the Enemy pursuing, must (they think) inevitably in their unadvised eagerness, and heat, plunge themselves into these *Graves*: This was the Politick Stratagem of the *Sodomites*; but whether they may not prove their own a few hours will easily determine. Both Armies stand in *Battalia*, ready to make the Onset. The Numbers not very unequal, with *five Kings* against *four* to head them. Now let us see what proof ye will make of your Prowess, ye *Magnanimous* Sons of *Sodom*! Let us find with what Bravery ye will stand against the Shock, and fight for the Liberties of your Countrey, against the proud *Inlanders*! But what is this we hear? Do you begin to *faint* already? Throw down your Arms at the first Charge, without scarce ever striking a blow? Are ye betaking your selves to your heels, without bearing the least Brant? Is this the measure of your *Valour*, who at home had none of your *Lust*? O *Sin*, *Sin*, that meltest away the Courage of every guilty *Breast* into

*Comardly Terror and Trembling!* Alas, these Effeminate Fellows had Harnessed themselves with Aking Hearts for the Field, and enter here reeking hot with the Steams of their Luxury: They were so accustom'd to *Fall upon men*, that one might have expected Prodigious Exploits from them; but in Truth, these Gentlemen had rather buckle with their Enemies in a Corner, than here in the open Camp, and would sooner have courted than fought them. They would kiss and be Friends with all their hearts, if that would have serv'd the turn: Bleeding was not a work they much cared for, they had been train'd up in other Exercises; and had rather have met with whole Battalions of Oxen and Sheep well Disciplin'd, marching up to their Tables, than the least File of these furious Adversaries: Myriads of Ladies would not have daunted them, but they had little Stomack to these, who were bent to quarrel and Fight in good Earnest. In short, To secure Life they think it better to trust to their Feet than their Hands, and all in Amazement they betake themselves to their Heels; but here the Iniquity of those heels encompass them about, and into the Pit that they dig for others, are themselves fallen: Behold we the poor frightened wretches stumbling into the Slime-Pits, nor shall they recover themselves out till the Executioners come to dispatch them into deeper Pits, than these: Here are they tumbling together, and want only the hands that must give them a further push into Hell.

Alas! how can the Feet stand which Sin and Judgment trips up? It is God that sets our feet

on the Rock, and enlarges our *Steps* under us, that  
we fall not. The most solid Ground is but slippery  
footing, where Vengeance makes the pursuit;  
how hily were those *Quagmires* made to en-  
snare them, who at home were ever head and  
ears so fast stuck in the *Boyes* of Unnatural  
Orders? This is the first *Knell* of Sathan's Bell,  
which in a short Time we shall hear ringing  
out in a doleful Note from Heaven. The Ti-  
dings of the Defeat comes posting to the Towns,  
and by the few scattered *Relicks* of the Army  
which escaped, they might find themselves *now*  
*done*, and must prepare for the dreadful effects  
of the Ruine. There was left little Pillage in the  
Field, and the Enemy is resolved not to return  
home empty, they flye upon them with open  
mouth, and *bellow* out nothing but utter Deva-  
station.

How shamefully do we wrap our selves up in  
the silken Folds of *Security* and Ease, tell'd  
along by cheating Dreams of a lasting Pleasure  
and quiet! when alas, poor *Loe* who had but  
newly *Immured* himself within his pleasing *Du-  
rough*, is already *Perished* out of it, and all his  
Provisions plundered away. Surely very vainly  
doth Man put Confidence in other Fixation  
than Heaven, where there is *no Sin* to lyhack-  
ing at the *Root*, nor Enemy to fix a Rope to the  
Body of our Peace to destroy it.

The insulking *Conquerours* Pile up the Spoils  
of the Cities in their *Carriages*, and enforce the  
late *Owners* to help drive them. The *Persons*  
and *Goods* pass away into a joynt *Canvass* to-  
gether. Amongst others, unhappy *Barbours* now

the just Punishment of his Folly, and is at last convinc'd of the difference of *Abrahams* Condition, from his own. He hath enjoy'd very few quiet hours since his first arrival in *Sodom*. His *Righteous Soul* was vexed from day to day, with their *unlawful Deeds*. Yet is he the unpitied Author of his own disquiet; since while he is fretted there, he could never perswade himself to depart thence; and now justly suffers for being found in the Devils *Quarters*. Those that console their Interest above their Religion, shall one day pay their Gains in their Eyes. His Cattle fed in the Plains with greater Peace than himself could do in the City, but now he breaks up House perforce, and is made to go whither others drive him. 'Twas well however for his Neighbours that they had a *Lor* with them, whose Company perchance they little cared for at Home; Yet do the Wicked owe their Lives and Liberties to the Righteous, whom they Hate and Persecute.

*Unprofitable Fellowship Rases the skin, but Wicked Company, cuts the very Throat of our Comfort and Peace*: The former cause our Light to burn dimly, but this extinguisheth it quite. Grace is a little spark that ever needs blowing up, what should we do among those whose infectious breath would puff it out? 'Twas but a few Minutes *Converse* with *Satan* that Betrayed our first Parents (in their full strength) to those fatal Compliances, that ruined themselves and us all: How improbable is it then, thy Weakness should find Force enough to oppose the Encounter of his cursed Instruments, (who with *Joseph's* Mistress, have Power enough to press upon thee from



from day to day, to yield up the *Part* of their Innocency, into the devouring Arms of that Guilt which will gripe thy Conscience in perpetual Tortures. *Saaphan* Ran away with *whole Gains*, and *Sew Hats upon Hats*, while God was with him; but when the tiresome Importunities of his *Dabbler* had melted him into a tame discovery of his great strength, he is sent from her Lap into a disgraceful Captivity, where a weaker Door suffices to secure him.

And had not *Lots* Soul been thoroughly *Annal'd* with an holy Tincture from above, and enriched with a *Treasure* lockt up under the Protection of a Divine Hand; the *Artifice* of Temptation in that Impious City had certainly strip'd him as naked of his Goodness, as now he was of his Goods. 'Twas preventing *Adeity* alone that kept the fair Face of his *Piety* unsullied in that *Brothel* of Impurity and Pollution: So Gracious is God (in the loss of Externals) to Guard the unperishable Substance from the Violence and Rapine of *Men* or *Devils*. But take heed, Reader, that thy Principles be so well incorporated into thine Affections (e're ever thou Adventure into the Society of the Factors of Hell) that neither the *Charges* they make upon Religion it self, (or the Professors of it) leave thee cold in thy Love or Zeal towards it, or unhinge the steadfastness of thine own *Faith* to it. Never forget that the Seed sown on the *High-way* became an easie Prey to the fowls of the Air. *Heaven* is too precious an Inheritance to be either laugh'd or frighted out of it; and methinks 'tis a little unreasonable, when all the Prayers and Tears of the Godly, cannot prevail upon Wicked Men to leave their Sins, that the Mock

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or *Moses* of the *Wicked* should have the least efficacy upon *God* *Mos* to lay aside their *Hopes*; yet how naturally are we transform'd into the Image of those we converse with, as the *Complaxion* answers to the *Cypress* we live in! 'Twas on the Mount that *Moses's* Face attracted a *Light* with *three days* Communion with *God*. And thine own might shine much brighter too, if instead of a fellowship with these *sinful Works of Darkness*, thou would'st apply thy self (by frequent *Recesses*) to inspect that *Glory* that would dart a *Celestial Light* into thee; and the more thou gazest with *Ecstacy* and *Admiration* upon it, it would not fail to change thee into the very Image of *God*, and pass thee insensibly from *Glory* to *Glory*.

With heavy *Hearts* and empty *Purses* the poor *Captives* of the *Cities* are carry'd away, pinion'd together to prevent an *Escape*; while their merciless *Drivers* goad them on, and ever and anon load them with stripes and taunts, where I must leave them pitifully lamenting their present Condition, to give you some account what *Providence* is working for their *Rescue*.

The Report of this *Disaster* is quickly convey'd to the great *Abraham*, who (in the midst of the *Calamities* of the War in the *Country*) enjoyed a sweet and calm *Peace* at *Mamre*; he is little concerned with the quarrels of the *Infidels*, when he knew that it was his *God* that dash'd them together, while himself subsisted safe and sound. Yet, (though he little pity'd them) he receives the *News* of his *Nephew's* *Captivity*; with a *sympathy* that ever dwells on the *Hearts* of the truly *Kind* and *Good*. But there is a time when

con-

*condemny* and *compassion* little serve to redress  
the Sufferings of our *Friends*; it was not the  
*shaking* of his *Head*, or the *rolling* of his *Bowels*,  
nor his *idle Wishes* could redeem poor *Lot* from  
*Slavery* and *Ruine*. *Grief* is a *Duty*, but more  
proper and natural to *Women*, who can only  
*bleed* in their *Eyes*, and commiserate the Unhap-  
py in unprofitable *Tears*. *Courage* is the mas-  
culine *Virtue*: Who ever saw *Brave Man* using his  
*Handkerchief* instead of his *Sword*? But *Abraham*  
was prudent and cautious, and will not under-  
take a *Warr* without good *Advice*, he will have  
*sure grounds* to justify the *Attack*, and war-  
rant the *Success*: He first therefore Consults the  
*Oracle* of his *Conscience*, which was ever guid-  
ed by his *Prophetical Spirit*, and on *Enquiry* finds  
that in this Case he may warrantably proceed.  
Had not *God* given him a *Title* to the *Kingdom*,  
who had the only *Right* to dispose of it? What  
though his *Subjects* did not acknowledge him,  
he was nevertheless the *Right Lord*? and what  
were these *Kings* but *Intruders* upon him, and  
had no other *Title* than what the *Sword* had  
given them? *Abraham* therefore though but a  
*Tutelar Prince*, thought himself oblig'd in *Duty*  
to relieve them: He takes up the *Sword* with  
the same *Authority* as *Moses* did afterwards, when  
he slew the *Egyptian* by the *Virtue* of the *Divine*  
*Revelation* made to him of his being the future  
*Deliverer* of the poor enslaved *People*. And to  
this the *Laws* of *Nature* added a *Tye* upon him  
to release his oppressed *Kinsman*, whom they  
unrighteously had injured, and who was in so  
wile guilty of the *Crime* more justly impa-  
ble

ble to the rest. But above all, the sacred Obligations of Religion could in no wise suffer him to see the little Church in Lot's Family led Captive, and subjected to the Rage and Tyranny of Pagans. Abraham therefore sufficiently convinc'd of the lawfulness of the War, resolves to proceed: And here we must present you with the Picture of the Sain in his Armour.

#### CHAP. IV.

Abraham fights with the four Kings for the rescue of Lot. He gets the Victory, and redeems the Prisoners. Melchisedeck at his return meets him on the way, and presents him with Provisions for his Soldiers. His Transaction with the King of Sodom.

**R**eligion is so far from emasculating the spirits of its truest Warriors, that it steels them all throughout with the hardest Courage: It banishes those fears and seeds of Cowardise that in every danger stare others in the face, like *Cæsar's Ghost* appaling the Soul of *Brutus*: It Rescues them from those vitious Qualities that have debased many a stout Heart to truckle under the basest Usurpations. Who would not have mourned to see the brave *Samson* grinding in the Mill, and made the subject of the *Philistines* scorn and laughter: It redeems them from those salacious Lusts that enervate the Arteries of the Soul,

Soul, and take away the Heart, subjecting it to the mean Cringes of dependance on every inferior Bodge. It links them fast in an indissoluble Union with the Omnipotent Power, which ever secures protection and safety. Hypocrites may brandish a Sword in the Air, and brag of its Valour against an European Enemy, but the single Scout of a real One makes it drop it, and sets it on flying. Profaneness may shut its Eyes, and burden it self against dreads of Death; it may venture a Soul to get a Name, but with no other Bravery than the gallant Horse who mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; the quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield; yet is he not afraid: So This may desperately run on the Pikes of Wrath, as insensible of danger, till rushing into the Battle it meets its Death and despairs together.

No, 'tis the brave Abraham's Courage shall work Wonders, who with a spirit walk'd from degenerating Lusts and Guile (the fainty Difficulties and very Agues of the Mind, that sets it on shaking with terrible Apprehensions of shadow) armed with Innocence and a good Cause, daring to look his God in the Face with the same confidence and fearlessness as he doth his own Heart: Who wears a Life to no other end but his service, and is content to lay it down at any time for his glory: Who hath a Ticket of Assurance from a second Death in his Bosom. This is the Righteous Hero that is bold as a Lion; and you shall hear presently what an handful of such as these can gloriously perform against a puissant Army, whom Success and Victory had blown up into Pride and Presumption.

The

The *Discipline of War*, with the various *arts* and *Politics* of it, and all the *Exercises* and *seats* of *Militia*, are a Lesson which *David* (who was a great *Souldier*) professes himself to have learned from *God*, who is *Generalissimo* of all the *Hosts* both of *Heaven* and *Earth*, and who is pleas'd to own the Title of a *Man of War*. By no other Tutor was this great Prince instructed before him: It was He that taught his hands to war, and his fingers to fight. He had first train'd him up in the mysterious faculties of *Believing* and *Obeying*: Now will he *Exercise* him in the *Martial Art* of fighting, that his *Abraham* might be as equally famous for his *Valour* as his *Faith*. And doubtless the inserting so full an Account of this War, and the *Catalogue* of the Princes that manag'd it, so accurately in the Holy Records, is due to the Care and great Kindness of *God* to his *Abraham*, who will not have him lose the honour of his *Chivalry* and *Prowess*, which shines so brightly in the *Defeat* of such mighty *Enemies* as they. All the World shall know that they were no mean and contemptible *Antagonists* that his great *Federate* had encountred with: And tho' all the *Troops* of the five Princes of *Palestine* were nothing in their hands, yet they must not imagine so lightly to carry away the *Garland*, when once the great *Abraham* took up the *Gauntlet* in the Quarrel: 'Twas Himself that raised up this *Righteous Man* from the *East*, called him to his *Foot*, gave the *Nations* before him, and made him rule over *Kings*, he gave them as dust to his *Sword*, and as driven stubble to his *Bow*.

All Knowledge is given for Communication. God will

had not dress'd up the Great Man into all the  
perfections of Nature and Grace, that he should  
find a Grave for them in his own Bosom! Not  
as he disdains not to be his own Chaplain, and  
thinks it no derogation from his *Grandeur*, to  
educate his *Servants* in the true Knowledge and  
Worship of God, in order to make them good  
Men, so was it his Care and Practice (no doubt  
from Divine Instinct) to train them up in the  
right Exercise and Use of Arms, in order to  
make them good Soldiers. (†) The one would help  
on the other: Religion it self, in a great part  
of it, being nothing else but a wife and expert  
Use of our *Spiritual Armour* against all the En-  
emies of our Peace, under the Guidance and Con-  
duct of the great *Captain of our Salvation*. They  
might learn by every *Posture of their Bodies* to re-  
member with what care they must stand on the  
Guard for their Souls. This *Trained Band* was  
ever ready at the Call of their *General*; they ne-  
ver disputed his Orders, but gave themselves up  
entirely to his Service and Command! They  
were *Catechis'd* in his Family, to an awful sense  
of their Duty and Allegiance to him, which was  
ever performed with that happy *Ingratitude* of  
Love and *Cordial Affection* towards him, as made  
it disputable, Whether the *Servants* were the  
happiest in such a *Master*, or the *Master* in such  
*Servants*. Nor was his *Interest* confined within the Lim-  
its of his own Family and Household, (tho' Nu-  
merous)

merous) but by the *Magnanimity* of his Ver-  
 tue and sweet Disposition, he had further At-  
 tracted the Affections of the Contiguous Powers,  
 and firmly joyned their Powers into the Body  
 of his own, by the strong Obligation of a solemn  
*Confederacy and Alliance*. *Leagues among Princes*  
*have been ever held sacred and inviolable to their*  
*Persons*: And tho' sometimes upon weighty Rea-  
 sons of *State* they chance to be dissolv'd and bro-  
 ken, yet have they ever been found to be so ne-  
 cessary *Props* for the support of the Honour and  
 Security of Government, that even the mightiest  
*Empires* of the Earth have been established by  
 them. It being the peculiar Priviledge of the  
*King of Kings* to build his *Universal Dominion* up-  
 on absolute and independant Foundations, with-  
 out sending forth from *Himself* to call in the  
*Aids* of others. See here to what degree of Ma-  
 jesty God had already promoted his *Abraham*,  
 that the great *Lords* of *Canaan* thought them-  
 selves blest and secure in his *Friendship*; and  
 hereafter we shall find *Kings* themselves Court-  
 ing him for the same Honour.

*Amer, Esauel and Manu* (his endeared Friends  
 and Confederates) and whom some think he had  
 happily Converted to the true Religion and Ser-  
 vice of his God, hearing the ill Tydings of the  
 sacking of the *Cities*, and of *Abraham's* Nephew  
 being led away *Prisoner*, think it their Duty to  
 make tender of their Service, having heard of  
 his Resolutions to attempt a Redemption: They  
 get ready therefore their *Auxiliary Forces*, and  
 (proud of the Employment) present themselves  
 and these, to his absolute Order and Govern-  
 ment.



ment: Yet will not his *Politeness* allow them the least share in the *Honour* of the Victory, but tell us, that he appointed them only to guard the *Acquisition*, while himself with his *Domesticks* only gave the *Charge*.

*Abraham* intends to make no tedious Work of it, and therefore he lightly Arms his *Three Hundred*, (and with them *three Thousand* more whom his Faith summons from *Heaven* to fight invisibly for him) and leads them into the Field. Even the merkeft *Moses* can be *Angry*, and the gentle *Abraham* whose Nature was made up all of *kindness* and *sweetness*, now hath his Neck clasp'd with *Thunder*, and his Eyes sparkling out flames of *Revenge*. Love and Mercy are the natural Properties of God himself, in the acting of these is all his delight, but Justice and Execution are his strange Work, and he never doth it, but when the Abuse and Contempt of his Goodness and Mercy provokes him out of himself into Indignation and Wrath.

*Stratagems of War* are so far from being unlawful, that God himself hath often directed and taught them. *Abraham* knew that though the Rules of *Martial Discipline* are very severe, and the *Cords* that bind it straitned to a great degree of *Stiffness*, yet on occasion they are frequently slackned, and never yet were poor *Souldiers* (after hard Service, and Victory gotten) denied the Liberty of Drinking their *Generals Health* in a chirping *Bale*. The Joy of Success had blown up their Spirits to that height, that they were already half Drunk with the excessive Conceit of their Conquest, and more than

than peradventure he might find them taking such Draughts as would leave them little capable of using their Arms towards Midnight.

On these hopes he projects to charge them *in the Dark*, and to render his little Army the more formidable, he divides his *Men* into *Parries*, who have Orders to make the Assault all at once in several sides of the Enemies Camp, striking them into great Consternation by the conjectur'd probability of a greater Force than indeed there was. The *Confederates* he leaves at a distance, to come in if need be, as a fresh supply.

If *Humane Brains* thus wittily work in the pitching those *Travels* of Ruine, in which the Feet of their Enemies fail not to stumble and dye, let a God alone in the Weaving those *Nets* of Destruction, in which the Adversaries of himself and his Church shall be inevitably entangled with that certainty, that all the counter-workings of their own shallow Policies shall never serve them to make an escape. Never dispute what *Hell* is, or in what manner its Flames can feed on spiritual Bodies, since if there were no gnawing Worm, nor devouring Fire there, he can command New Armies of Torments to start up, which (as fresh supplies) shall be successively poured on the *Vessels* of Wrath, who in the short Day of their Life in the World, neglected the *Invitations* of his Grace.

David observes that God often blows upon the *Councils* of the Wicked, and bringeth their *Devices* to none Effect: But Abraham was too dear to be left to himself, or frustrated in any of his Honourable Designs: Yea, himself had declared them

into his Head, and now cannot fail him in their putting in due Execution. Marching on therefore; and hearing where the *Enemy* lay, he so orders his *Motion*, as not to be discovered, till he might shroud himself in the Mantle of the *Night*, which he knew well would add a Terror to the fury of his *Charge*. And thus when they little dreamt of an *Enemy* pursuing them, they are unexpectedly Alarm'd by his Army that encompassed them. The *Disordered Kings* who had no *Eyes* to see their *Enemies*, and as little *Hearts* to oppose them; are surprized into perfect Confusion. While *Abraham's* Sword is dipt in Gore, and his *Souldiers* glutted with the Blood of their *Enemies*, Happy was He that could Fight out his way, and So they could escape with their *Lives*; they value not the *Boory*, but contentedly leave the plunder of the Field to the *Affailants*, who were satisfied too with the Execution they had done, and had no further Orders to pursue after those few that were fled.

The poor *Sodomites* are in Astonishment to find themselves rescued by friends *unknown*; and are yet uncertain what Usage they may expect from them; Or whether they had only *Exchanged* their *Keepers*. Till anon the kind *General* gives Orders for the finding out *Lor*, who after search is brought with Joy enough into the welcome presence of his *Uncle*. And sure after all these blusters in the *World*, where we have been kept so long under fears and bondage, the coming of a *Redeemer* will be Joyful to us, when he shall appear in *Glory* to knock off all our *Shackles*; and present us with the *Happiness* of an *Eternal Liberty*.

E're we pass further, take a measure of the

Stature of *Abraham's Faith*, and how well he is  
 flus'd into *Spiritual Confidence* and *Gravities of*  
*Mind*, who not many years since was discounte-  
 nanced at the Power of one *King*, quiet and jolly  
 in all the Pleasures of his *Court*, can now buckle  
 gallantly with *Three or Four* together, Attended  
 by their *Armies*, and puffed up with *Victories* in  
 the Field. *Graces* ebbe and flow in the Channel of  
 the best *Mens Hearts*. Those *Ecclesiastical Princes*  
 who at their *Lords Apprehension*, betook them-  
 selves to their Heels, and left him all alone,  
 within a few Weeks had a new Soul, and dar'd to  
 Impeach his Murtherers with the Guilt of his  
 Blood to their Teeth. Who when they saw the bold-  
 ness of Peter and John, they *Marvelled*.

When all the *Pomps of Glory*, that have grac'd  
 the Victorious *Cesar's Triumphs*, are flown away  
 with the *Eccho* of the loud *Acclamations* where-  
 with the Streets of that proud City were wont to  
 Ring his Praise; when all the *Flowers* made choice  
 of by *Pagan Wits*, to Bedeck and Adorn the Crown  
 of his Honour, are all *Withered and Gone*; When  
 the very *Chariots* of his *State*, at whose gilded  
 Wheels the *Royal Captives* were wont to be  
 dragg'd, are long since *Rotten and Crumbled* into  
*Dust and Nothing*; God himself hath erected a  
*Triumphal Arch* to the Immortal Memory of the  
 Great *Abraham's Victory*, made of such *Marble*  
 that will never decay; whereon he hath Engraven  
 with Indelible Characters the *Memoires* of this  
 Atchievement in the *Eternal Chronicles*, which  
 give us the Account, and Him the Glory of the  
 Crowned Heads that came bowing to him on the  
 way as he returned From the Slaughter of the Kings,

to

to Congratulate with him in the Joy, and to pay him the Honours of his Victory. 'Tis observable with what Majesty it is expressed; *Returning from the slaughter of the Kings*: As if Abraham's Sword scorned any meaner Scabbard than the Breast of a King, and 'twas below him to Fight either with Small or Great, but only with Kings. Whether he slew them all, or how many of them; Or whether the Execution fell only upon their Troops, while Themselves made their escape in the Dark, is not Recorded; but certain it is, he made a very bloody and fearful Slaughter upon them, and such as utterly discouraged them to make any further Attempt upon Canaan. *They were given as Dust to his Sword, and as driven Stubble to his Bow*: Whom we shall leave therefore (as he) rotting as Dung upon the Earth, to wait on the Conquerour homewards; and give you an Account of those other Princes that presented themselves very lowly to bend before him.

And first Melchisedec, the King of Salem, and Priest of the most High God; (A wonderful Person who here only starts up and makes his Appearance, as if he had taken Life on purpose, and having performed this Service only, had now perfected for ever the One Noble Act and End of his Being; could he but once see the Face of the Favorite of God, he chearfully goes home and Dies.) This Great Prince and Priest comes, not attended only with Mules crouching under the weight of his Royal Presents, made up of all sorts of Provisions (concisely described by (\*) Bread

(\*) *Hic Melchisedec milites Abrahami hospitalliter habuit, nihil in ad victum deesse fessum, Joseph. Antiq. lib. i. cap. xi.*

and Wine) which shall serve to refresh his weary Servants; (the same Civility that afterwards the brave *Gileadite* (*Barzillai*) paid to the Army of *David*, in venerable Respect to their Master.) All this did *Melchisedeck* as a King, but also is Himself *Eaten* with a whole Cargo of *Benedictions*, which he prodigally pours out, as a Priest, from his Sacred Breast upon the Head of the Great *Abraham*, dropping upon him as a *Silver Shower*, and causing his tired Spirits to revive and flourish again; *As the tender Grass springing up out of the Earth, by clear shining after Rain.*

Should I stop here to *Wade* into the *Waters* of *Strife*, and make a more particular Enquiry who this *Melchisedeck* was, when the Sacred *W<sup>ts</sup>* hath given no other account than that He *Was*; and the best *Authors*, both *Jewish* and *Christian*, give little satisfaction to their Readers; it might be long enough ere I return to the *Patriarch*, whom I desire more closely to follow. Some contending to have him to be *Sem* the blessed Son of *Noah*, which others as hotly deny. Others alledge him to be *Jesus Christ*, and his Sect the (\*) *Melchisedekians* to be one Greater than he, because *Christ* is compared to *Melchisedeck* in Scripture, not seeing that *Melchisedeck* rather is compared to Him. (†) *Origen* will have him to be an *Angel*, because he is said to be without Father or Mother, but that only, because not expressed in

(\*) *Melchisedekiani asserunt esse non solum Virtutem quandam sed esse Christo majorem.* Aug. *Hier.* 34.

(†) *Origines multiplici sermone disputans, illuc tandem divolutum est, ut cum Angelum diceret.* Hier. *Epist.* ad *Evag.*

Scripture. The most Credible follow the Letter of the Text, and go no further than *Salem* to find him out, the Ruines of whose *Palace* there appearing long after; yet they differ again about *Salem*, and some will have it that *Salem* which was afterwards *Jerusalem*; but *Jerome* denies it, and that it was another *Salem* near to *Scythiopolis*, which is to this day called *Salem*, where the *Palace* of *Melchisedeck* is to be seen, saith he. So likewise they differ as to the Manner and Ceremony of the presenting these Gifts; some say they were first Offered to God as *Peace-Offerings*, and then afterwards distributed amongst the *Souldiers*. Others say, they were never Offered to God in Sacrifice, but to *Abraham* only for a Present, affirming the addition of the word *Aurum* to be inserted in some Copies, which clears the matter. *Melchisedeck* brought forth *Bread* and *Wine* to Him (i. e. to *Abraham*). And we know that *Priests* make Frequent *Visits* without Executing any Sacred Part of their *Functions*; 'twas work enough that he blessed *Abraham*; *Blessed be thou of the most High God*. And tho' a part of his Present had been offered up to God, and the rest divided between the *Men*; what is this to the Roman *Mass*? If they will gather a *Foundation* for it hence, yet at least let them be so kind as *Melchisedeck* was, who had he brought into this Army an Acceptable present of *Wine*, (and 'Tis *Wine* that cheers the Heart of Man) and in the sight of all the *Souldiers*, should have Drunk it up All Himself; he might have Eaten up his *Bread* too, so little would they have Valued his Kindness, unless he could have made them believe

that the *Wine* was in the *Bread*, by an unperceivable argument of *Concomitancy*. Yet no other than this is the Kindness of the *Romish Priest*, who drinking up every drop of the *Wine* Himself, leaves the poor *Souldiers* of *Christ* to faint. If they will needs draw their Sacrifice from *Melchisedeck*, pray let them be as *Kind* and *Just* to the *Command* and *Institution* of their *Lord* and *Master*, as He.

*Abraham* receives the *Royal Priest* with a devout *Veneration* due to the Person of Him who bore so great a *Character*; 'Twas a *Representative* of his *God* whom he therefore thinks himself obliged to Honour. He embraces Him as *Such*, and mixes a *Carriage* full of *Reverence* and *Sweetness* towards him. His late *Prosperity* had not in the last swelled him into *Neglect* or *Forgetfulness* of his *Duty*: *Minds* that are truly *Great*, cannot act beneath themselves. He is surprized to find in that *Idolatrous Kingdom* so great a *Person*, that owns the *God* He *Professes* to *Worship*, and questionless promised to himself *Happiness* in the after *Enjoyment* of so *Divine Acquaintance* (tho' we find not any further converse they maintained). *Abraham* cannot receive so many rich *Effusions* of his *Piety* and *Bounty* without finding a thankful *Remuneration*. *Grateful Hearts* are in *Pain* till they ease themselves from the burden of those *Obligations* that others *Courtesies* have heaped upon them. And now is he glad that the baffled *Kings* have left him in some *Capacity* to make an *Acknowledgment* of his *Gratitude* both to *God* and his *Priest* upon the *Spot*; And therefore he very humbly *Devotes* a *Tenth Part* of all the



the Spoils he had taken. If *Discretion* were all the true Heirs of *Abraham's* Holy and Generous Heart, there had little needed those multiplied *Deeds* to constrain the People, and secure to the Priests their *Maintenance* by *Tithes*. *Moses* having performed his Duty, receives without scruple the Sacred Dues of his Office which the Patriarch so cheerfully paid him, and with all the Reciprocations of mutual Affection to each other, and solemn Praises to God, he departs away to his *Salem*.

His *Discession* makes way to another Prince of a very far different Temper and Spirit; *Faith* makes the only *Discrimination* between Persons: All men have not *Faith*. This is the sparkling *Diamond* that enriches the Crowns of Kings; Where that is wanting, *Honour* is but a *Yeast* in a *Snowy* Snow. If private Men are illustrated by it (for since thou wast precious in mine Eyes, thou hast been Honourable,) what Glory might it add unto Monarchs! The King of Heaven shines in the Majesty of his Holiness. *Abraham* knew well enough that the *Sodomite* King wore no such Pearl in his Crown, therefore he puts on a Behaviour towards him, agreeable to the Baseness of his Spirit; He had dishonourably turned his back from the Kings that Himself had *Charged* and made *Havock* of. He cannot therefore think him worthy of that Reception that a Gallant Prince might have merited from him. Men are to be treated by the Rules of *Discretion*, according to the Nature of the Designs and Ends they have upon us. *Melchisedech* came to bless God for that Excellent Person whom his Goodness had raised up to be an happy Instrument

strugment of delivering the Country from the mischiefs of the War, and to bless Himself in the Sight and Acquaintance of him. But this King is so far from any the least Resentment of the good Providence and Means by which his Subjects were redeemed, that he looks down with a plodding Eye, and projects how to make *Abraham's* Victory an *Advantage* to himself. He appears here rather as a Merchant to *Truck* and *Barter*, than as a gallant Prince to throw his grateful Soul into the Embraces of the Brave Conquerour, with Ten thousand Thanks for so vast a blessing, as the Overthrow of the Enemies by his Victorious Arms. He could not be Ignorant that by the *Laws* of War, *Abraham* was indisputably entitled to whatsoever his *Sword* had Won in the Field. Himself had lost all by his Cowardise, what *Abraham* had recovered by his Courage; And yet hath he the Confidence to Challenge a share in the Benefit of his Noble *Adventure*. And mistaking the brave *Patriarch* for a Man of as Sordid a Soul as Himself, thinks that he *Bids* him Fair in the proffer of the Booty, provided he might have the *Persons* to himself. This is the main *Errand* that brings the King of *Sodom* (as his own Ambassador) to the Camp of *Abraham*.

How perfectly *Strangers* are the Men of this *World*, to the Princely Greatness of Mind that directs and ennobles all the Actions of the Righteous and the Holy? Now shall this King of *Sodom* see the difference of a *Star* from a *Clod*, and a *Spirit* enkindled by the true Celestial Fire, from his own, that glared in the contemptible Light of a *Glow-worm*.

inward

Would

Would he have *Abraham* to go One Mile with him in *Courtesie*, behold he will go Two! Would he have his Coat from him, let him take his Gloak also! Does he make suit to have the *Persons*? Let him take them, yea and the Goods also. The Spirit of an *Abraham* can grant more, than The *Sodomites* hath confidence to Crave. The Noble *Patriarch* opens Heaven to him, and darts out a Beam of the *Divine Nature*, that strikes him into perfect *Extasie*; there is no more Life in him, while he beholds the *Majesty* of the great Soul of *Abraham*: His own *Damnable* Gods shed no such Influences on their *Vocaries*. He looks on him as on some Sacred *Shrine* fallen from Heaven, and sent for him to *Worship* and be enrich'd by. So impossible is it for the true Race of the Heavenly *Progeny* to degenerate from the Royal Nature of their Mighty and Bountiful Father, who scatters *Scepters* and *Kingdoms*, and freely gives *Grace* and *Glory*. *Avaricious* *Minds* in every *Liniment* of their *Albions*, plainly betray their *Sordid Extractions*; and let them wear the *Phylacteries* of their *profession* never so broad, yet these *Fig-leaves* dropping away, very visibly discovers the Shame of their *Nakedness*, and want of those Holy *Garments* (that God himself wears, and) which should *Dress* them up to *Salvation*. The long Robes of the *Pharisees* were too captile and thin to hide from the Holy *Jesus* their *Hypocrisie* and *Covetousness*: Nor is there surely a greater *Affront* unto Heaven, than for these *Sons of the Earth* to pretend themselves Married to the *Daughters of God*. I will confidently averr that the *Covetous* Soul hath not the least Spark of the Sacred Fire in

in it. *An Earthly Saint is a Master in the Church, with six Fingers and Toes on his Hands and Feet, scraping and raking in the Muck-heaps of the Creation. Let not such dare to say, We have Abraham to our Father, since of the very Stones of the Breest, God is every day polishing up bright Children unto Abraham, while themselves lie wallowing in the Dirt.* Now, the brave Abraham heaps the Goods of this World upon the Head of a Sodomite, whose very Heart was upon them; and scorns to afford them a Lodging in his Thoughts. Let him cripple his Shoulders with the burden of them; himself would keep his affections free. Abraham piles up Earth upon Earth and buries him into the Dust. Should but a little Mote of that Mould hang on his own Foot, he would shake it from him into his Lap, and disdains to wear but a Buckle in his Shoe, that ever came out of Sodom. He might have sav'd himself the trouble of this Journey; hence (long before he asked) his Petition was granted and made sure to him by Oath, though he knew it not: For no sooner had God given him the Victory (and with it a Right to all that was found in the Field) but presently Abraham turns his Arms upon Himself, and Fights to Conquer his own Temptations. He had not stirred a Foot from the base Motive of a private Advantage. The World should see that he Acted from principles particular to himself, and shall be abundantly convinced that he had no dishonorable Aims. He knew well enough whither to Go, and from whom to expect his Reward.

Thus

Thus is This *Great Man* sticking *Fast* into the Crown of God, while he leaves his own bare. 'Tis below any Child of *Abraham* to warm himself by the Sparks of his own *Kindling*, when the Cause and Glory of *Heaven* catches cold. *Abraham* lifts up his Hand to the most high God, to hang up all his *Trophies* in the Celestial Court, and knew not whether this might not be a Means to allure the King of *Sodom* thither after them, when he should find a Person of such rare Religion and *Virtue*, as could perfectly deny himself, and Abjure *Prospere*, that great *Diamond* of the *World*. Weep my Soul, that thou seest so few *Heirs* of *Abraham's Faith and Self-denial*. The whole *World* hunting after *Shadows* which themselves call *Substance*, and labouring under a greater *Distraction* than this *Sodomitish* King, who crav'd only the *Souls*, and was content to forgoe the *Goods*; but these abjure their own *Souls*, so they may finger the *Goods*, and are so far from letting pass their *Pre- tence* of *Right* to them, that they quarrel even with God Himself, and venture the loss of an *Eternity* for them.

How often is it found, that *Generous Minds* suffer under the *Injurious Imputations* of a too foolish *Facility* and *Softness* of Nature. They are deemed but *Weak Men* that do not *Stare* and *Stamp* for their Interest, and hold what they have gotten *Grissly*. The King shall have but little cause to be *Jealous* of *Abraham's Discretion* and *Prudential Management* of his Affairs. He shall not go home and deride his too easie Temper, since notwithstanding his Noble Grant of the whole *Booty* to him, he doth not thereby intend *In- justice*

justice to others, by his own kindness to Him. Proportions must be first made to his Three *Adversary Confederates*, who had run the hazard of the War, and might reasonably expect to enjoy a share in the *Spoils*; he therefore gratefully assigns to each of them his *Part*, and thereby gave the King of *Sodom* to know that he was no stranger to his Own Right in the Whole, and that, *Not of His own, had he given him*. As for his Soldiers, they were all his *Domesticks*, in perfect Resignation to his Pleasure, whom he feared not to *Mutiny* for the *Plunder* of the Field, and he knew well enough How to gratifie them at home. Thus is *Abraham Just and Wise*, as well as Generous, and Tempers his Courtisie with Prudence: And the delign of *Abraham* was evident, to clap a *Padlock* on this Kings *Foul mouth*. He shall not Vaunt hereafter that *Abraham* was Enriched by his Loss. And hath not God himself contrived the *Means* of our Eternal *Happiness* in so wise a manner, that when by Sin we had ruin'd our selves (with *Sodom*) he hath provided a Redemption for us, to which we have not contributed the least *Finger* of *Help* or *Assistance*; but whether we will or No, the Praise of all must redound to the Glory of his Grace, *that no Man shall boast*, and the *Mouths* of all be stopped for evermore.

Profane Hearers are ever ungrateful to God and Man, under the richest Mercies. This Kindness of *Abraham* was little considered by this King his Nephew: (\*) He returns laden with the Profits

(\*) Videbimus Sodomitas accepti beneficii fuisse immemores, dum superbe & contumeliose Sanctum se Lot veterans. Calv. in Geo. 14.

of the whole Expedition, while Abraham goes Home as Light and Empty as ever he went out, and hath only the naked Glory of the famous Exploit. The Author of our Salvation bled not for himself; he was happy from Eternity in the Desert, and was the daily delight of his Father, rejoicing always before him: When he passed forth to Encounter and Destroy the Enemies of our Peace, what Got he but many Wounds upon himself, while we enjoy the happy Fruits of his Love and Victory; yet alas, his Kindness is but little regarded, and too many fall in League and Strike Hands with those that Smote him. Unthankful Man!

CHAP. V.

God appears again unto Abraham labouring under some Trouble of Mind, particularly That of the Want of an Heir. God cheers him from the Assurance of an Innumerable Posterity, and the whole Land of Canaan for them. Both which are confirmed by an Irrefragable Covenant, &c.

**A**braham having thus happily Carv'd out a Peace to the Country by his Victorious Arms, hath now time to sit down and enjoy himself and his God in Quiet; this was the pleasing Element he naturally delighted to Breath in. The rattling of Armour, and the Neighing of Horses, and Garments dipp'd in Blood, are not so Affecting Objects to the Senses of Gods Children, who are

are taken up rather with the sweet Whispers of his Love, and reviving Songs of the Night. There is all peace in Heaven, and universal Harmony of Concord, which Crowns the Felicity of the Blessed. *Abraham* thro' all this Expedition, had demean'd himself with so much Courage and Gallantry, that God, having first sent *Melchisedek* as his Ambassador, to Salute and Bless him in his Name by the way, Now can refrain no longer from coming Himself to him, to bring him a gracious Welcome home.

Whether *Abraham's* basic thoughts had been working upon the consequent Issues of this War, and framing to himself some timorous Imaginations of a future danger, in case these scattered Troops should rally again (and recruiting into greater Numbers) might return all enflamed with the fury of Revenge upon him, as Princes seldom lay down the Cudgels for one broken Head; ) or whether (as others think) that God having been so kind to him in the prospering his Arms, to the desired Honour and Ends of Victory, might seem to put him off with a Temporal Reward: (As it is not unusual for the Faithfullest Souls to be jealous of this Worlds Prosperity, they cannot endure to think of being sent away with any blessing short of Himself: *There is none on Earth I can desire besides thee*;) Or whether he found the Princes of the Country, rather envious at, than affected with, or thankful for the deliverance he had wrought them: Whether this, or any of these; but surely we may discover even from God Himself, that he Laboured under some great Perturbation of Mind. When he

saw



now is fit therefore to revive his drooping Spirit  
by conveying his *Consolations* to him in the *Visions*  
of the Night, and to pour in such a *Flood of Joy*,  
as shall quickly restore him to his wonted *Temper*  
and perfect *Serenity of Soul*. *Fear not Abraham,*  
*I am thy Shield,* and thine exceeding great  
*Reward*. See, I have already given thee an Ex-  
perience of my Power and Protection, that shall  
ever be continued for thy future Preservation  
and Safety: *I have covered thine Head already in*  
*the day of Battle,* and hid thee in the *Hollow of mine*  
*Hand,* from the rage of thine Enemies. So will I  
ever be a *Wall of Fire* round about thee; they shall  
but scorch themselves that approach to hurt  
thee. *No weapon formed against thee shall prosper;*  
yea, tho' the whole Earth should gather themselves  
together to injure thee. Do not dread the united  
strength of the *Arm of Flesh*; thou hast a God  
that will ever arise up for thy Defence. He that  
toucheth thee, shall as prosperously hope to pull out  
the *Apple of mine Eye*, and to defeat all the *Hosts*  
of Heaven that shall ever be Armed as thy *Life-  
guard*; so soon shall thine Enemies prevail to  
baffle Omnipotent power and Strength, as to  
pull one *Hair* from thine Head, much less to  
sheath a *Sword* in thy Heart: Wrap up therefore  
thy self securely within the Folds of my invin-  
cible Power, by an unquestionable Confidence in  
my Watchfulness and Care that shall ever attend  
thee, thro' all the most dangerous Accidents of  
thy Life: *Fear not Abraham, for I am thy Shield.*  
And whereas in this Affair of the *King of Sodom*,  
thou hast acquitted thy self with so Noble Re-  
spect to thine *Honour*, and so full a Dependence on

my Power and *Alfufficiency* to enrich thee, so as thou hast despised the means of a *Diction* by an Addition of those contemptible Spoils to thine Estate: Know this for thine Encouragement and Joy, Thou shalt be so far from being a Loser by so generous a preferring my Glory beyond thine own Interests, that instead of them, I will give thee *my self*; a God who have all the Treasures of *Earth* and *Sea* at mine own Power to Dispose of, and if need were, could command them all to meet in thine *Exchequer* to enrich thee. And who am in my self so inexhaustible a Fountain of more *Durable Riches* and *Honour*, than what are drawn from the poor *Mines* of the *Earth*, and with these will I Ennoble thee for ever. Be not Jealous that I intend thee no further Honours than what thou hast Atchieved from the Glory of thy Conquest; when mine Own hand shall weave thee an *Immortall Crown* that shall sit fast on thy Head, and never Wither or Die. And tho' the ungrateful *Gunnahires* pay thee not the *Honage* and honourable *Acknowledgments* of their own deliverance by thine Hand, or maliciously Envy thee the Glory of it, yet shalt thou have little cause to complain: When I make over *my self* to thee, who am infinitely more than all Things, and who could as easily make thee Lord of the *Universe*, as to bestow these Kingdoms of *Canaan* upon thee; but that I reserve to thee a Portion in mine own most glorious *Essence*, and thou shalt not run to the Creatures for a Recompence, for I (*my self*) will be thy Reward, and thou shalt every day find how Great, how exceeding great a Reward, thy God will be unto thee.

But

But, mighty *Yehovah* ! hast thou fitted the Shield of thy Protection to the Body of thine *Abraham* only? Is the Promise made to him alone? And wilt thou leave all the Heirs of his Faith and Spirit, naked and bare to the Cruelties of their Enemies? Hast thou but one Shield of Defence? Shield us, even us also, O our Father! Yea we know well that thou art a *Son* and a Shield to all them that walk uprightly, as *Abraham*. God hath expanded the Buckler of his Protection (as the Heavens) over all the Body of his dearest Church. Happy art thou, O *Israel*, who is like unto thee, O People saved by the Lord! the Shield of thine Help, and the Sword of thine Excellency, thine Enemies shall be found Liar to thee, and thou shalt tread upon their high places. Come ye *Angels* (one of you is enough) and imite the blasphemous Host into dead Corpses. Come ye *Stars*, and fight in your Courses against the Tyrannous *Sisera*: Come ye mighty *Waters* and prepare *Graves*, for the Obdurate *Pharaoh* and all his Army, within the vast gulph of your own Bowels. Come forth ye poor *Worms*, and take your Repast on the Carcass of the *Mortal* that would fancy himself to be a God. Come thou little *Stone* cut out of the Mountain, that shall break in pieces all the Kingdoms of the Earth, that oppose thee! Come near ye *Nations*, hear and hearken ye *People*, for the indignation of the Lord is upon you, and his fury upon all your Armies; he hath utterly destroyed them, he hath delivered them to the slaughter: For his sword is barbed in Heaven, behold it shall come down upon *Idumea*, and upon the People of his Curse unto Judgement.

And come thou blessed Son of *Abraham*, the In-

vincible *King* of the *Church*. With the *Spiritual Sword* of thy might, enter into the *Confines* of *Hell*; Invade the *Territories* of the *Infernal Powers*; dash in pieces all the *Gates* of thine *Dominion*; break their *Iron Bars* afunder, lade away the *Spoils* of those cursed *Principalities*, the *Trophies* of their *Eternal Honour*, *Sin* and *Death*. *Make a show* of them openly, to all the *World*, expose them to the derision of *Angels*, and *Men*, as the baffled *Captives* of thy *Power*! Fasten them to the *Wheels* of thy *Chariot*; drag them after thee, when in the day of thy *Triumph* thou shalt enter into thy *Kingdom*, thence let them receive the dreadful *Sentence* of everlasting *Ignominy* and *Contempt*.

Come hither *Christian*, and view thy self *Secure* as *Infinite Power* and the *Strength* of a *God* can make thee: If thou wilt negligently hang up thy *Shield* to the *Walls*, and walk naked thro' all the *Quarters* of thine *Enemies*, and promise thy self safety in the midst of *Devils*, and *Men* almost as *Bad* as they, without this *Coat-Mail* of the *Divine Promise* girt about thee, or but loosely put on; what can be expected, but thy certain fall even by these baffled *Straglers* of the routed *Army*, who lye lurking to make their *Prey* upon thee, and to lead thee with themselves into the *Eternal Prisons*? To dye by a *Noble* and *Victorious* hand, would yet be somewhat *honourable*, but for these *disarmed Troops* of *Hell* to triumph in thy *ruine*, and fix thee in perpetual *Chains* of *darkness* (and this only from thy *carelessness* and *neglect* of carrying thine *Arms* about thee, and wearing the *Shield* of thy *Defence*.)  
this

this will be matter of indelible Shame and Confusion.

This is that special piece of Spiritual Armour, that shouldst thou be so vain to leave the rest behind, yet of this art thou cautioned by no means to be forgetful, but *Above all to take with thee the Shield of Faith*: And what is this but the close-buckling this Excellent Promise about thine Heart? *Come my Son, let not Mercy and Truth forsake thee, bind them about thy Neck, write them upon the Table of thy Heart*. That thou mayst ever retain this Glorious Inscription in thy Eye: *The Lord is my Shield and my Buckler, He is my defence; the Holy one of Israel is my King. Whom then should I fear? of whom should I be afraid?* The Lord is on my side, I will not fear what Man can do unto me? The Lord taketh my part with them that help me, therefore shall I see my desire upon them that hate me: The Captain of my Salvation hath subdued all mine Enemies under me; they are all fallen, and shall never be able to rise again: And thro' him that loveth me, am I *more than a Conquerour* over them all! He hath redeemed me from the hand of mine Enemies, that I should serve him without fear, &c. And this is the *Mercy that he swore to our Father Abraham, that he would grant us*. He confirmed it to thee by an Oath, and wilt thou walk loosely under it, and tamely yield thy self Prisoner to every base Assault? When thou hast listed thy self under his Colours, and entred into the Bonds of that Sacrament, that obligeth thee to stand valiantly against every Adversary of his Glory,

Glory; who once said to the Great *Abraham*, (and in him to thee too,) *Fear not, for I am thy Shield.*

And this *Shield* is a *Sun* too, that will ripen all the fruits of his *Bounty*, by which thy *Table* is spread. Thou shalt not need Crouch to a *Sodomite* for a piece of *Bread*: How deservedly did he wear the Leprosie of a *Naaman* upon his own Skin, that could steal from the Presence of his great Master to post after an *Assyrian*, for a little Silver and a few Changes of Raiment! 'Tis below the Princes of the Blood to court the Skullions of the Kitchen for Scraps: These, whose Spirits are feasted every day with *Hidden Manna*, need little question their daily Provisions, which flow in upon them from the less Expensive Current of Providence. *Jacob* may send into *Egypt* for Corn, but he shall send his own full *Bags* to pay for it: And if *David* solicits a *Nabal*, for a part of his *Sheep*, *sheer Cheer*, 'twas but in order to the design of God to translate his whole Estate upon him with his *Wife*. *Abraham's* Children have *Milk* and *Honey* in their own *Canaan*; and if they had less, yet is their *Dinner of Herbs* better than the stalled *Ox of the Wicked*. The very Gleanings of *Ephraim* are better than the Vintage of *Abiezar*: And he that sups with *Herod* may chance disgorge his *Stomach* when he finds the Head of a *Prophet* brought up in a Charge for second Course; even of that *Prophet*, who to avoid the dangers of their poysonous Dishes, contented himself with the *Locusts* of the Wilderness. The Great *Elijah* can trust his Master to Cater for him by the Ministry of *Ravens*, and when that fails, is satisfied with the poor fare of a Widow, rather than

then to Glot himself (with *Jezebel's Chaplains*) upon the Varieties of her providing. His brave Successour, with all his Colledge, are thankful to God for a Mess of *Portage*: And the patient *Habakkuk* can joyfully feed on a God alone; tho the *Fields* and *Herds* and *Stalls* should afford him not a *Yoyur* to supply his Table. These with their Great Lord had *Meat* so ear which the World knew not. So had the Children of the Captivity, who chose rather to make their Meals on *Pulse* and *Water*, than to defile themselves with the princely *Viands* of the Royal Board. The holy *David* fears to be choaked with them: *Let me not eat of their dainties*. With an holy disdain have all the best Children of *Abraham* declined the dangerous Accession of earthly Superfluities: Let the *Swine* of the World (who offer to no other Deity but their Bellies) swell themselves till they break again. *All their fresh springs are in God*. And though *Esau* said he had enough, and wanted not *Jacob's* Presents; yet had he little enough who wanted *Jacob's* God. Let the true Children of *Abraham*, learn to take out the lesson of Generosity from him, and to wind up all their desires in God, who (abstracted from all Creatures) will very shortly be their only Portion, and themselves shall be for ever filled with his fulness who filleth all in all. Let them give no occasion to any *Sodomite* of the Earth, to suspect that they worship a God who is a Niggardly Rewarder of his Servants; and are therefore forced to sneak to them for mouldy bread, and clouted Shoes.

But sit down for a while, and consider, (Reader)

der) what mean these Golden Words; *I say thy exceeding Great Reward*: When all the Great Ones of the World have the Plague of the Serpent upon them, and lick the dust of the Earth, and terminate their desires in a Cursed Portion; to thee will I give my *self* for an Heritage! And could thy shallow Apprehensions conceive what a God is in himself, or can be, and do for his faithful Servants, thou mightest then reach the Dimensions of that Blessing, which because they are so infinitely beyond all the strength of thy Faculties to comprehend, therefore have I provided an *Eternity* for thee, wherein I will enlarge those Powers of thy Soul to a sweet and ravishing Contemplation of all my Perfections, and thine own exceeding Happiness in having an Interest in them, when thou shalt more perfectly see the Happiness of that Enjoyment, and more fully know what infinite Wisdom, Power and Love can effect, when they lay out themselves in Contrivances of all possible Felicity and Blessedness, to all the Objects of my Favour and Grace: And if I design this Happiness for thee to Eternity, thou canst not fear that I should be defective to thee in this life, but even now will crown all thy faithful Services with Rewards and Encouragements due to them. *Thy works of Faith and Righteousness*, shall be present *Peace and Comfort*, and the effects of *that Righteousness, quietness and Assurance for ever*. And what is there, Reader, that the utmost desire of thy Ambitious Heart can reach out to to covet after, but what *Abraham's God* can as bountifully conferr upon thee, hadst thou the least degree



degree of his Faith to believe it? It is He that can make thee ride upon the *High places* of the Earth, and open to thee all the rich Exchequers of his Treasure, that thou shalt not need Crouch to Kings. He can platt a Coronet of Honour for thy Temples, and give thee a Name like unto the *Name of the Great Men of the Earth*. Who promoted the poor *Shepherd* from waiting on those *few Sheep in the Wilderness*, to become the glorious *Head and Pastour* of his People? Who called the despicable *Fishermen* from their *Boats and Nets*, to be *Spiritual Princes in all the Earth*, and set them as glittering *Suns* to shine for ever in the Firmament of his Church? He can prepare a Table for thee even here in the Desert, that shall baffle all the *Elixirs of the Field and the Vintage*: Can give thee a Taste of that Manna the *Spirits of Angels* are feasted with: Can whisper *Secrets* into thine Ears, that shall drown thy heart with *Joy unspeakable and Glorious*: Can light up such a Taper in thy Soul, that shall pierce the Clouds, and give thee a Prospect of the *Invisible Kingdom*, and bless thy Soul with *Moses's Eyes*: When all the World is tossed on the Billows of his Wrath, can lodge thee in an *Ark* of perfect Security and Peace. Thou shalt not fear the *fears of the Wicked*, nor be distracted with their *Amazements*: Thy Soul shall dwell in quiet within the *Tabernacle* of his Presence: If Heaven and Earth should fall and mix together in one *Chaos* of Confusion, the Ruine should not concern thee at all: Thy Foot is fixt on the unmoveable Rock from all the Dreads and Possibilities

## 24      *Remarks on the Life*

sibilities of falling: *Everlasting Arms* would be *underneath*, to preserve thee from *dashing thy self* against the bruising Stones. When Time hath span out the Silver Thread of thy Life on Earth, God will furnish thee with a *Clew* that shall convey thee safely thro' all the *Labyrinths* of Death, into the lightsome Palace of an everlasting Joy and Glory; where thou shalt ever share with his Chosen in endless Felicities, and wear on thy happy Head the Immortal *Crown of Life*. God from his own most blessed Essence flowing out unto thee with inexhaustible streams of ineffable Pleasure and Love, which drown all apprehensions here to conceive, and must despair ever to know, before thou comest to enjoy them: Lo! this is the Reward and *Heritage* of the faithful Children of that *Abraham*, whom God made the happy Object of his *own delight*, his Friends Joy, his Enemies *Envy*, and the *Wonder* of all the World.

Cease then from inquiring what an exceeding Great Reward thy God will be to those that serve him with *Abraham's Heart*: Nor ask with *David*, *What shall be done to the man that shall fight the Battels of God, against the Goliaths of the World, and Sin*; but buckle on thine Armour, and with *Abraham* and *David* act Courageously; and in the Strength of thine Almighty Shield thou shalt not fail to be Victorious; the little *Pebble* of this single Promise, shot from the strong Arm of thy Faith and Confidence, shall *sink* into the *Forehead* of all thine Opposers, on whose Ruines thou shalt build to thy self a *Pillar* and Monument of Immortal Glory and Praise.

Thou

Thou wilt pardon me, Reader, this long digression from *Abraham's Story*, while I have been labouring only to heave up thy dull heart and tired Spirits, to that blessed place where himself is entred, and to give thee (in a smaller draught) an imperfect Copy of those Glories, to which his Faith and Courage have so happily prefer'd him. We shall find him presently making use of his *Shield*, and trying what metal it is made of, not against a weak Combination of Kings, but against God himself. Indeed the manner of his *Attack* is somewhat different, for there is no prevailing against God but by an humble use of his own Weapons: Therefore having received the Ammunition, he immediately makes his Assault, and so very luckily managed it, that it struck into the very Heart of God, and thence fetch'd out the blood that was afterwards temper'd to make up the Son which he sought for. *When fury and Wrath can prevail nothing, Tears and Prayers get the Victory.* Hast thou said, thou wilt be a Great Reward to me? to what purpose will all that be, when I am hastening to my Grave, and cannot bear with me thy Blessings into the next World, and I have no Heir to enjoy them after me? — *Lord God, what wilt thou give me, seeing I go Childless?* See how *Abraham* strikes while the Iron is hot; and dexterously clinches the Nail of the Promise, with the humble stroke of his Faith into the breast of God's Faithfulness, which opens it Self to make way for it to stick in; and there it abode for many years after, till *Isaac* came to draw it out. 'Tis observed (by the Learned)

Learned) that *Abraham* (\*) *Sigh'd* out this Request to God from the very bottom of his Heart, which no wonder then had so good effect on the Heart of God. The weak Charge of the Lips do little Execution, without strong Enforcement from the Breath of the Soul. *Omnipotence* it self falls under the *Push* of a melted Soul. The Wind of Affectionate Prayer, and Showers of true Repentance, turns the very Bowels of a God within him, and puts him on Repenting too. *Mary's* Tears at *Lazarus's* Grave, sets *Jesus* on Groaning, and then to Weeping as fast as She: Admire not to see the Soul of her Brother discharged out of Heaven, when God could keep it there no longer. The Spiritual Kingdom is very well pleased, to suffer under such Violence. It may be *Jacob* afterwards learned from his *Grandfather* this Never-failing Art of Wrestling with Heaven, for in his buckling with the *Angel*, though himself got a small blow (that put his *Thigh* out of joynt,) yet had he Strength enough still to hold him Prisoner till he got his Designs upon him, and his Tears trickled down so fast, that there was no more Heart in his *Antagonist* to deny him that Blessing that he so powerfully struggled for. As a Prince he prevailed with God: But how? He wept and made Supplication unto him. They were *Jacob's* Tears that melted the strength of that Blessed Prince of Angels, who when he came into the World in our Nature, made use himself of no other Arms.

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(\*) *Dominus* *febreus*, illud patheticum est eoque, tanquam fingit-  
ur, ut est *Abraham*.

But what are *Sighs* and *Groans* and *Tears* (were they all of Blood) for how little are they regarded in the World? Since they make the poor Patients but the more unpleasing Company to others who breath in the *Egyptian* Air, where no such Showers fall, where no such Winds do blow? Yet *Sighs* for Sin differ from other *Breath*, as the Sweet Perfumes of the *Aromatick* Mountains from the Fuliginous Vapours of the dead Sea, or the Inspirations of Heaven from the Noisom Belchings of Brutes: They are the Brisk Gales that scatter the Fogs of Guilt, and securely waft us to Heaven. And though they are Inarticulate, and pass away from us without a *Coinage* into Noise and Words, yet God knows their Oratory well enough, and can spell them into so good Sense, that he puts his own *Imprimatur* upon them, and shall be produc'd as *Records* of true Repentance, though there be little else to plead for Mercy and Safety in the day of Visitation, but the poor Evidence of a few Hearty *Groans* under the killing Tyrannies of Sin. When the *Bottle* of Tears shall appear at that time to plead for us, then shall these *Winds* also pass out of their Treasury, to blow some Refreshment on us: Both the one and the other Washed and Sweetned with the Sacrifice of the Blood of *Jesus*, *Ezek. 9. 4.*

God had already made to *Abraham* a General Promise of a Numerous *Seed*, and now he *Sighs* to have that Promise more particularly express'd. *Generals* in Religion leave the Affections Dull and Cold, and are but as the *Embers* upon the *Hearth*, which more explicate Revelation blows up into Flames of Spiritual Heat and Joy. All the rich

*Legacies*

*Legacies of the New Testament* do but meanly Affect us, till they are translated into the Heart by the Finger of God. Then, *O how I love the Law!* 'Twill never be well with us till we Pray and Sigh too, with Abraham, for a more express Illumination and accomplishment of the Promise: *I will write my Law in their inward parts.* General Promises satisfy (well enough) a dead and General Faith, all whose Hopes are on the Paper; but a Lively Faith is ever Restless till they be transcribed thence, and engraven in legible Characters within. *The Law of his God is in his heart.* That is the *Fleshy Table* upon which it is fairly written. Salvation is secure to all whose Names are written in the *Book of Life*; but 'tis a *Law* from the Sanctuary, (the Spirit of Revelation) that must clear up the Evidence to the Soul of its own Name being there inscribed. Abraham's true Faith Sighs after more explicate Demonstration. 'Tis a dreadful thing to leave the Concerns of Eternity under Fear and Doubts. Give all diligence so make your Calling and Election sure. Abraham's Soul was at stake, and longed till he were better secured of the promised Seed which should make himself and all the Nations of the earth happy. He Pants (\*) till he see that natural Root from whence the Blessed Branch of Righteousness should in Gods good time be most happily derived. What could he beg less than this? In vain would all other Blessings

(\*) Quodnam donum oblationi aut consolationi nobis erit, quamdiu non video promissionem tuam completam de semine meo et quo Messias est procreandus?

be heap'd on his Head. But to pass down into the *Chambers of death Childless*, and all the *Memories* of his Faith and Obedience to be buried with him in the same Sepulchre: This is matter of Grief to him, under all the Royal Largesses of Divine Bounty towards him. *Progeny is the natural desire of Adam*, whose Ambition is to see himself survive in others springing from him; and Children are but the living Images of their deceased Parents, who (so long as They live) are not altogether dead. Besides *Abraham* foresees his great Name might be interred in *Oblivion*, if God should not inscribe it on a more lively *Admonition* than his *Steward Elixer* of *Damascus* was like to make; who although he were a good Man, and by being adopted his Heir, might be raised to bear some Figure and Resemblance of his State in the World; yet (he fears) he would prove but a dark *Representative* of the Great *Abraham's* Spirit, and no *Express Image* of his Masters *Persom*: Too dark a *Region* for his illustrious Vertues to shine in.

The Sence of this Infelicity lay so heavy upon his troubled Spirits, that now he fights for *Life*, and reduplicates his strokes. The Rock had not yet yielded him one comfortable *Drop*, which in an instant shall gush out in Floods of *living Water*; he renews the complaint, and piteously laments his condition. *To the last thou given no Seed*: None yet appears, though thou tellest me of a numberless One. I find no Accomplishment of thy Promise. God sometimes makes as if he did not hear, and seems to shut his Ears, while yet his Heart is open. He loves to put a *Value* on his

his own Mercies, which we so much the more esteem, as they cost us dear in purchasing and waiting for. *Blessings too cheaply gotten, are not meanly priz'd.* Abraham's Soul is in Travel for an Heir, he must not hope to be delivered by one poor single *Pang*. In vain do we knock at Heavens Gates, without watching there till Answer comes; and if that be delayed, our Requests are to be enforced by new Arguments, and more pathetick workings of Heart. And though our Prayers be answered before we cry, yet must we call again and again for that Answer. And *Jesus taught us a Parable to this end, that we ought always to pray, and not to faint*: Let Abraham hold out but one *throw* more, and the Child shall come to the Birth. Christian! thou hast been in long Labour for a Saviour, the next *Groan* may bring him from the Womb of Gods Decree, and thine own Prayers into thy joyful Arms: wilt thou dye before thou see thy Saviour Born in thy Heart? *Christ in thee, the hope of Glory.*

Behold God this very Moment appearing to cancel all the *Evidences* of the *Strangers* Pretensions, and breaking for ever the Heart of *Elixa's* Hopes: See the Seals of those despairing Conveyances, making over thine Estate and Soul to the *Forreigner*, all lying on the Ground torn off, and himself sneaking away in utter Desperation, at the first breaking out of the true *Isaac*. Go Father Abraham, and teach all the World the profit of patient waiting at the Throne of Grace, for by thine *Importunity* and *Perseverance* hast thou prevailed with God. Since the pains of thine Heart have turned even Gods within him, and caused



caused his very Bowels to roll, in the Sounding  
whereof thou hearest the joyful Tidings of a  
Son, which shall issue from those very Bowels  
that have stirred in so violent Motions, against  
which his pity hath no strength any longer to  
withstand thee; and hath all this while made  
but a feign'd Resistance, while thou hast been  
shewing a *Trial of thy Skill*, how well thou canst  
manage thy *Shield*, and how prosperously God  
himself may be attack'd, when it shall please him  
to yield up himself to be conquered by his *Crea-*  
*ture.*

*Abraham* hath been in Travel, and Behold a  
*Troop* cometh. What a prolific Grace is Prayer,  
which brings forth Thousands and ten Thousands in  
our Streets; and makes Parents of an Incomprehen-  
sible Seed. The Off-spring of that Grace, are all  
the Innumerable Productions of Eternity, which  
all the Arts of *Arithmetick* most for ever despair  
to sum up. Can the Great God give any thing  
little? Hath *Abraham* wrought all this while but  
for one Son? Come all ye glittering *Lamps of*  
*Heaven*, your mighty Creator sends you a Sum-  
mons to make your Appearance here in your  
clearest Shine, not the *One thousand three hundred*  
*twenty five* chief Commanders, that seem to ex-  
ceed the rest in Glory, but give your Orders to  
the Minor Lights to make up all the Force, and  
with all your united Numbers make some Figure  
to the Great *Abraham* of the infinite Issue that I  
will bless him in, who from one Son shall mul-  
tiply into *Myriads*, to bespangle the lower Fir-  
mament of my Church. For so shall his Seed  
be.

God had employed him before, to the endless work of accounting the numbers of the little *Dust* of the Earth. Now will he have him to enumerate the *Stars* of Heaven with the like impossible Imposition. Some critically observe that by the former, God pointed out the natural Seed of his Body, whose names should be written in the Earth, and whose very Souls would cleave to the Dust. But by these he decyphered to him, the *Spiritual* (\*) Children of his Faith, all the World over, whose names are written in Heaven, and who should shine as *Stars* for ever and ever. Great indeed is the difference of these from the other; And Holy Records witness, that *Abraham*, of the innumerable Children of his Flesh, had but too few of his Spirit; *Isaiah* is so bold to tell us, That by that time God had measur'd off, with the long Ell of his Justice, almost the whole Piece to Destruction, for their unhappy Apostasie from the Holy Practices of their Great Father, but a short Remnant was left, that following his steps, arrived at last in the Heavenly *Canaan* with him.

From the lovely face of that Heaven, enamell'd with so many shining *Stars*, which *Abraham's* Eyes beheld in the clearest night: Turn now thine own, Reader, and gaze on another enriched with Lights, surmounting far all those, and of a more eternal duration than they, illustrating the Great *Abraham's* name. 'Tis his splendent Faith,

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(\*) *Primum promiserat semen tanquam pulverem terrae, hic sicut stellas caeli, illud potuit filios Naturales, hoc Spirituales significare.* Ainsworth.

attended on by all her Train of Graces, expatiating all the Rooms of his Soul, by a ravishing Dilatation, to receive in all the Joys of this so vast a Blessing, and giving it the most welcome Entertainment that her little Powers are able in this narrow condition she is in. 'Twas mighty Faith that brought him out of his Country, but what is this that passeth him out of himself, leaving all his Reason and Senses behind him, combating against all the Impossibilities of Nature, when there was not the least ground to fix the Foot of Belief on, but what was ready to sink under him; All hopes as tottering as his reeling Body, and as dead as his Sarah's Womb; yet now to hope against all Hope, and out of Death it self to believe out Life, and that with a Courage as resolute and immovable, as admits not the least Alloy of Fear or Doubt; but to give Glory to God, by resigning himself up by a perfect dependance on the Infallibility of the Promise, and full assurance of the Faithfulness and Power of him that made it, without the least staggering thought: This is such a Faith in the Perfection and Flower of it, that doth render him so exceeding acceptable in the Eyes of God; that he shall be henceforth confirmed in a perfect Immunity from all the dangers of Sin and Death, which shall never prevail eternally against him, and shall qualifie him so compleatly for all the Honours of Divine Friendship, that he shall be taken into the Bosom, and for ever acknowledged as the Faithful Friend of God. As he hath justified his Faith by so noble Fruits as this, so will God Justifie it too, by setting his Seal to the

the Truth and Excellency of it, and Justifying Him the Subject of it, and stamping on him the Mark and Honourable Character of a truly Religious and most sincere Believer; Abraham believed in the Lord, and it was counted to him for Righteousness.

Come hither, thou that art called a Christian, see the Criterion of thy future Estate; Thou say'st thou believest, thou doest well, do not the Devils also Believe and Tremble? But hast thou Abraham's Justifying Faith? Take a Survey of the Weakness of thine, and the Vanity of thy Hopes for Heaven. Abraham travelled out of all, and cheerfully gave up himself to be led by the Absolute Will of his God, when thou lodgest still in the dark Entry of Nature, and laughest at all the Invitations of his Grace: Thou mockest the Messengers of God that are sent to call thee, and sticking still in the Creature and Self, disputest his Authority to rule thee. Abraham feasted himself in the Joys of an Invisible Saviour, and made many a Sweet Banquet upon the Promise, while thou art guzzling on the draughts of Lust, and greedily sucking in the deadly Potions of Sin, little remembring there is Death in the Pot, that Poysons thy Soul and Hopes together. He rejoiced in the Children of his Faith, which should make up a Church unto God, while they are all the Objects of thy Malicious Hate, who bear the least shadow of his Image upon them. He bore up a Spirit against all the Temptations of Life, and under all the Enticements of a Great and Rich Estate, ever devoting the Cream and Elixir of his Thoughts and Heart unto God,

when

when thou lockest up thy Soul in a narrow Ware-house, and drownest all thy Hopes in a shallow Stream. He dreaded not the formidable Powers of the World, that had captiv'd a Member of the Church, whilst thou (with *Saul*) art breathing out Menaces and Slaughter, and shooting all thy Darts into the Heart of Christ: He had strength to wrestle with God himself, and would not be beaten back without a Blessing, when thy Spirit sinketh with the very thoughts of that Power, whom thy wicked Life hath made thine *Enemy*; He comes back laden with the Riches of a Promise, which should make himself and all his true Children Happy, when thy poor Heart is courting other Delights, and is a perfect Stranger to the Pleasures of a Saviour. Go Christian, get a better *Faith*, that may Justifie thy Person before God, since be sure such works as these can never Justifie thy *Faith* before Men.

*Abraham* thus assured of an infinite Posterity, grows now solicitous and thoughtful for them; he discovers the nature of those cares that Afflict the Bosoms of every Godly Parent. He is fearful that his Children may deviate from the steps of his own Uniform Obedience and Righteousness, nor wear the same Livery of Grace that adorned his Loyal Spirit; and *Hallowed* all his Actions. His first Care is to enjoy a Progeny, and his next, that they might enjoy God and be Good. How rarely doth this Holy Anxiety oppress the Minds of Men! How would *Abraham* have swooned then, to have seen some of his Impious Children sacrificing their Sons and Daughters unto Devils.

The *Angels* themselves were created subject to a possible *Folly*, and Multitudes of them fell by a dreadful *Apostacy*; He had reason to fear that his *Children*, who were but *Dust*, might be *foolish* too, and forgetful of the *Rock of their Salvation*, who might therefore *sell them into the hands of their Enemies*, who would surely deprive them of their *Fruitful Canaan*: Nor was this fear the least *Flaw* in the *Jewel* of his Faith, but rather an *Holy Ray* that darted from it. It abates not at all of the *Perfections* of God, that he is *Jealous*. The *Church* is his *Spouse*, he is *Married* to her, and would have her *Holy as Himself*. If *Abraham* to the *Promise* of a *Seed*, and an *Inheritance* for them, might have another to secure them in it, by a *Faith* and *Spirit* like his own, which would entitle them to *Divine Favour* and *Protection*, surely this would *Terminate* his *Desires*, and compleat up all his *Happiness*.

*Abraham* is content to go *issuless* still, rather than be the miserable *Parent* of *Rebels* against *Heaven*. The *Arrows* that are shot by wicked *Children* against the *Honour* of *God*, pierce by the way through the hearts of their wounded fathers, and make them bleed. *God* is so well pleased with the *Workings* of *Abraham's* thoughts, and took it so kindly from him, that he had honoured him by so absolute *Relinquation* of his *Faith*, on the bare word of his *Promise*, That from hence forth he shall have little cause to question the *Performance* of all his future *Engagements*, for now he resolves to confirm them all by stronger *Bars* than those that *Heaven* and *Earth* are environed

roned with. He is content to enter into a Sacred Covenant with him, that shall oblige his Holiness, Honour and Truth in such irrefragable Tyes, that *Abraham's Heirs* may Sue him at their pleasure upon the Violation of them, and shall have liberty to plead the *Breach of Articles* against him in the Court of Honour, should he fail in any point of Performance. Nor were they backward (as *Vatablus* tells us) for notwithstanding themselves were so careless in keeping the *Courter-conditions*, that obliged them to Obedience and Duty; And by their continual Violations, had evacuated the whole *Covenant*, and wrenched off all the *Seals*, yet would they be so Impudent, to reproach him with a *Failure* on his Part, and frequently twit him with it, when their *Treacheries* had at any time provoked him to bring in an Enemy upon them, or put them into Banishment and Sufferings: *Recordare federis inter segmenta iuris*. Remember the League made with *Abraham* our Father, when the *Heifer* was cut in twain, and then passedst through the parts thereof. There was a Custom (as elsewhere, so) in *Chaldea* (whereof therefore *Abraham* could not be ignorant) That for confirming Covenants, these Ceremonies passed amongst them; A *Beast* was killed and divided into two equal Parts, which Parts were brought forth and laid at some distance over against each other, the *Federates* passing between them, and solemnly imprecating on themselves the same Death and Ruine, (so to be killed and cut in pieces as the *Beast*) if they should first break the *Covenant* and Agreement made between them. The equal Division of the

Beast seeming to represent the *Unity of Will* in both Parties, and their mutual satisfaction in the Conditions of the League. In Conformity to this Custom, *Abraham* is ordered to get ready his *Nesher*, and with that, a *Goat* and a *Ram*, all of three years Age; and to these a *Turtle Dove* and a young *Pigeon*, to prepare and place them in order, against such time as the Lord would please to come down to pass thorough them. In that the Beasts were multiplied, it signified a surer *Ratification* of the Covenant. The Conditions on Gods part were, That he would surely give unto *Abraham* for his Posterity the whole Kingdoms of *Canaan* for a Possession. *Abraham* Conditions for his Children, That they therefore should keep the Laws of the Lord, and walk in his ways, as himself would give them *Example*. Gods Passing thorough the divided parts in the Appearance of *Fire* and *Smoke*; and *Abraham*'s walking through the midst of them, confirmed the Covenant, and finished the Transaction. Now must this be unto *Abraham*, an infallible Assurance, God could not deny Himself, nor his Covenant. He may cease disputing for the future, How shall I know that I shall inherit it? There are Authors that make *Critical* Observations, first on the Age of the Beasts, which were All to be three years Old, and signified that this Covenant related only to the *Carnal* Posterity of *Abraham* (for there follows another for his *Spiritual*, which was to endure for evermore) who should enjoy *Canaan* during Three Remarkable Terminations of time. The first from *Abraham* himself to *Moses*; The second, from *Moses*,



*Moses to David*; The third, from *David to Christ*, when by their bitter Usage and Cruelty towards Him; the whole *Articles* were torn to pieces, and themselves sent packing out of their good Land, having no longer a Promise of it.

The *Miracle* of Gods Condescention in binding Himself up to his Creatures, is a Subject for *Angels* to pry into, and for *Saints* to praise him for ever. Yet is not this all that *Abraham* shall be gratified in, there is still a farther Honour God will confer on his Favourite: He shall be admitted into his own *Privy-Council* of Heaven, and the *Arcana Imperii*, the Mysteries of State that are lock'd up in the secret Cabinet of his Bosom, shall be disclosed to him. He shall here have a perfect *Prospect* into all the Occurrences of his Family for many hundred years after, which first he shall discover in a *Type*, and then in clearer words.

First, The *Beasts* and the *Birds* do more generally shew him the different Natures of his Children; some bearing brutish Affections, creeping upon the Face of the Earth as *Beasts*; others *Soaring* in a more Spiritual Element, All their aims aspiring after Heaven. Again more particularly, The very *Heifer*, a Laborious Slave subjected to the Collar, shall Prophesie to him the Servitude of his Children under the *Egyptian Yoke*, the very Age of her shall shew him the term of that Slavery for *Three Generations* together. But then the *Turtle*, a Solitary Bird, that delights in the *Desart*, shall shew him also their Removal thence, and wandering in the *Wilderness* for *Forty years*. And the *Pigeon*, a Fowl that loves to be *Hou'd*, shall lead

lead him to the sight of his Family fixedly settled in the Cities of *Canaan*. The very *Sleep* he fell into, is Prognostick of his last End; and the horror of Darkness that came upon him, Prophesied the grievous Troubles and dismal Afflictions his Children would fall into, as hardly should they discover any *Light* of hope for deliverance from them: God having foreshewn all these future Events unto *Abraham*, expounds them afterwards in a plain Declaration of Words, wherein he is comforted against all the Sorrows of his Posterity, by their certain Redemption from them, and his own long Life ending in a Quiet and Blessed Death: The Ceremony being ended, *Abraham* is confirmed for ever.

Observe here how the whole Scene of all contingent Emergencies befalling the Creatures, and issuing upon *Kingdoms*, *Families* and *Persons* throughout all Ages of Time, hang all up in One fair *Table*, Open and Naked in the Light of Gods Omniscient Eye, unalterably fixed by his firm Decrees, and all unavoidable by any Power or Wisdom of Men. How vainly then doth Humane Weakness Plot to break the Links of his Providences, which his own Mighty Arm hath so undissolvably chain'd together; That all the Combinations of *Men* or *Devils* do but weary themselves while they Idly endeavour to break them.

Take also a View of the Road to the Heavenly *Canaan*; The Land is confirmed to *Abraham* and his Heirs, with all the Assurances that a God can make him. Yet e'er they possess it, they must pass down into *Egypt*, and suffer a tedious Affliction

Affliction there, under the Tyranny and Oppression of a Cruel Pharaoh; and thence into an *Howling Wilderness*, to live by Faith in the want of all things, but what an immediate hand from Providence should reach out to them. Thus we pass still from the Slavery of the *World*, to the *Inheritance* in Glory, from hard *Labours* to an *Eternal Sabbath*, from crying to God because of Oppression, to rejoicing in God because of Exaltation; from a Valley of *Tears* to a Mountain of Joy; from a State of *Bondage* to *Everlasting Liberty*: Through *Flames of Persecution*, into *Endless Delightation*; from a *Wearisome Pilgrimage*, to an *Everlasting Rest*. Patiently must we tread the Steps that all others have passed before us. God himself had his *Work* before he *Rested*; The Blessed Jesus had *His*, which he must bring to Perfection, e'er ever he hath Confidence to go to his Father; *I have finished the work thou hast given me to do, and now I come to thee*. He walks first to the Cross, e'er ever he receives the Crown, and drinks of the brook in the way, e'er his Glorious Head is Exalted. The *Apostles* and *Martyrs* swim to Heaven thorough the *Red Sea* of their own Blood, and through many *Tribulations* must we all enter into the *Kingdom of God*. Ridiculously do we hope for an easier way, than which all the *Holy Pilgrims* have gone before us, and God in his Wisdom hath chalked out to us by his *Eternal Decrees* to walk in. Let us Glance for a Moment on the *People of these Kingdoms*, at whose *Doors* God hath lately sealed *Leaves of Ejection* by his *Irrevocable Oath* unto *Abraham*; They merrily

merrily pass their years away, they laugh at Fear, not a Melancholly Thought dares approach their Hearts; They Correct the Insolency of those Groundless Dreads that suggest but the least Jealousie of any future Danger. Every day is an *Holiday* with them; They keep a perpetual *Carnival*, and distill all the Luxurious *Issues* of their Country into *Spirits*, which serve them to exhilarate their *Own* into Mirth and Jollity; They Sacrifice to their *Idols* in profuse *Libations*, and pay them the liberal Tributes of their grateful Affections under all the Peace and Prosperity they enjoy. While now the Fatal Sentence had passed out from Heaven against them, and the *Hand-writing* of Ruine stuck on the *Walls* of every House in *Canaan*, and there shall rest till they undermine themselves, and an heavy hand of Judgment gives Fire to those Trains which shall surprizingly blow them up for ever. Take heed, Reader, the case be not thine own: Sin is an *Engineer* in the *Dark*, that is ever contriving the means of our utter Desolation. There is a *Faux* in thine own Bosom, with a *Match* ready lighted to do *Extencion*, while thou dreamest not in the least of a Danger upon thee, and art all the while heaping up *Wrath* against the day of *Wrath*, and *Piling* up those *Raggers* with thine own Hands, which shall shortly be enkindled to burn thee out of all thine Earthly Comforts, and send thee yet into hotter Flames than these. And whilst thou lyest in the Lap of these *Dullab's*, God knows how soon the *Philistines* may be upon thee; And what knowest thou; but the Decree may be gone forth against thee

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thee already, and thou hast nothing that secures thy Stay but the pure *Patience* of that God whom daily thou abusest; that doth yet wait, and Reprives thee from the *Writ of Execution*. 'Tis well known that Those in the *Wilderness*, in the midst of their security had an *Oath* clapt upon them because of their Provocations, which they could never get off 'till their Carcasses fell; they were so fettered by it that it was impossible for them to get into *Canaan*: And yet had they a few *sun-shine Summers* granted them, (as these condemned *Amorites*,) they ran about a while with God's *Curse* upon them, as the manacled Prisoners of his Wrath. To small ends of true Comfort and Safety is it to be thrown upon a *Couch* of Ease and Pleasure, (wrapt in soft and silken Wreaths of Security and Peace) and there to slumber 'till Death and Judgment dragg thee thence, and tumble thee down into a Bed of Flames for ever.

## C H A P. VI.

Abraham by Sarah's Persuasions goeth in unto Hagar, she conceiveth and grows proud; being afflicted of her Mistress she fleeth into the Wilderness, where an Angel meets her and turns her back. The Birth of Ishmael.

While Abraham walks on (in Confidence of this Covenant) with full Vigour and Strength of Soul, Sarah's Hopes decline with her Years, and comes limping after him with a weary foot: The Promise of a Seed had been made to her Lord, but it was not yet revealed by what Venter he should enjoy it, most probably from any other than her own Barren one: And rather than this Tree of Righteousness should want Branches and Fruit, she is content that he Intestate on a Crab-stock: (No wonder then the Production prove but wild and sour, participating more of the Juice of the degenerate Root than the sweeter Nature of the true Plant;) but rather than to be no Mother, she is satisfied with being one at second Hand, and is willing to rock her Maids Cradle; and doubtless she had great Kindness for Hagar, who was most happy in such a Mistress, that would gratifie her faithful Service with that unusual Civility of sending her Husband to Bed to her. This is not the ordinary manner of Womens Kindness, who

who will part with every thing sooner than the *Abolition* of their Husbands Love. But *Sarah's* Case began to be desperate, who notwithstanding the repeated Promises of Children made to her *Abraham*, was yet never the less Barren than before; and it being never yet said that the Heir should be born of her Body, she knew not but that God himself might inspire her to make the *Motion*, and speak the good Word to her *Lord* for *Hagar*; therefore she contrives to lend away a piece of his Heart to her *Maid*, and to admit her as the secondary *Object* of his Affections, and should not much repent it, if she still contain her self within her Limits, and pay her the dutiful Respect owing to so kind a *Mistress*.

'Tis disputed whether *Abraham* or *Sarah*, either or neither of them, sinn'd against God in this Action. For Him 'tis argued, that he did it not from any Motion of Lust, who notwithstanding his *Wife's* Barrenness, had never been tempted to wander in his *Affections* from her, but humbly waited upon God to effect his Promises by those means which himself had decreed to produce them, and had never upbraided his dearest *Wife* of her *Sterility*, the only Impediment to his Happiness in a Son. Nor was it contrary to the Custom of *Nations*, and that as yet there was no Law expressed against *Polygamy*. Nor was he himself first in the Motion, but was led to it by the Desire, Approbation, and Consent of his *Sarah*. But above all, since God had told him that all the *Nations of the Earth* should be blessed in his seed, he might possibly in-

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run the danger of God's displeasure; if by any default of his own he should hinder the Salvation of the World. The Promise being only to himself and not unto Sarah, of having such Issue as might render it happy; he had now waited already *Ten Years* for the Accomplishment of that Promise, and might possibly think himself obliged from the Tradition so common, *Sic Men- ties non peperit intra decem Annos, rectius ejus Maritus ad primam, secundamque ducere Vxoribus*. If the Woman bear no Child within ten Years, her Husband may take a second Wife to the first. These are the Arguments commonly used for Abraham.

For Sarah 'tis pleaded, That she bore the Infelicity of her Barrenness with an humble resignation, and not with that Impatience as afterwards did Rachel her Grand-daughter: And that she thought her self unworthy so great an Honour as to be the Mother of the blessed Seed, and did not ill at all in consulting the Means by which so great a Blessing might be derived to Mankind; she attuned her self to the Divine Will, and will not envy that glory to her Hand-maid. She took it heavily that so great a Person as Abraham should be deprived of the Blessing of Children, and that her own Incapacity should make void the Promises of God. See my Lord Abraham, God hath restrained unworthy me from Bearing, thou vainly expectest Children from me; and I plainly perceive that God intends me not the Honour of making thee a joyful Father, if he did, he hath the Key of the Womb, and might easily heal my Barrenness; but



but since 'tis not his good pleasure, I humbly submit my self and chearfully give way to another: It matters not much whether I bear or no, but it concerns all the World that thou hast that *seed* which must make it happy: The Child of my *Maid* will be *Mine* by Law, and I shall embrace and *Adopt* it as my own. In this *Glass* we may visibly perceive her Reverence and Love to her Husband, and beyond that, her Pious Care for all the World; and is blameable in nothing but what is common to all her Sex, a little Impatience and over-running the Decree of God, who is wise enough to *flush* our callow *Precipitancies*, and *Ripen* them all to *glory* to his Glory. And it may be a greater than *Abraham* or *Sarah* was here in the *Council*; for we may well know how serviceable *Hagar* proves to the whole Church of God, in lending not only an *Hand* to dress up an *Allegory*, but her *Shoulder* too, to jostle out the *Old Covenant*, which was so unwilling to give way to the *New*.

The *Hebrews* (\*) to keep up the Honour of *Abraham*, and that he degraded not himself by entering into the Chamber of *Hagar*, will needs have us to believe that she was of Royal Extraction, and *Daughter* to the King of *Egypt*; they will not own him to have entred into a meaner *Bed* than that of a *Princess*; but while they seek to keep up the Reputation of their *Father*, they see not how foully they betray the ill manners of their *Mother*, who after her Con-

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(\*) *Hanc fuisse Pharaonis filiam dicunt Hebraei, Lyra.*

ception treated the Daughter of a King so hardly. Be her *Birib* what it will, 'twas Honour enough to *Hagar* to be second in *Abraham's* Affections, and for his sake to wear the Dignity in Holy Records of being the Grand-mother of twelve Princes.

*Hagar's* Spirits swell with her *Belly*, she nourishes the *Embryo* and a *Tympany* together: The height of her *Pride* plainly demonstrates the *lowness* of her *Birib*. Right Noble Blood sweetly streams in the happy Channel of its own rich *Veins*, when the baser Gore, like *Jordan*, breaks all bounds, and overfloweth all its Banks: There are no *Reins* can bridle up the Insolency of a proud *Usurper*. He that manages well enough the little *Pinnacle* of a smaller *Fortune*, grows giddy when riding with a *Top-Gallant*. *Hagar* humble enough in the *Closet*, grows Arrogant under her Preferment to the Bed of *Sarah*. Behold, she which dragged two Kings at the *Chariot Wheels* of her *Beauty*, is here despised in the Eyes of her own *Maid*. The *Concubine* of *Abraham* insults over his *Lady*. Pretenders to Religion, who force a Kiss from *Jesus*, (with *Judas*) Sell his Person, and break the Peace of his *Family*, when those that of a long time have lain in his Bosom (with *John*) seek above every thing to preserve it. The young Jilts of an Upstart *Profession*, have frequently rent the Church into those gaping *Schisms* which an whole Council of Fathers have hardly been able to close up. This *Under-sucker* from the first discovery of her budding out, waxes most insufferably haughty in that *sap* which she had thiev'd from the  
Top

*Top branch.* 'Tis she that must make her Lord happy in that *Fruit*, which his *Sarah* had never the Honour to bear him ; (\*) as if God himself had given her a *Bill of Divorce* from that Dignity and *Abraham's Bed* together, to make sole room for her self, the *Elect Mother* of the great *Heir* that was to come : She seems a *Type* of *Diotrephes*, who would shove out the beloved Disciple, to get the Preheminence into his own hands over all the *Household* of God. *Ambition* is a dangerous *Pestilence* in the sacred Building, and eats through the very *Rafters* of it. This *Bond-woman* grows so intolerably high, that common *Prudence* necessitates her humbling : *Sarah* is resolved to cut her *Comb*, and break the Egg of this *Cockatrice* e're it be hatched into a Serpent ; if she *biss* already, she may chance to bite hereafter. How doth God frequently blast those *Councils* that derive not direction from the *Sanctuary* ! Now is the goodly frame of *Sarah's Project* fallen upon her own *Head*, and ready to break it, while she vainly contrived to build the House of *Abraham* with this *untempered Mortar* : So infallibly will they be deceived who think to prefer the *Hagarine Humours* of *Nature* into a *Conjunction* with *Divine Grace*, and put them to Bed together in hopes of an eternal *Issue* : where instead of Generating an *Heir* to *Abraham*, they fall to scratching each other, and nothing appears but

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(\*) Despectis eam tanquam a divino Promissu repudiatam : *Lyra.*

a mad *Ishmael*, that flies in the Face of every one, without any Favour to its own *Benefactors*. Gold and Dirt make an ill Mixture, and but daubs the Fingers of him that endeavours to temper them together. In short, *Sarah* perceives her Folly, and too late repents her precipitant *Counsels*; who by calling up her Maid to stand *Cheek by Jole* with her self, soon discovered the danger of being overtopp'd in her own *House*, should she thus go on to raise her *Heels* so high, and perk up so loftily as she began: She resolves therefore to put in her *Bill* of Complaint, though she knew not the Issue of her *Suit*, since (she fears) the *Judge* himself is a Party against her, and too openly favours her *Adversary*: Yea, she is bold in her *Declaration* to Accuse him downright of an unjust *Compliance*, and (should that fail) she doubts not to prove him guilty of too great a *Connivance* at the Insolencies of his *Minion*: And was really Jealous that her New Sheets had feloniously drawn away all his old Affections from her self. But should she find him no kind *Chancellor*, she resolves to Appeal unto God Himself, who would surely look into the *Merits* of her *Cause*, and pass a most equitable Sentence for her.

*Abraham* the sole *Arbiter* of this Difference (mindful of his *Sarah's* Fidelity to him under all the Temptations of *Pharaoh's* Court) cannot now justifiably warp from his Integrity to her for the sake of any *Egyptian* Slave, and is wise enough to allay the heat of *Sarah's* fury, by giving her satisfactory Evidence of the coldness

of

## of the Great Abraham. III

of his Love to *Hagar*, which he could manifest in nothing more clearly to her, than by calling her up to the *Bench*, and leaving her there to pass her own *Decree*. *Behold thy Maid is in thy hand, do to her as it pleaseth thee*: Very Prudent and Admirable Justice, since (who is ignorant) that from the little *Sparks* of Contention, kindled by *Ambition* and Jealousie, on the Spirit of Women, have too often issued those *Fires* which have burned to a dreadful Conflagration. The *Sword* in their *Lips* have been snatched thence into the *Hands* of their Husbands, and made bloody work in the Church of God. *Abraham* yields the *Concubine* to be blown up, to prevent the running of the Flame any farther in his *Family*; and (for ought we can find) *Sarah* spares for no Powder. How happy and Righteous were we, if in this we could imitate our *Father*, and in the bustling Broils between *Flesh* and *Spirit*, ever take part with the high-born *Soul*, labouring under all the proud *Tyrannies* of her Insulting baser Enemy, delivering her up to suffer the just penalties of her Insolence and Folly, who must be dealt with as a *Slave*, and thoroughly humbled, lest she make the whole *House* too hot for us here, and at last lead us away Prisoners with her, and both perish together.—*I keep under my Body, and bring it into subjection, lest I my self become a cast-away.*

But tho' *Paul* was happy and successful in the Methods of his *Discipline* over his *Flesh*; yet all the severity *Sarah* could make use of, did little work any Change upon her *Bond-woman*, to reduce her within *Bounds* of her Duty. O the

Plague of an untameable Spirit, that baffles all the Arts of both Heaven and Earth to humble it! Neither *Frowns* nor *Smiles*, neither *Strokes* nor *Stroakings*, neither *Judgments* nor *Mercies* make the least impression upon this impenetrable Rock, to melt into one drop of *Reluctancy*, till Blood flowing from the holy veins of a God-Man fall upon it, and dissolve the *Adamant* all into Water.

*Hagar* will Break sooner than Bow, and chooses rather to fly from, than bend to her Mistress, she resolves to lye in none rather than a *Truckle-Bed*: So grievous is it for *Nature*, to fall in the price of it self, that it prefers *Annihilation* when it cannot attain the Ends of its Ambition. *Achitophels* great Spirit hates to survive the *funerals* of his *Reputation*, and suffers rather an Halter, than dishonour: while *Grace* throwds its own Worth, and blushinglly veyls its meritorious Vertues. *Moses* his *Mask* is still worn by those excellent Souls that are ever on the *Mount*, when vain and empty Minds rage and grow angry with the World for not Adoring the *Shrine* of their *Nothingness*. And what is *Hagar* now broken off from her *Mistresse*, but a poor sorry contemptible creature in the *Wilderness*; while I see her sitting by the water-side, desolate and comfortless, ruminating in her Mind all the past Transactions of her Life, and very probably now brought most sensibly to bewayl that stubbornness and ill-nature that had thus reduc'd her to this Extremity? She seems too lively a *Shadow* of those miserable Souls, whom their own wretchedness  
and

and Divine Justice, hath Excommunicated from the Church for ever, into a more fatal Lake, where they have now Time enough (if an Eternity suffices) to commune with their own Hearts, of all the unspeakable Kindnesses of a God towards them thro the whole Series of their Life, who all along courted them with the Varieties of his good Providence, and yet further with all the Delicacies of his Ordinances, allowing them the rich Privileges of his House and Table; under all which, instead of an Humble and Reverend Demeanour in his Family, a Grateful and Affectionate Sense of his Goodness, with a lowly Reflection on their own Unworthiness, they waxed Wanton and Proud, breaking all the Bonds of Obedience and Duty, fomenting Schisms and Divisions in the Church. Murmuring against Moses and Aaron, bringing all things into so perfect Confusion, that the Earth it self disdaining to bear them any longer, opened her Fams to provide them a Grave, where they have nothing else to do but bitterly to lament their Distracti<sup>o</sup>n and Madnes<sup>s</sup>, in not timely considering the concerns of their Peace, which now (alas) are hid from their Eyes.

Yet Hagar's case is not thus desperate; she bore along with her that Ple<sup>d</sup>ge of Heavens care and her Masters pity, as well might serve to cherish in her some hope for commiseration and relief. She had not so long lived in Abrahams house to gather no fragments of Religion, the very Rebels of the Family have yet learned to howle in their Extremities for some help: In their affliction they will seek me early. And it may be God had Allured her

into this Wilderness, to teach her the Lesson of Humiliation, which she could never take forth in the day of her Prosperity; therefore is an Angel sent from Heaven to speak comfortably to her. And her Repentance hath procured to her the Honour of the first Visit that ever Angel is yet noted to have made into the World: Or rather the Prince of Angels sent himself, cloathed with beams of brightness, and those Celestial Qualities which make her own him to be, as indeed he was, the Lord Jehovah, [ver. 13.] The poor wretch was trudging home towards Egypt, with an heavy Body and an heavier Mind, and was now resting her self by a Fountain of Water (increased by a contribution from her Eyes, which she hardly stops to clear up and look on so illustrious a Comforter.) Natural Tears shed for self, need but Gods presence to strike the Heart, and hallow them into Tears for Sin. Hagar admires to hear her self so readily named, and in the same moment her Faults detected; Where is the guiltless Name that God can speak to from Heaven? If she were Sarahs Maid, what did she there? Had she her Mistresses pass-port with her? When we flee from our Callings, we flee from God, whose Law commands us to a fixed Station, and whose Providence watcheth over us in it, and whose Correction reacheth us in all our wandrings from it. We shall find little reward at the Evening of Life, for sitting all the day Idle in the Market-place of the World. 'Tis a sad and unanswerable End of our Lives, to Eat and Drink and rise up to Play. The Epilogue of that Comedy will be spoken in Hell. Idleness is but One of Hagars crimes, Folly marches after,



after, and *Misery* brings up the Rear of both. Camest thou from *Abraham's* Family, the happiest in all the Earth, and made only unfortunate by thee? Canst thou forsake the *Household of Faith*, and be safe? Art thou Stealing away with the Fruit of thy Masters *Loins*, to give it a Birth in *Egyptian Aire*, and Robbing thine own *Child* of all the Blessings that an *Heir* of *Abraham* may hope to Inherit? And whether wilt thou go? to those again that sold thee out for a Slave? Canst thou expect to render thy condition any where better, than there from whence thou camest? The stubbornness of thy *Heart*, was the cause of the bitterness of thy Life. 'Twas thine own Pride that justly incensed thy *Mistress*. Nor canst thou look down on thy swelling *Womb* without blushing at thine own *Ingratitude*. Return therefore and pay her the Honour, her Merits, and thine own Duty requires from thee. All the World will be but *Bush* and *Brake* to thee, a very barren *Wilderness* to the Comforts of thy Masters House. *Hagar* (as once that Woman of *Samarita*) by a discovery of her private Concerns, discerning the Blessed *Angel* to be more than *Man*, doth not Impiously pin her own Guilt on her *Mistresses* Sleeve, nor dares to Impeach her in the least; shew as too conscious of her own Crimes to conceal them from him, that (she saw) very well knew them already. This *Modesty* and the tacite Confession of her own Imprudence, fits her for Mercy, and sets her free from further *Rebukes*.

But this glorious Messenger had another *Errand*: He came not from Heaven only to return her back to her *Mistress*, however to Encourage her  
to

to it, he will be so favourable to give her a *Light* into the dark *Cells* of her Womb, and discover to her what lay concealed there. And as *Abraham* had a *Vision* into all the *Contingencies* of his Family, so shall his *Concubine* be *blessed above Women*, in the Knowledge of the Sex, Nature, Condition, and Fortunes of her yet unborn *Child*. The *Angel* is *Godfather* indeed, and gives him a Name: A name that shall live and flourish in the Mouths and Memories of a numerous and durable *Posterity*, whose condition and manner of Life, (he Prophesies) shall be strange and different from all the World. A generation of Men that shall delight to *Rove* as a *wild Ass* in the *Wilderness*, to keep a-part by themselves in the *Deserts* of the Earth, *Fierce*, *Cruel*, and *Warlike*; such are the *Saracens* and *Arabians*, and such is their *Quality* and kind of Life to this day.

*Hagar* devoutly returns the Glory of his grace unto God, who had beyond all Expectation regarded her in Affliction by so glorious a Legate. The Beams of whose *Majesty* were so kind to her, to leave her the *Light of her Eyes*, which she admires was not *lost* by so dazzling an Object; and Baptizes the very *Well* with its own Water, giving it an everlasting Name, that still bears the *Memoire* of the Mercy of being *Able to live after she had seen the Lord*.

With a glad Heart, and full resolutions of better *Conformity*, she returns back to her *Lady*, and doubtless very humbly submits her self to her *Grace*; who receives her in obedience to the order of Heaven, which seldom sends ill *Members* to the Church after the Convictions of *Conscience* upon

upon them : *We are never good in our Callings, till God meet and directs us.* Onesimus was All Hands for Philemon, when God had changed his Heart. Grace qualifieth us for universal service to God and Men. Abraham (to whom doubtless the transaction with the Angel in the Wilderness, was very accurately repeated by Hagar) provides like himself for the Birth of his Child ; and hath great hopes of the Son that an Angel had already given Name to : Who when he came into the World finds a Father that had already passed Eighty Six years on the Earth.

## CH A P. VII.

*The Covenant of Grace renewed and confirmed to Abraham, and the Spiritual Heirs of his Faith for an Everlasting Testament, that neither Sin nor Death shall ever be able to dissolve.*

**T**Was in that Chilly and Withered Age, when now Time had snowed upon him, and he was ready to stumble upon the dark Mountains, and the Grave waited for him ; and his Hopes of Sarah's Body were as desperate and cold, as his own Blood and Spirits ; that the Lord made his Fifth Visit and Appearance to his beloved Abraham. He is so far from casting him off in his Old Age, or forsaking him when his strength faileth, that behold he cometh with such Cordials in his Hand as shall brisk up and invigorate his fainty Soul, and renew  
his

*his strength as an Eagle.* He shall have *new Eyes* that shall pierce deeper into the Mystery of the God-head, and enable him to see more *clearly*. He shall have *new Feet* to *Walk* on before his God more *firmly* (one would have thought he had come already (at this Age) to the end of his *Course*, but now he must walk on still.) He shall have *new Ears*, to hear *Himself* and his *Lady* called by other *Names*. He shall have *new and better Promises* for his Faith and Hopes to build on more *strongly*. A new *Sacrament* to establish and confirm those hopes more *Infallibly*: A *Wife* who shall no more be called *Barren*: A new *Heir* that shall make him the Father of *Kings*. A Family that shall bare a new Mark and *Impress*. And all these in the very despair and evening of his Days, to let all the World see the Almighty *Power* of Him, who from the beginning hath wrought all things out of Nothing, and can make things to start up and be, which do not yet Appear, to give Life to our *Hopes* and *Souls*.

God thinks it but a small thing, that he had already confirmed to *Abraham* and his Children, all the Kingdoms of *Canaan* for a Possession by his Oath. And tho' he foresaw well enough that there would be but too many of them, whose Affections would be incorporate into those fruitful Fields and Pastors, and all their utmost desires centred in the exuberant Productions of them, yet had he given ample Testimony of his kindness to *Abraham*, in making so rich and noble Provision for the worst of his Family; whose Ingratitude to himself, and Apostacy from their Great Fathers Faith and Principles, might per-  
haps

haps in time raise the Stomack of that very Land against them, which had gotten a custom of *For-  
mising out her Inhabitants*: Those whom she saw making so ill use of her Bounty, as so surfeit on her Dainties, and abuse them to the dishonour of her great Lord; for whom therefore having made Portions so perfectly connatural to themselves, by that Covenant, He proceeds now to a discovery of a better *Inheritance* than *Canaan*, and perfectly adequate too, to the more pure and refined inclinations of those better Children of *Abraham*, on whom the very Features of his brave Soul should survive and appear, and who should not idley boast in the *priviledge* of his *Blood* running in their *Veins*, when they bore not the least shadow of his *Faith* and Goodness in their *Hearts*. For these *express Images* of their Fathers *Graces*, He knows no better Heritage to confer upon them, than his own most *Blessed Self*. He hath portion enough that hath a God: — *Blessed is the People whose God is the Lord*. Nothing less than He, can be a proportionable Portion for the Spiritual Heirs of *Abraham's Faith*. Therefore to let him see the unexpressible Riches of his Grace, and the high Contrivances of his Heart, which was ever working into more and greater Manifestations of his *Love* towards him, he passes from *Heaven* to break in pieces all the Barrs of *Opposition* and *Despair*; not only that little one of his Wife's *Barrenness*, which obstructed all his hopes of an Heir, but also those mighty ones of Sin and Hell, which hinder the World of the blessings of a *Saviour*.

Now

Now the better to *Illustrate* the Glory of that *Grace*, which he is ready to Seal to his Dearest *Abraham*, He will lay the Foundation of it in a more Conspicuous and Brighter *Revelation* of Himself to him, than ever yet he had the Happiness to enjoy: By drawing the Curtain from the profound *Abyss* of the Incomprehensible *Deity*, and flashing out a clearer *Beam* of his *Majesty* upon his Understanding and Mind, in the further Light and Joy whereof, he shall henceforth walk all the days of his Life, as in the *Shine* of a thousand *Suns*. Knowledge is the foundation of Faith, and the greater Degrees of it, are the enlarging the *Field* wherein the *Contemplations* of the Soul more unlimitedly walk with sweeter *Liberty*, while Her desires stretch out themselves by the utmost Extensions, after the Infinite Good they discover: And though they despair to reach it here below (*for God is Great and we know him not*, so great that we cannot know him) yet 'tis no small delight to them to enjoy a *Pisgah-sight* of that Glorious *Canaan*. God had already shewn unto *Abraham*, what he would be unto him under *Metaphorical* Expressions of *Shield* and *Reward*. But he knows not yet distinctly enough, what he is in *Himself*, and he should be infinitely happier in a more satisfactory discovery of his Nature, such as might *brighen* his Judgment and Apprehensions. The greatest part of the Worlds Religion is *Samaritan*, *Men worship they know not what*; but *Abraham* shall know Him he worships, and shall be guided by the light of such an *Attribute*, that shall open his *Intellectuals* into the Sence of the *Divine Nature*, and such a One too, as shall be

be most naturally effectual to work up his other *Faculties* into a chearful and unreserved *Resignation* of his whole Person and Actions to the Will of God; when he shall find that he hath all those Infinite Perfections in him, which compleat and fill up the *Blessedness* of a God, without going out of *Himself* to fetch in any Contributions to make him more *Happy* than he is already. If therefore such a God would make over *Himself* to him, and give him an Interest in that *All-sufficiency* which he himself both is and hath, *Abraham* should have little cause to complain of Defects in the Perfection of his Felicity, since he hath every thing (according to his Capacity) whatsoever an *All-sufficient* God hath, to make himself perfectly Happy: Let him stretch out the Appetites of his Soul to the remotest expansions of Eternity, even thither will this God follow him, to Supply and Perfect up all his desires.

This is the delicious *Prospect* that his Spiritual Eyes shall be Irradiated to gaze on; far transcending all the outward *Objects* of a Transitory World, or the *Canaan* in it that formerly he had commanded him to *View*. This is that Luscious Banquet he prepares for *Abraham's* Faith and Affections to Feast on. And methinks, *Reader*, thou hast no reason to complain of Scarcity, when thou art placed after him at the same Table, with an Addition of many more Viands which his Great Son hath brought from Heaven with him. The standing *Dish* that every Son of *Abraham* is commanded to break his Fast on, is God *Himself*. And he is enough without any other

other *Salads* from *Canaan*. Yet hath he strangely Improved himself under the Gospel, where he hath dressed and set out himself with all the pleasing advantages to our *Palats* imaginable. And when all this is done, how few are there found, that relish any Sweetness in him. Our Squeamish Stomacks, with those nice Children of *Abraham*, Will none of him. Our Sick Souls Loath this precious *Manna*. But art thou in *Health*, Reader, that thy Soul tastes not a God? Does *Onions* and *Garlick*, *Wind* and *Vainety* please thee better; Go take thy Repast with *Ephraim*, and see whether thou beest not grip'd at the last. 'Tis himself indeed that must give us eyes to behold his own Beauties and holy Senses, to relish his own Sweetness.

Do but observe with what Extasie of Passion the great *Abraham's* Soul was seized at the first Breaking out of so transcendent a *Mercy*: He Bows himself to the Earth with the same Prostration, as a poor *Indigent* would do that had *Scepters* and *Kingdoms* Sealed up to him by a *Royal Hand* and *Bounty*. The former *Largesses* of *Canaan* cost him but a few humble *Cringes*, but here he Sinks down flat under the weight of this excessive *Glory*, the having a *God* secured to him by *Covenant*. He lies Astonished on the Ground before him, struck down in Amazement at the thought of so vast a Condescension of a *God* making over Himself, with all the *Glories* of *Heaven* and *Earth*, to a contemptible *Worm* extracted no higher than the poor *Dust* he lay on. When the frequent *Sound* of the same miraculous *Grace* beating into the Ears of thee and me,



me, *Ready*, hath not the least *Energy* upon our  
Hearts, nor hath wrought any greater *Concern*  
upon us, than if we had been hearing *Lectures*  
of *Happiness* in the Kingdom of the *Moon*, and  
promising hopes of *Promotion* in *Estropia*. Yet  
is God so pleased to see *Abraham* thus *Lowly*,  
that taking him when he is *Down*, He *Dubs*  
him a *Knight of the Holy Order*, and adds a *Sacred*  
*Syllable* more to his Name; who from the single  
Honour, of being the *Great Father* of the *Thou-*  
*sands of Israel*, shall be now inaugurated the true  
*Pope* of the *Universal Church* of God, next and  
immediately under his own *Son*. And *Kings* by  
more *Natural Bonds* than those of *Civility* and  
*Complement*, shall truly call him *Father*, and be  
proud too to derive their *Royal Descent* from  
the direct *Line* of his *Blood*. Thus is *Abraham*  
placed in a *Chair of State* upon a *Throne*, with  
all the *Scepters* of the *World* humbly lying at  
his *Feet*. His *Humility* hath gotten him this  
Honour. *Jecomb's* Wickedness shav'd him into  
the despicable *Cut* of plain *Coniah* (as one un-  
worthy to fill up the *Leaves* of the *Sacred Re-*  
*ords* with the full *Syllables* of his Name:) But  
*Abraham's* Devotion must swell the *Volume*, and  
all *Lines* shall be *Taxt* to pay a greater *Tribute* of  
*Breath* to his *Title*. 'Tis Critically observed that  
the *Hebrew Letter* [*He*] that God interposed  
within *Abraham's* Name, is the *Principal* of those  
*Holy Letters* which make up the *Tetragram-*  
*mation*, and is twice made use of in the *Ineffable*  
*Name of God*; which was to mind him, that in  
this *Covenant*, he did not as formerly, convey  
away his *Blessings* only; but now should his *Abra-*  
*ham*

ham communicate of his very *Dignity*. Startle not, Reader, 'tis no more than what *St. Peter* in *Yelreth* the whole *Posterity*, and *Church* with who are *Partakers* of the *Divine Nature* of *God*.

Now because the best *Women* are a little *Ambitious*, and *God* knew how ill *Sarah* would take it, should she not Participate in the same *Dignity* with her *Lord*, *Abraham* with his own *Hand* shall deliver the *Patent* for a *Ladyship*, that from the little *Verge* of her own *Court* shall extend it self, and Invest Her with a *Right of Precedency* above all the *Ladies* of the *World*. As the *Great Grand-mother* of a *Double Race* of *Kings*, whose *Sacred Diadems* shall out-glisten all the *Crowns* upon *Earth*. Let those of her *Order* remember that *Sarah* was a *LADY* of *Gods Immediate Creation*, who though she be now *Advanced* to far greater *Glory* than that, yet may they not forget the *First* of their *Order*, and ever think it their *Duty* to give her *Place* in their *Hearts*.

To no more purpose do we bear the *Sacred Name* of *God* our *Saviour* upon us, if the *Holy Nature* of *Jesus* be not found within us, then did the *Jews*, the *Carnal Seed* of the *Spiritual Abraham*, who by vertue of the *Covenant*, were named the *People of God*, and called by his *Name*, by whose dishonourable *Actions* that *Holy Name* of *God* was *Blasphemed* by the very *Gentiles*, and for which cause they that bore his *Name*, now bear his *Wrath*, and are cut off from all the *Privileges* of that *Holy Calling*. Take heed therefore, *Christians*, and let every one that nameth the *Name* of the *Lord Jesus*, depart from *Iniquity*.

And though the *Privileges* annexed to this

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Holy Name and *Divine Nature*, will not be acknowledged to the Rightful *Heirs* of *Abraham* in this *Forreign World*, where they are as *Princes* *Incognito* in a *strange Country* (their King himself being but *This Fellow* in every *Impious Mouth*, and they know not whence he was) yet hath God given them the *High Title* of *Sons* and *Daughters* to Himself, (and they shall be so, saith the *Lord Almighty* :) Nay, a Name better than that, the *Mighty Heirs* of God, and *Joint-Heirs* with *Christ*, of the everlasting *Kingdom*, where they shall be glorified together with Him who is even Gods *Fellow*, and shall wear the *immortal Crown*; being every one of them *Kings* and *Priests* unto God, they need little envy the swelling *Titles* of *Exalted Asbes*, whose petty *Honours* will all in a *Moment* lye in the *Dust*, and be interr'd with *Themselves* in the *Dark Vault* of an eternal *Oblivion*, when these are Enrolled in the *Registries* of *Everlastingness*, and their blessed *Names* written by God himself in the *Book of Life*. And how impossible is it for others that inherit the *Royalties* of *Abraham* and *Sarah*, who Care not to derive them from the *Great Fountain* of the true and ever-living *Honour*, will not present their *Parents* to *Heaven* to be *Confirmed* there, but satisfy themselves with the bare *Echoing* each others *Titles*, and bandying them from *Lip to Lip*, with such *Ridiculous Circumstances* of *Compliment*, as harden them against God himself, and makes all the real *Dignities* of the great *Abraham*, very *despicable* in their *Eyes*; which the *Blessed Jesus* perceived well enough when he pronounced the *Incapacity* of such Men to parti-

cipate of the True Honour which cometh from God only, when they satisfy themselves with receiving Honour one from Another. Would God that all the Pagan Princes of the Earth would once remember to Dip their Robes in the Blood of the Immaculate Lamb, and lay down their Crowns at the Sacred Feet of the Holy Jesus, who would keep them no longer than till he had taken Measure by them, how to fit their Royal Heads with Others more transparently Glorious, against the time they shall come to wear them in his own Kingdom? And that all the inferior Shields of the Earth would Joyn themselves to the People of the God of Abraham, who praise him for ever for all the Glories he hath by this Covenant secured to them in the endless Life.

And what else was the end of God in this Nobilitating Abraham and Sarah, by drawing out their Tules into a more sweet and excellent Euphony, than only to usher in and make way for the future Honours of a nearer Relation to Himself. As Princes ordinarily clap Coronets on the Heads of those celebrated Beauties whom they design to Advance and bring within their Curtains. So here the most high God, in the drawing up the Covenants of Marriage between Himself and these Holy Persons, is not unmindful to include the Article of an Honour proportionable to the Dignity of the Match, and e'er he Solemnize the Nuptials, will affix a Majesty to their Names, which shall drown all the commemoration of their Native Meanness, and mind them of the Royal Endowments they enjoy from the Great Joyn-

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sure which Enriches them with an unlimited  
Dowry both of Heaven and Earth.

No wonder then that *Abraham* shrouds his  
Face with Shame and Blushing, in the humble  
consciousness of his own *Vileness*, as thinking  
himself most unworthy the Grace of being thus  
Promoted to the Glory of a *Conjugal Union* with  
an *Almighty Jehovah*; and had his *Posterity* been  
as humble and sensible as himself was of that  
exceeding Honour, they had never so treache-  
rously run Whoring from so great an Husband  
after *Stocks and Stones*, when *Himself* was ever  
so Faithful and Constant to the Bonds of his Cove-  
nant, as it went against his very Heart to write  
them a *Bill of Divorce*, (*How shall I give thee up  
Ephraim?*) but was ever sending *Messengers* and  
*Letters* after them, to invite and persuade them  
to remember themselves, and him to whom they  
were so strongly *Allied and United*, beseeching  
them to return again to their first Husband: And  
though this was not the common Custom of  
Men to receive again those *Wives* that had so  
often run Away to play the Harlot with other  
Lovers, yet would *Himself* pardon all, and en-  
tertain them again in Love and Peace: For *I am  
married unto you*, saith the Lord, *Jer. 3. 1. & 12.*  
Will you take a View of the *Marriage Covenants*,  
and observe, That though they be drawn up by  
God himself, yet to what Mighty Advantage  
they Run on the Part of *Abraham* and his *Heirs*  
for ever?

First, *I am God*: And whatsoever I am in my  
Self, that will I be to thee; *I will be a God to  
thee.*

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Secondly, As I am God, *I am Almighty, and Allsufficient*, both for my self and all my Creatures that shall close with me! I will make over the Fullness and Allsufficiency of my *Godhead* to thee. There is nothing in it, (communicable to the Creature) but what shall be secured to, and imployed for Thee and Thine on all occasions.

Thirdly, The very same Privilege shall be secure to all the *Children of thy Faith* for evermore: I will be their God, and I do hereby firmly, and unalterably Covenant with thee to be a God unto Thee and Them. To do and be whatsoever a God can do and be to his People in Covenant with him.

Fourthly, I will confirm my part of these Covenants to thee and thy spiritual Seed, by mine Oath which shall never be broken: And they shall be one day further Ensured and Sealed in the Blood of my Son.

Now on the other side, what I require of thee *Abraham*, and all thy Seed that shall enter into this Covenant after thee, is no more than (what every Woman engageth to her Husband) to be faithful and Loyal. I will be wholly to thee; and thou shalt be wholly to me. I am the Lord thy God, thou shalt have no other Gods but me: This is my Covenant therefore, thou shalt Walk before me in Uprightness, with a Perfect Heart, and a willing Mind: Thine Eye and Heart shall be ever upon me, to admire thine own Happiness in all my Perfections: Thou needest not hunt after Creatures, with expectation of other Good than what is secured to thee

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in my Self: Didst thou know what a Portion thou hast in a God, thou wouldst disdain to turn aside after *Idols*: Thou hast mine *Alfufficiency* made over to thee, out of which, as from an inexhaustible *Fountain*, thou mayst draw out all thy Supplies. What need they run to *Streuous* that have a *Command* of the *Spring-head*? Let thy Children be but Faithful and Constant to me, and give themselves up by an adequate measure of Trust and Confidence in my *Truth* and *Covenant*, relying wholly on my *Wisdom* and *Goodness* in providing for them, and casting all their cares upon Me, they shall ever reap the sweet Effects of that *Recumbency*, while they give me the *Glory* of their Faith: I will never leave them, I will never forsake them, [*I am with you*] I will not, no, by no means I will not: While they keep up entire Affections towards me, I will delight to do them good, with all my Heart, and with all my Soul: But if they run *Whoring* from me, (for I am a *Jealous God*) I shall soon discover the least Aberration of their unfaithful Hearts, and have Wayes enough (tho' Sharp and Thorny) to Hedge up their wandering Steps, and reduce them again to their *First Husband*: But Integrity of Soul will be their greatest Glory, and the higher their Affections shall arise by perfect Dependance upon me, the more sweetly will all the streams of my Love and Goodness flow out upon them: I will fill their Souls with Joy and Peace in Believing: They shall taste Angels food, and feast themselves with the Bread of Heaven: The very Marrow and Fat-

ness of my Bounty shall be their daily Repast; They shall not envy the Prosperities of the Wicked, that are seeding themselves to an Eternal Slaughter: When the ravishing sense of my Love alone shining in upon them, shall furnish out all Varieties of ineffable Pleasures to them, they shall pity those that are walking in the Shadows of Death, and see with none other but Brutish Eyes, when the Beams of my Presence shall Gild all the Chambers of their Souls, and make a continual Goshen there: When the World shall reproach and reject them, because of their Fidelity to my Covenant, and they complain how much they suffer for me; I will extend the Arms of my tender Mercies to receive them into mine own Embraces and safety. And should some of them (as my Witnesses), be delivered up to the Malice of their Enemies, and they Mercilessly kill *them all the day long, and lead them as Sheep to the slaughter*; yet shall Death be so far from separating them from my Love, that themselves shall be *more than Conquerours over all*; while all the surviving of them may prepare their Eyes to see the Vengeance, and their feet to be washed in the Blood of their Enemies. Is not this laid up with me, and sealed among my Treasures? Treasures of Wrath which shortly shall be poured on them, and fall down in whole *Catastrophes* of Judgment on their Guilty Heads and Souls, who have *eaten up my People as Bread*.

The dread of Death must not tempt them to recede one Inch from their Sincerity, since they have a God who is a Fountain of Life; and



and that little little of it they breath out in the World, is not a Drop compared to the River of Life they shall swim in to Eternity. But that little (how little soever it be) when Offered to my Glory, is so pleasing a Sacrifice, as cannot fail to draw from mine Everlasting the singular Retributions of my Favour, on those happy Souls, who so valorously surrender up their All to my Truth and Honour, in assured Confidence of an happier Being in my Self. 'Tis the Triumph of my Justice to render unto every Man according to his Work: As to their Executioners the hotter Fires of my Wrath, and double Portions of my Plagues, so more resplendant Crowns for the Loyal Heads of those who failed not to write the Evidences of their Integrity and Love in the dearest Blood of their Hearts. How precious then to the sight of the Lord is the death of his Saints! Whose Souls are so securely bound up in the Bundle of Life with the Lord their God, that all their Enemies on Earth, that all the Devils in Hell cannot slacken the Knots of that Union, by which they are fastened to Himself. Life is theirs, to fit them for, and Death is theirs to bring them to his Glory, and blessed Fruition of his Endless Love. And in nothing could God have manifested a greater Love to his Abraham, than by prescribing a Duty so perfectly agreeable to his own Holy Nature, which is Pure, Simple and Unmixt. He is what He is, and cannot be any thing else than what he discovers Himself to be, the only True and Faithful God, keeping Covenant and Mercy with them that love

love him and keep his Commandments: Add tis Sincerity alone, *Truth in the inward Parts*, the Service of a real and perfect Heart that he requires: He hath *promised thee, O Man!* what is good, and what doth the Lord require of thee more, *than to be justly*, (as Himself will) *to love mercy*, (as Himself doth) *and to walk humbly before him*? To be *holy as he is holy*, *perfect as he is perfect*, looking towards Him with the *single Eye of Fidelity and Love*, and directing all thy Devotions to him with Delight and Joy: Is he not thy Father, whom else shouldst thou Reverence and Love? Is he not thy God in Covenant with thee, whom else shouldst thou rejoyce and delight in? No true Son of *Abraham*, who knows how *Zecharies* Spoul was ravished, when God after more than two Thousand years performed the mercy promised; and in remembrance of his holy Covenant, which he swore to our Forefather *Abraham*, sent his Great Heir into the World to confirm and seal it with his Blood; wilt think it remote from the Story of *Abraham's* Life, if I stop a little, and spend a Page or two in the opening the Bowels of this Mercy, wherein his own *Salvation* is so nearly concerned, (and which have swell'd up the Volumes of so many of our Excellent *Authors*.) If the same Covenant were all the *Desire* and all the *Salvation* of the Princely *David*, (with whom it was also renewed) the Comfort whereof was the *Joy and Rejoycing of his Heart*, methinks it might be some Refreshment here to every Heir of the same Promise.

*A Brief Account of the Covenant of Grace.*

**K** Now then, that by this Promise, *I will be a God unto thee*; Each Person of the Holy Trinity is made over to them, to work personally and distinctly for them: And true Believers have a real Propriety in each Person of the Blessed Godhead. *I will be thy God*, saith the Father here: And *I will give my Son to them*, [*Who as a Son is given*] and *I will pour out my Spirit upon them*. Not a Communicable Attribute of God, but what is made over, and put by this Covenant into the possession of the Sons of Abraham to live on: Therefore David claims the *Strength of God as his own*, and the *Mercy of God as his own*: *Thou art the God of my Strength, and the God of my Mercy*. That *Power and Mercy* which thou hast secured to me for my Hope and Comfort, to make use of in all Extremities, and against all Infirmities; and the whole Church claims the Benefit and Honour of their Relation to God from no other Right. Doubtless thou art our Father. And *I will be a Father unto them*, to act as a Father for them. So not any Merit or Grace in Jesus the Son, but what is as certainly secured; whatsoever he was, or did, or suffered, was all for their sake. The Fruit and Benefit of all most certainly accrewable to Them. All the Operations of the Holy Spirit, sure and certain to the Heirs of this Promise: They shall infallibly be convinced of Sin, Converted to God, established in Grace, comforted in Affliction, and

and prepared for *Salvation*. All the Decrees of Heaven run in their Favour, and all Providences co-operate for their Eternal Good.

*Jesus* Himself is the Head of the Covenant, the first *Federate*, the *Corner-stone* on whom is built the whole *Fabrick*, the Contrivance whereof is so secret and mysterious, transacted by Covenant between the *Father* and *Himself*. Yet we find *Eternal Life* secured by Promise to every Believer before the foundation of the World, on condition of such performances that Christ in fulness of Time should appear in the World to perfect and accomplish: And some of these Articles of the Covenant of Redemption, are expressly apparent to any that carefully observe them in *Isaiah 49*. *Jesus* therefore is the first *Elect*, but we *Elected* in him: He the first *Called*, and we *Called* by him. In Him is all *wisdom* dwelling, from which we receive *Grace for Grace*. He Commissioned, sealed and sent, with the Offices of *Prophet*, *Priest*, and *King*: Other *Prophets* Commissioned under him, are sent to persuade and draw us into the Bonds of the Covenant; these speak to the Ear, but He is the *True Prophet*, that effectually worketh by speaking to the Heart. *Him shall ye hear: I will allure her, I will speak to her Heart, when I speak.* See Margin *Hosea 2. 14*. He draws us as he did *Abraham* by *Illumination*, and giving us New Eyes to see God in the Beauty of his Holiness, and the exceeding Riches of his Grace; Sin in its Sefulness, Deformity, Filthiness, and execrable Effects; Duty in the Reasonableness, Good, and Profitableness of it; Our selves, as perfectly undone by Nature, and further destroyed

stroyed by Sin: All *Creatures* in their insufficiency, and weakness to do us any good: *All our Righteousness as filthy Rags*, and nothing: *Himself as the only Refuge of Hope, and Salvation* to be no where had but in him: He our only *Priest*, sacrificing his own Body upon the *Tree*, and pouring out his own Blood to expiate Sin, which the blood of Sacrifices could never take away, but by this Offering *Blotted out*, removed to the distance of the *East from the West*, buried in the depths of the *Sea*, Sought for but not found, forgotten and remembered no more, freely and for ever pardoned; and the *Hand-writing* that was against us *Cancell'd*, and nothing laid to our charge. 'Tis he makes an end of Sin, and brings in *Everlasting Righteousness*, by which we are justified from all things, and perfectly reconciled to God: He is our *Peace*, and since his Return to Heaven, becomes our *Advocate* there, to plead the Merits of his own *Righteousness* for the Justification and Acquittal of all the thankful Heirs of *Abraham*: God bears Him always: His Blood speaks for us, and on that Account God is but just in forgiving our Sins, himself having paid the Ransom, and becoming the great Propitiation. 'Tis from the prevalency of his *Intercession*, that he is so Able to save all that come to him. Such an *High-Priest* became us, our Case desperate without Him: No satisfaction for the least sin possibly to be made by our selves. *Ten thousand Rivers of Oyl, and the offering up the fruit of our Bodies for the sin of our Souls*, too mean a Sacrifice, and to no purpose at all. *Redemption cost*  
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more than so, and Man must be it alone for ever. The poor carnall Sons of Abraham, going about to establish their own Righteousness, could not make it stand, they too soon found it had no feet to subsist on. The Galatians seeking to compound the Matter by an unnatural mixture of their own with Christs; were (by that attempt) in the Account of the Holy Ghost but Fools and Bewitched. He alone the Lord our Righteousness.

*Object.* But how shall we be brought into it?

*Ans.* He is therefore a Great King, a Spiritual King, a King over Hearts; he hath Arguments to persuade us to lay down our Necks to his easie Yoke, and to bear his lighter Burthen: For he is a gentle Prince, and his Laws are not Grievous or unsufferable; his Service is perfect Freedom. There is nothing difficult to a willing Mind and a ready Heart, which himself is able to give; I will give them a new Heart, and a new Spirit will I put within them; this (and my own Spirit which also I will put in them) shall cause them to walk in my Statutes and to keep my Judgments and do them, Ezek. 36. 26. His Throne is within, and all the Exercises of his holy Government transacted in the Court of Conscience, where Himself sitteth Judge, (or the blessed Spirit his Vicar) over every Thought of the Heart and Action of the Life. Nor a vain Imagination but is brought down and humbled; not an idle thought but what is captivated to the obedience of Christ. 'Tis he that strikes the stony Rock, and the Waters gush out; such a Rock was Peter, whom he smote but with a glance of his Eye, the Sun dissolving the Ice, melt-

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ed him all into Water, *He went out and wept bitterly.* He sheddeth his Love into the Soul, and cold *Alas* is all in a *Flow*. He pours in his Spirit of Joy, and *Paul and Silas sing* in the Stocks. He opens the *Prison doors*, and the Shackles of Sin and Death flie off from the whole World, lying in spiritual Captivity. He *Prophecies* over the *dry Bones*, and they come together, take Life, rise up and follow him, as well thro' all Tribulations, Sorrows, Sufferings from Men, Temptations, Bufferings, Persecutions raised by the Devil, Fears, Disquietments, Dejections of their own Hearts, Infirmities, Weaknesses, and Imperfections of their Duties; As Comforts, Encouragements, Spiritual strength, present Sence of his Love, and secret Testimonies of his Spirit, which is ever present with them, to illuminate, Strengthen, Comfort, Establish and Direct them; and therefore *whoever hath not the Spirit of Christ, is none of His.* This holy King rules not immediately, only by his blessed *Father* above, but mediately also by his Subordinate Officers here below: Whether (1.) Civil, whom His Subjects Obey, for his Sake and for Conscience Sake, from a right Principle, (and not Brutishly,) in all their Lawful Impositions agreeable to his Glory; they are ever Praying and Praising God for them, yea tho' they be Persecuted by some of them. Or (2.) Ecclesiastick, whom they Receive, Honour, Love and Obey as his *Ambassadors*, and such as are sent by Him, to break to them the Bread of Life, whom they therefore follow, and yield themselves up to their Lord, by a gracious Conformity to the holy Doctrine brought them

them by his Ministers, and Adorning that Doctrine by a suitable conversation in all things; *Abounding in every good word and work*, and approving themselves the faithful Servants of God, in all the duties of both Tables, having an equal Respect to all the Commandments of their Lord; and approving themselves to Men by every Act of moral Righteousness and Duty: They shall be at the last day approved by him, to be no Hypocrites, vain Pretenders, proud and empty Professors, self-seeking Designers, or troublesome dividers of his Church and People; but the True, Heartly, Sincere, Rooted, Living and Fruitful Members of his *Mystical Body*, passing here the time of their *Sojourning* in filial fear and love, and persevering in all Fidelity and Constancy of Obedience to all the revealed Laws of their great King, as their Fore-father *Abraham* did; they at last receive the end of their Faith, and everlasting Salvation in Heaven, where with *Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob*, and all the Heirs of their Covenant, they are blessed and happy, in and with God, and the Lord Jesus for evermore.

Come Reader, hast thou no Heart to accompany the blessed *Communion of Saints* to this glorious Home? Why dost thou then bear about thee the Seal of the same Covenant, and art *Crossed* for the Holy Land, and hast received the sacred Name of Christ upon thee, and thou pretendest to be a *Candidate* for Heaven, and wilt rage against any that will dare to sweep away the Cobweb of thine Hopes; when alas, it hangs by a slender Thread, and the lightest hand breaks every Cord of it away, and down it falls, and thy



self with it into utter despair and Ruine. See whether thine Anchor have better hold than theirs, whose Dooms the great Heir himself pronounced. *The Children of the Kingdom shall be cast out, Matt. 8. 12.* So little will it avail thee to walk for a while (alas! for a Moment) on the Borders of the blessed Land, if thine own Infidelity and thy treacherous Heart thrust thee out at last. Either Rend off the *Title*, and wipe away the drops of that *holy Water* (issuing from the Wounds of the Crucified Saviour) wherewith thou wert once Baptized into that sacred Name, and renounce the hopes of that glorious Profession; Or else be Faithful to thine *Articles*; and give thy self wholly to him who hath given himself to thee. Nothing less than the Heartly devotion of thy whole Soul and Life unto God, can bear any reasonable *Proportion* with his Royal Bounty, or give any convincing Demonstration of thy Real *Gratitude*; less than this God will not *Take*, less than this thou canst not *Offer*. Every *Imperfection*, and falling short of this must be lamented with bitter *Tears*, wherein the poor Heart swims back again to better Duty and stricter Watchfulness, and the broken Bones are jointed in to greater strength and Establishment, made fit to walk with a more direct and even Progress in the *holy Path*, rejoycing in their own Integrity. But if instead of this, thou be found wandring in the Wilderness of Error and *Vanity*, walking after the *imagination of thine evil Heart*; according to the course of the ungodly World, and *not after God*; know that thy Covenant is Sealed with melting *Wax*, and thou thy self art holding

it to the *Plane*, in the light whereof thou mayest read thy *despairs*, and find thy self in no better condition than those Sons of *Abraham* whose Unbelief and Obduration hath cancel'd the whole Effects of it, and walking up and down in the Earth as the Deplorable Monuments of divine Indignation, with Antipathies as great as ever against the blessed Person and Doctrine of the mighty Redeemer. Thou maist indeed (as some of them) have a goodly *Portion* and *Heritage* here below, Consolations suitable to thine own poor carnal Heart, (and God will not break the first Articles of a plentiful *Coma* in the World, *thy Belly shall be filled with hidden Treasures*;) But remember then that thy *Tenure* is but for Life, and an uncertain Lease which may expire ere to Morrow comes, and the Morning Sun may find thee a Carcase; the Fearful case of him in the Gospel, who went to Bed well, but awaked in Hell. God hath reserved no second Portion in the next World, but that of Fire and Brimstone. *The Heavens shall reveal thine Iniquity, and the Earth shall rise up against thee, the Increase of thine House shall depart, and thy Goods shall flow away in the day of his Wrath. There is the portion of a wicked Man from God, and the Heritage appointed him by God. Away vain Man to thy Closet with David, and consider the deplorable condition of These: Make hast to the Sanctuary, and there understand their latter end.* It may be when thou seest the Slipperiness of their Steps, and how soon they are brought to a fearful end, thou wilt pour out at least a *fig* for a better *Portion*, and to enjoy a more lasting Inheritance in God. Remember

me, O Lord, with the favour that thou bearest unto thy People; O visit me with thy Salvation, that I may see the good of thy Chosen, that I may rejoice in the gladness of thy Nation, that I may glory with thy Inheritance. A very Sorcerer can breath out his Groans for this Mercy, that He might die the Death of the Righteous, and his last end be like his: 'Tis a fearful Stupidity that terminates all thy desires in the Creature; and layes thee as one Dead in the Grave of Insensibility, without natural affection to thine own Soul, or the least Devotion for Abraham's God.

God having drawn the fair Indentures containing the Covenants between Himself on one part, and Abraham and his faithful Children on the Other, will now have them Confirmed by such irrefragable Obligations as shall make them sure and unalterable for ever. They shall be first Sealed in the Blood of Abraham; and hereafter in the Blood of his Great Heir; and himself will establish them with a Solemn Oath, which you find Gen. 22:16. And every one of Abraham's Posterity and Family, shall under pain of Death come in and Seal for himself, entering into a Sacrament, to be True and Faithful to the Articles of the holy League. They with their great Father, must wear the remembrance of so vast a Priviledge, not on their Hearts only, but their Flesh too. Abraham consenting to this Covenant, and giving up himself unto God (who had now given himself unto Abraham) must evidence that Consent and yield up Possession, by suffering a Part of Himself to be cut off, as a little Turfe taken off from the Field to give Livery and Seizin of the whole

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to the *Owner*: And by this he shall be known and distinguished to be *holy Land*, separated from all the huge *Common of the Earth*, to be a peculiar *Inclosure* unto God: All the World besides *Profane*, and left as *wild Beasts* to Graze on the Mountains, while himself and his Family is mark'd up as a *little flock* for God himself to feed and take care of. His *Posterity* grew so proud of this Privilege, that they little valued the Princes of the World that bore not this Impression upon them. The *Seventieth* Prince must submit to *Circumcision* e're ever he *Bed* a Daughter of *Abraham*. And *David* knew no reason why his little Body that was fortified with the Divine Signature, might not Buckle with an *Uncircumcised Philistine* tho' never so Strong. They grew so High, that at last they thought themselves secure against God Himself, and hop'd to baffle his very *Foetier*. While they had *Abraham* to their Father, the Baptist had enough to do to beat them off from so vain a confidence, and to convince them how little it availed them to glory in *Immunities* when they were false and unfaithful to them. 'Twas Death to them to hear that *sinners of the Gentiles* should be admitted to the privileges themselves enjoyed and despised; But their Great Father (who mistook not the conditions of the *Covenant*, and kept close to them) was transported with the Reasonableness of all the *Articles* on his own part, and the Glory of those on Gods, with a brave Readiness of Mind that always corresponded with every *Dictate* of the Divine Will, prepares himself to *Bleed*, and little felt the smart in the *Plash* that signalized

signalized to him the infinite *Mercies* of God to his *Soul*. Not only his *Spirit* but his very *Flesh* is willing, and is glad that at that Age he had any *Blood* to shed at the Command of God: He demurrs not in the least, nor will sleep e're he yields the Fruits of a chearful Compliance. *There is no such sincere Obedience as the present.* 'Tis dangerous to consult Carnal Reason, or call *Flesh* and *Blood* to Council, where its own Interests are like to be curtail'd. While the *Impetus* of Love and Zeal is upon him, will *Abraham* sacrifice himself, and yield his *Flesh* to a *Sacrament* that shall sign and seal to him *security* from all the dangers of its Lusts, and assure him that all the Powers of Sin were perfectly baffled in that *Obedience*; and should be as truly mortified as that *Dead Skin* cut off from his Body, and cast away.

The Great Man that had so full an Interest in the *Affections* of his Family, was not at a Loss for Arguments to prevail with them to act a Duty so exceedingly profitable to themselves, which he expounded to them in the several parts of its *Excellency*, and further recommended by his alluring *Example*. *In vain do we impose on others a burthen we shrink from our selves.* He exacts not any more from them, than what himself and his little *Shmael* should do before them: He was not to dwell in *Abraham's House* who would not close with him in all the parts of his *Worship*. They had poured the *Blood* of many a *Beast* together in Sacrifice, now they must bleed together *themselves* in their own Persons. 'Twas but a superfluity they offered as

a Free-Will Offering to God, representing to him the Devotion of all unto his Service. It were well if we could cut off our Superfluities too, that are so like to undo us: Circumcision is in fashion and a Mercy still, when by God himself effectually made upon the Heart.

Of how vast a Consequence is the Piety of Princes, whose Actions, either Good or Evil, draw the whole Universe with them, to attend them in the next World! By the Example of their Goodness Men flock in whole shoals to the Service of God, and by their Prophaneness they flye as fast from it. Hapyy was the least Skullion in the Family of Abraham, who partaking of the Ordinances of the true Church, excelled all the Pagan Princes of the Earth, that were Strangers from the Covenant of Promise, having no hope, and without God in the World: So much better is it to be a Door-keeper in the house of the Lord, than to live and reign in the Tents of Wickedness: Let us therefore again take up David's Petition, Remember me, O Lord, with the favour that thou bearest unto thy People; O visit me with thy salvation, for I have none in Heaven but thee, and there is nothing in Earth that I desire in comparison of thee.

The Flesh is too traiterous a Friend to carry on long the Interests of the Soul. The Circumcision made with hands on the Body, profited as little as the Engravement afterwards on the Tables of stone: God is forced to carry it deeper, and to make a more effectual Incision upon the Inward Parts e're ever the true Circumcision is effected. Our selves see that all the washing

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ing of the *Flesh* prevails not to wrince away the Filth of the *Spirit*, till himself comes to *Baptize* with the *Holy Ghost* and with *Fire*, and makes the very *Conscience* to answer readily to all the Will of God. The Holy Word evaporates into Air, and hath no place in us, till the *Essential Word* makes the *penetration*, and gives it a Lodging in the Soul. And though inconsiderate Men little think it, they do but swallow their own *Damnation*, till their Eyes discern the *Lord's Body* in his own light; those that have *Ear* and *Drunk* in his *Presence* shall be turned off at the last Day with a doleful *Discedite*, *Depart from me for I know you not*. Prayer it self unless *servid*d by *Resolution* ravelts out into nothing; so little trust is there to the best of external *Priviledges*, where they are not accompanied with the *Demonstration* of the *Spirit* and of *Power*. He is not a Jew which is one outwardly; *Circumcision* is that of the *Heart* in the *Spirit*, and not in the letter, whose praise is not of Men but God.

Though the Ordinances in themselves are ineffectual without God, yet being of Divine Institution, they bind us to a constant and faithful waiting upon him in the Use of them, for who knows when or how soon he may work by them? The pretence of their invalidity give us no Licence to depart from them, or to lay them by; since here we see utter *Excision* menaced against every Child of *Abraham* that should not bleed by the *Circumcising Knife*. There are some benefits which the most wicked Men enjoy together with the Holy in the outward Communion of the Church, for which they shall pay their

Homage, and yield a subjection (such as it is, though hypocritical and involuntary) they shall sit before him as his People do, and make some shews at least of a real Conformity and Union with Him, though their *Hearts run after Covetousness*, and they are as Traiterous as Judas, who yet had his *Sop dip't in the same Dish with Jesus*.

God who had hitherto feasted his *Abraham* with a *Banquet of Promises*, (which only his Faith is to feed on all his Life long, and must depart the World in Assurance of their Truth when his Eyes should be shut up in Death;) will yet present him with one *Dish* which himself shall see, and all his Senses ravished with the very taste of. *Sweet Meats are kept for the last Course*, and help to digest all the rest the better. Judge Reader, with what Ears *Abraham* receives the Tydings of an *Heir* from the Body of his dearest *Sarah*, who at once is made a *Lady* and a *Lady Mother*: She shall have a *Son* that shall own and double that Honour together. 'Tis Astonishing News, and *Abraham's* Feet can hold him no longer, he embraces the Mercy of a *Saviour*, and a *Son* with a lowly Prostration: *Blessings multiply upon him as Duties are multiplied by him*. No Man shall ever lose by a munificent God. *Adam* parts with a *Rib* and behold a *Wife*; *Abraham* with a superfluous *Skin*, and behold a *Son*. The Heart of Man cannot bear the Kisses of Divine Love without dissolving into Joy, and *Abraham's* Soul is so full of it now, that it forces a vent at his *Mouth*: He laughs out the excess of that Comfort which seems so pleasingly to oppress him. And God himself is so delighted to see his  
*Abraham*



*Abraham* thus humbly and innocently Merry at the Thoughts of *Sarah's* Breeding, that while the Name of *Isaac* liveth, it shall never be forgotten that *Abraham* laughed thus reverently in Faith; and as sometimes one who finds that he hath gratified his Company by telling a Story, which hath proved so acceptable and affecting beyond expectation, will repeat it again, in Assurance of that Virtue in the repetition that will still keep up the Humour; so God disdains not to make a Rehearsal of what he saw sounded so sweetly in the Ears of his dearest Friend; *Sarah* thy Wife shall bear thee a Son: Indeed she shall, v. 19. Tho' thine Age of an Hundred, and hers of Ninety Years may make it seem impossible to Nature, yet I have revealed to thee mine Almighty Power, to give it an Evidence in this Grace. God is already teaching *Abraham* the exercise of his Faith in his *Al sufficiency*; and he is no dull Scholar, but presently takes out the Lesson, and is dandling *Isaac* in the Arms of his Faith, before he is Conceived in the Womb of his Mother.

Could we Believe with *Abraham's* Faith, we should Rejoyce with *Abraham's* Joy. There is no true Pleasure but what is Spiritual, all the Worlds Huzzah's but as the Noise of Thorns, which Crackle themselves into Nothing. *Solomon* commits the Vanity to *Bedlam*, the proper place for the *Frauticks*, that distractedly Laugh while they are little sensible what Tears they shall Weep in Hell, Eccl. 2. 2.

Canst thou be Merry, Canst thou Play,  
Silly Soul, who Sine'd to Day?

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In *Heaven*, where there is no *Sin*, there is Fullness of Joy: In *Hell* where there is nothing but *Sin*, there is nothing but *Sorrow*; but on *Earth* Men *Sin*, and rejoyce in it too, yet feel no *Sorrow*, and no wonder when they feel no *Sin*, as the Distemper'd are sensible of no *Madness*. These are pack'd away by *Abraham's* Great Heir, into their own Place, to see if they can be as *Jolly* there too; *Woe unto you*, &c. The Merry Frolick of a short day, dying into an Everlasting Night of Horror and Torment.

But for a greater Increase of *Abraham's* Joy, he receives not the News of a Son only, but an Heir of the Covenant; He shall inherit the Blessings of Grace and Glory. God intends *Isaac* for *Heaven* e'er ever he had *Life* or *Conception*. Where are those that quarrel at the comfortable Doctrine of *Election*, which God himself Preaches to *Abraham*? Well might he Laugh again, for so good a Son maketh a glad Father: 'Tis well when Parents and Children go not two Ways in the dreadful Day. *Isaac* is sure of a place in his Fathers Bosom, in the everlasting Kingdom. When the Seed of Free Grace is Sown into a good Field, it never fails of a Crop; but where it falls in Barren Ground, expect nothing but *Weeds*. Too many want the Ingenuity to make Grateful Returns for Spiritual Mercies. Men are not only *Evil* because God is *Good*, but that very Goodness makes them *Worse*; they tire his Patience, and adventure to make trial to what length the Dimensions of his Long-suffering may be extended. But the brave *Abraham*, under the fore-knowledge of Gods Decree, is so far from slackening

backening his Duty in the careful Education of *Isaac* into Piety; that looking on him as an *Heir of Heaven*, he was ever dressing him up in such *Robes* as he knew would be worn, and could be never out of Fashion there: He endeavours to make him a greater *Proficient* (if possible) than himself. And methinks *Isaac's* whole Life was nothing else but a lively *Comment* on the distinguishing *Mercy* of God towards him.

True Grace hath that excellent Property to enlarge the Heart into an Universal Concern for General Good, and wisheth *Epidemical* Happiness to all. Some quarrel at that charitable Supplication of the Church in the *Litany*, *That it might please thee to have Mercy upon all Men*; Never remembring that God would have *All Men* to be saved, and hath Sworn, That he hath no pleasure in the death of a Sinner, but rather that they turn themselves and Live: If they will not, yet shall they not want the Sacred and Heartly Prayers of the Church that they might. Neither can God take it ill of any that wisheth no more than himself doth; nor doth Man know what *Individual* Person shall miscarry. *Abraham* had the Grace of a Publick Spirit, who doing what he could to further the Happiness of each *Servant* in his Family, could not be without working of Heart for any *Child* of his Bowels. And no wonder then that hearing of all the Mercies of the Covenant transferred to *Isaac*, he seems to entertain some Jealous Apprehensions of the future Estate of *Ishmael*, and falls on his Knees to intreat, that the whole Shower of Divine Grace might not so fall on the *One*, but that some

some sprinklings of his Favour may Sanctifie the *Other* also. God forbid that any thing descending from the Body of *Abraham* should fall short, or miscarry of the *Great Salvation*. Therefore intending to give a *Charge* upon Heaven, he sharpens the *Point* of his *Arrow* with an acute *Passion*, that it might with deeper *Penetration* enter the Heart of God, and bring back thence a *Blessing* upon his *Child*: O that *Ishmael* might live before thee! O that he may! *Prayers* that from our own, seldom miss the Bosom of God, when those that are sent at *Random* lose their way and act no *Execution*. He desires not that God would break the *Links* of that *Golden Chain*, to which his *Decrees* have fastened the *Salvation* of all; or that *Ishmael* might be dispens'd with from the *Duties* of the *Covenant*, to which his *Mercies* are annexed; But O that *Ishmael* might live before thee! be indued with those holy *Principles* of *Grace* and *Spiritual Life*, which might enliven all his *Affections*, and *Consecrate* all his *Actions* to his *Glory*, and might be such a one as himself, sincere and upright before him, through all the whole course of his *Pilgrimage* in the *World*. 'Twere *Rudeness* indeed, to impose upon God for *Salvation* to such a one that should make no *Care* or *Conscience* of living before him. But O that *Ishmael* may *Glorifie* thee here! 'Tis *Holiness* that *Abraham* begs for his *Son* (he knows that God would not pass out of his usual *Road* to save him in an extraordinary manner.) And what less could a *Father* do, that was so well acquainted with the *Happiness* attendant on the *Faithful Discharge* of every *Duty* and *Service* to God?

God's Eyes that pierce into the Glories of Eternity, and know they are attainable by Prayer, quickly get the consent of the Knees to bend for them, while the Heart enflamed with all the Ardencies of Passion and Zeal, makes its Pursuits after them. *He knows not what Salvation means, that makes but slow and heavy Motions towards it; Cold and indifferent Petitions, teach but God to deny them.* We are but in Jest for Heaven, till God give us Eyes to see and know how great the Hope of his Calling is, and how unsearchable the Riches of the Glorious Inheritance of the Saints are: When the Light Shone from Heaven upon Paul, then Behold he prayeth; he had made many a Pharisical Prayer to little purpose, but now he prayeth Indeed. Those are the best Intercessors at the Throne of Grace for others, that have prevailed there already for Themselves. The Parent that hath prayed down Mercy upon his own Soul, is most likely to speed for his Child. Abraham had so often made his Attacks upon Heaven, that he knew how to sling the Stone of his Devotions to an *Hard-breadth*, that it could not miss. And indeed God had set himself as his Mark, and given him so fair an Advantage against him, that it was impossible for him not to Hit. *I will be a God unto thee, to do all that a God can do for thee, was such a Broadside as might well secure him from Despair of Execution.* Abraham pleads the *Articles* already, and it being the first Claim since the Sealing of them, he left it to God himself to consider how little Honour it would be to him to deny it. And Abraham doth but humbly plead for what God had granted him already,

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and his Faith might reverently draw out from him. So amazing is the Priviledge of the Covenant, that God seems to own, that he hath left himself without Power to withhold from any *Humble* the reasonable Requests of his Soul. Concerning the work of mine hands, command ye me. So Omnipotent a Grace is humble Prayer. While they are yet speaking, I will answer. See Abraham, thy Petition comes flying back already with Gods Fiat upon it. As for Ishmael I have heard thee, behold I have blessed him. He is thine by Nature, and shall be mine by Grace; He shall become a Nation, and the Great Father of Twelve Princes, (but these degenerate, and all of them together not comparable to One of the Kings Issuing from Isaac's Loyns.) How sweet and obliging is the present return of our Prayers! Abraham is the Type of the Great Intercessor. He sees the Travail of his Soul and is satisfied; The fervent Prayer of this Righteous Man is effectual and prevailing. Hence our Divines conclude the Salvation of Ishmael, (as Lysa, &c.) though his Posterity were cut off from partaking of the Fatness of the Root and true Olive, and grew naturally Wild and too Sore for Heaven; but for Ishmael himself I have heard thee. What Faithful Son of Abraham bears not his Fathers Heart, yearning after the same Blessing for the Children of his own Bowels, and can the Mother forget her sucking Child, that she should not travel again in a second Birth; until Christ be formed in him? Monicas Prayers and Tears brought forth an happy Son to her self, and Glorious Father to the Church. We are not more bound to Feed and

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and Cleath, than to Intercede for them. To little purpose do Men Sweat and Labour to provide and hoard up Estates for them, while they are unconcerned in the *One thing needful*, the better part which shall never be taken from them. *Abraham* knew what a Rich Portion an All-sufficient God was, without whose Favour the whole World could not make up an Happiness to his *Heir*. Blessed are those Children, whose Fathers have *Abraham's* Spirit and Interest in God, and miserable are those Children who are not dutiful to such Parents, and thankful for that Interest.

Behold a Felicity Great as this Life is capable of. A *Favourite* of Heaven dress'd up into all the Perfections of *Blessedness*, by the infinite Bounty of God. The Treasures of Providence flowing in upon him in streams of Riches and Wealth: Those attended by Honour and Greatness, and all crowned with a Gracious Heart to improve them. His Soul brim full of Spiritual Comfort, not a Fear or Doubt that clouds the serenity of his Thoughts, ravished with the sweet Sense of Divine Love, and Assurance of endless Happiness, as secure as the *Word* and *Oath* of a God can make it. Blessed with One Son already growing up to be a great *Nation* and Father of Princes, and with Another to come, who shall be *Greater* than he; A *Father of Kings*, and the mighty *Heir* of the everlasting *Covenant*. Not a *Servant* but who is graced with the Privileges of Divine Favour, and bearing the *Impress* of Gods Love and Kindness upon him. Come all ye Princes of the Earth, light up all the Tapers of your Earthly

*ly Glory, Shine forth in the brightest Beams of your Splendor, display all the Ensigns of your Royalty, Muster up all the Armies of your Power and Force, Repeat all your swelling Titles of Majesty and Dominion, Boast the whole Exchange of your Pleasures and Delights: How infinitely short will ye come of this one Blessed Friend of God! Yours only a very Gleam and Shadow of Happiness, His a true, real and substantial one; Yours a Glory embittered with Cares, interrupted with Tears, Tainted with Lusts, Laden with Guilts, Subjected to Loss and Dangers, ending in Misery and Death: While His is a Growth without Thorns, Laughing at Fears, Unpolluted with Filth, Impossible to be Forfeited, growing up into a Celestial Glory, and shining as long as God himself in the brightness of Eternity.*

## C H A P. VIII.

*Abraham entertains the Angels that bring him and his Lady the News of Isaac's Nativity. His Intercession for the five Cities, &c.*

**F**ULL Twenty and five years had Isaac lain in the Womb of the Divine Promise, since first a Seed was secured unto Abraham. He must be a Miraculous Son whose Parents had not all this while been Dead enough to make way for the Power of God to appear in his Birth. When all subordinare means become wholly defective and despe-



*rate, then is the proper season for Omnipotency to work. Through all this Series of Years, had Abraham humbly waited in Faith and Patience, upon the God that could not deceive him; and behold now his dim Eyes shall see the Desire of his Soul. Thou maist not tarry half so long for an Heaven, Reader, as Abraham did for a Son, e'er thine Eyes behold the Salvation of God; do but Exercise the same Grace with the same Confidence (for faithful is he that hath promised) and verily thine expectation shall not fail. Some thousands of Years did the Seed of Abraham and Isaac wait for the Accomplishment of the greater Promise of that Heir, who at his coming should Bless all the World, when in the very Gray Hairs of Time, and upon the Death-Bed of their expiring Hopes, God performed his promised Mercy to the Spiritual House of Israel. The carnal Family was grown by that time so faint and short-sighted, that when he came and made his Appearance to them, they could not discern, but fell a questioning whether he were the very true Heir or no: They could not believe it to be Him, they had no Eyes to behold his Glory; and besides, they were jealous of his Voice. Nor was he Gay enough to answer the Ends they expected from him. The Roman Yoke had gall'd their Necks, and he seem'd to be no great Deliverer, they had no Work to do for a Spiritual Prince, nor lik'd they his Discourses of an Invisible Kingdom, they loved This too well to follow him beyond their present Interests, which he appeared not much to Favour, and therefore unanimously Vote him an Impostor, closing in*

with their own *Tyrant* against Him; They Indict Him of Treason against *Cesar*, and pursued the *Articles* so hotly, that they never left him till they saw Him Dead on the *Cross*; which God took so Grievously from them, that he Smote them into so perfect Blindness and Distraction, that with the *Sodomites* they are groping in the Dark, and looking for the Door that gives Entrance into Heaven, but cannot find it to this day, and are yet ridiculously waiting for Him, that sixteen hundred years ago, and more, had his happy *Nativity* into the World. Miserable Men, they knew not the day of their *Visitation*, and now it is hid from their Eyes.

To a fair length had *Abraham* Spun out the Thread of his Hopes, which now shall be wound up in one Bottom of Fruition. He that was to come, shall come, and tarry no longer: Patience is an inseparable Companion, from a lively Faith in the Divine Promises. How surely shall the Decrees of God in due time be delivered of the Blessings that are in them, to crown up all long Suffering into Joy and Pleasure! Thus while this happy Man is sitting at the door of his *Tent*, with a Soul full of Divine Contemplation and Comfort, Behold, Three Persons, (in Appearance Men, in Reality Angels clothed in their Shapes) sent from Heaven to his *Sarah*, with Orders to provide a Cradle for the little Great Heir of *Abraham's* Hopes and Prayers, that now shortly shall make his welcome Appearance into the World: He accosts them with a Majesty and Humility sweetly mixt, and becoming well his Great *Quality*: They may not pass by him without receiving

ceiving some Royal Marks of his Courteous and Hospitable Soul: Generosity is the Rich Enamel of Greatness, the very Life of it, without which it loses its Essence. *Abraham* is the Copy of the truest *Gentility*, as of the strongest Faith in the World, to let Princes know that *Honour* is not incompatible with *Piety*: He had received his *Education* from the Court of Heaven, and accommodates his demeanour perfectly to the Model prescribed him from above. He participates of the Nature of Him who spreads the Table of his *Bounty* for all his Creatures to sit at. He has nothing but what is at the Service of every one: These were Strangers to him, yet shall not part away from his *Royal Tent* e'er they become his *Guests*. He Addresses to one who seems the chiefest of the *Three*, and (with greater Earnest than others can crave it) beseeches them to give him the Honour of their *Company*, and themselves the Refreshment of a short *Repast*. Behold *Abraham* at home, watching Opportunities of doing Good, courting very Strangers to receive his Entertainment, doubling the Invitation to clear it from the Jealousie of a *Complement*, and afterwards his *Cheer* to Free himself from the ill Reputation of a *Churl*. They are Alien from *Abraham's Spirit*, who void their Houses to avoid their Duties, and hide themselves from their own *Flesh*; or if they keep home themselves, are yet from home to all others, and (what *Job* could not) love to Eat their *Morsel* alone, who are sometimes Accursed to that degree of *Baseness* and *Cruelty* to their own *Bodies*, that they starve Themselves to save the Charges of

Living; God hath given them *Wealth* enough, but no *Power* or *Heart* to eat thereof, they live by *Contemplation* on what they have, and never adventure to pass into *Frivition*, this is a fore Judgment. *Expedition* heightens the *Civility*, *Abraham* hasts to *Sarah*; *Make ready quickly*; and himself ran to the *Herd*: His kindness must not hinder them in their *Progress*, *Time* is precious, the whole *Day* was not designed for the *Belly*. *Wo* unto them that rise early in the morning that they may follow strong *Drink*, that continue until *Night*, till *Wine* enflame them.

The *Master* of the *Feast*, is yet ignorant of the *Quality* of his *Guests*. There is no judging of inward worth by outward *Appearance*. Since a plain *Vesture* once Shrouded the *King of Glory* from the *Eyes* of *Men*. Who many times before the uniting of his *Divinity* with humane *Flesh*, was pleased in *Old Time* to assume the *Shape* of *Man*, and pass *Visits* upon his dearest *Servants*. His delights were with the *Sons* of *Men*. He was no less *Person* than the *Son* of *God*, for whom *Abraham* was preparing, attended on by his *Angels* in the same form, tho (by conjecture) somewhat inferiour in *Appearance* of *Habit*. What a stately *Embassy* was this to an *Abraham*! He is a *Mighty Prince* indeed, to whom the *Kings* *Son* is deputed *Legate*: *Isaac* (as *Jesus* himself) hath *Angels* to *Prophesie* his *Conception*; and now is *Abraham* giving *Order* for the *Annunciation Dinner* to those *Guests* as never had *Stomack* for any; but have *Spiritual Food* of their own, more proper to their holy *Natures*, while this shall be digested all into  
*Ans.*

*Air:* Yet *Nine Months* hence shall *Sarah* find the *Milk* again in her own *Breast*, more genuinely, to suckle her little *Son*. The *Collation* is taken for the greater *Pleasure* under a *Tree*, which then was honoured in lending her *Shade* to the *Sun* himself, by an humble *Dilatation* of her *Branches* over his *Glorious Head*. And *Abraham* waited in *Person*, to teach us that while we do our *Duty* to *Men*, at the same instant we *Act* it to *God* himself, and do but honour him in shewing *Respect* to our fellow *Creatures*: Nor need we fear that we forget our selves, while we intend it as *Glory* to him. So well did *Abraham* demean himself in this humble *Service*, that the *Holy Guest*, to whom he performed it, disdained not an *Imitation* of his *Father*, when he Took on himself the form of a *Servant*, and came not to be ministered to, but to minister. The *Head* of *Angels* washing the *Feet* of *Men*. The *Lower* we sink in *Humility*, the *Higher* shall we rebound in *Glory*.

But where is *Sarah*? Where is she but where she should be, within her own *Apartment*? Had the *Guests* been of her *Sex*, she had not fail'd to have waited on them with the same *Officiousness* and *Duty*; but now is *Observant* enough in confining her self to her own *Province*, giving an *Example* to all her *Daughters*, of *Modesty* and *Obedience* to their own *Husbands*. Tho' she give them not her whole *Presence*, yet she lends them an *Ear*; the *Contiguity* of her *Tent* to the *Tree* gives her advantage of overhearing their *Discourse*; and while she attentively listens, finds her self concern'd in the *Conference*. Happy that *Soul* who hearkening to the blessed Words

of the same Jesus, while he speaketh not of us only, but to us in his Ordinances, and in us by his Spirit. *I will hear what God the Lord will speak, for he will speak Peace.* Thus Sarah hearkens, and hears Good News; yea, so good, that her Faith is at a loss to believe it, and she imagines that these Men only Complement her Husband in Discourse, which (they think) will be most Grateful to him; and therefore she laughs at the Jest, confuting its Vanity by a kind of Retortion, which is often made use of to a ridiculous Argument: The which, how closely soever she had Compress'd within the Concave of her Breast; yet could she not detain it from the Ears of a God, to whom our darkest thoughts are equally discernable with the loudest Exclamations. While she is weighing Omnipotence in the Scales of her own Judgment, and fancying it too light to encounter with her own Weakness, she renders her self justly liable to severe Censure. *Wherefore did Sarah laugh? is any thing too hard for God?* The God who is able to raise up Children to Abraham of stones, might surely be thought as able to do it by his own Wife, how Hopeless or Uncapable soever. The Reproof falling so heavy on Sarah, and Abraham being ignorant of her Guilt, makes him begin to suspect that his Guests were more than Men, and that they carried about them Omniscient Ears. Man knows no more than what he draws from the outward Organ; but he that made the Ears, needs none himself to convey Knowledge to him. Both Abraham and Sarah laugh at the Tidings of a Son, yet is Sarah's laughing

laughing an Act perfectly different from that of her Husbands; He laughing in Faith and Joy, she in Distrust and Unbelief. God hath Mercy on the Infirmities of his Servants, *Sarah* is reproved, but not rejected; the Reproof strikes up on her Conscience, and makes her afraid, That Fear casts her into a further Guilt. She denies that she laughed, and is shamefully convinc'd of what she knew her self Conscious: Yet shall not all this invalidate the Decree. God will have Mercy on whom he will, let *Sarah* Laugh and deny it too; yet God will not deny himself: *Sarah* shall have a Son.

The Embassy thus happily concluded, the Legates depart, they have a Commission to execute of a different Nature e're they return into Heaven. *Abraham* that he might not be defective in the least part of his Duty, performs the last Act of his Hospitality, and genteelly brings them on their way. He had kindly invited them, liberally treated them, now he as Courteously dismisseth them: He Ran to call them in at the first, and afterwards Ran to the Herd for Provision for them: He stood waiting upon them while they took it; yet still hath he Feet to travel with them. Thus Good Men never fail in doing their Duty: they go on from Strength to Strength; They shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint. *Abraham's* vigorous Heart adds Sinews to his feeble Joyns. We should never complain of tired Limbs, if we had but zealous Affections: Get but *Abraham's* Company into thine Heart, thou wilt have *Abraham's* Heart in the same Company: 'twas when Christ

was not with them, that the three Disciples fell Asleep.

At the steering of their Course towards Sodom, I doubt not but Abraham's Heart began to Throb: He was no Stranger to the Villanies of those Cities, and the approach of such Inquisitors as these (he fears) will bode them little Good. A less skilful *Augury* may serve to foretell the Destruction of Wickedness; yet is he modestly Silent, and dares not enquire into the Mysteries of God. 'Tis ill prying into the Estate of Others, till we find some sure ground of Security to our selves. But Abraham is the Friend of God, and Communication of Secrets is one of the Veins that conveys Life and Strength to the whole Body of Friendship; 'tis not every one that is admitted into the Cabals of Princes. Abraham is a Favourite, and fit to be one of the Privy Council of Heaven: God that had honoured him by a Revelation of the secrets of his Love to himself, cannot keep from him the discovery of his Intentions of Wrath on the Wicked. Abraham shall know that his God can be as Just as Good, and that few partak'd of the special Privileges that himself was blest'd in. 'Tis no small Obligation that lyes upon the Faithful, from the Knowledge of their differing in Condition from the worst of Men, only by distinguishing Mercy. What are we that shouldst manifest thyself unto us, and not unto the World. Faith grows up to a perfect Stature, by the Knowledge of every dispensation of God. The Prophets enforce their Doctrines from the Examples of the fiercest Executions of Vengeance. Pass ye unto Calneh, and see, &c.



&c. *Abraham*, who hereafter should read Lectures upon *Sodom's Flames*, to affright his Children and Family from *Sodom's Lusts*, shall first hear with his *Ear*, and afterwards see with his *Eye* the pernicious and dreadful Desolation that Sin had made upon them, that with greater sence of those Calamities he might terrifie others against the Sins that procur'd them: God knowing how powerfull Application so Experienc'd a Preacher as *Abraham*, would surely make from such a Text. Shall I hide from *Abraham* the thing which I do, &c. For I know him, that he will Command his Children and his Household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, &c.

Behold the great Ordinance of Family-Instruction establish'd by Divine Institution. *Abraham* must execute both Offices of King and Priest. In vain is Obedience exacted from such as know not their Duty: But in order to the means of that Knowledge, Obedience is justly required, and Jurisdiction given by God Himself to enforce it. I know *Abraham*, that he will Command his Children and Servants, &c. If the Sword or the Word, be too precarious, look for Confusion and Ignorance to prevail over all. *Abraham* is invested with a perfect Power to subject them to the Discipline of God: He was Sovereign over his Family, and God is so far from Clipping his Authority, that he gives him the Broad Seal of Heaven to confirm his Commission. He had Power of Life and Death within his own House; they were not worthy to live, should they not learn the saving Knowledge of the holy Commandments; to little purpose were they

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*Circumcised in the Flesh*, if they be not enlightened into the Knowledge of that Sacrament, nor how far it oblig'd them to Obedience and Duty. *But I know Abraham that he will teach them*, &c. Even this Great Prince will not think it beneath him to *Catechise* the meanest *Herdsmen* in his Family: 'Tis the Work of God, an *Abraham* hath an Heart to it; 'tis a Glorious work, the Saving of Souls, and *Abraham* shall be rewarded for it: 'Tis transmitting Piety to Posterity, and the Child unborn will praise God for *Abraham*: 'Tis the advancing the Interest and Glory of God upon Earth, which never faileth to bring to Glory in Heaven.

See the decay of Religion, and weep tears of Blood: Where lives the Son of *Abraham*, that improves his Authority in his *Family* for God, and the *Souls* he hath made (unless in a cold and perfunctory manner?) If an *Impious* casting off the Thoughts and mention of God, unless in cursed Oaths, and fearful *Imprecations*; if an utter banishing his Holy *Worship* and Service, as an unfashionable disparaging thing: If the *Training* up *Children* into the low and base Opinion of the strict Wayes and Methods of Godliness, (such as their Parents have sucked in before them:) If *Servants* must think it ill Manners to serve their Maker better than their profane *Masters*, and must wear the *Livery* of their Relation and Vices together: If instead of *Praying*, *Catechising*, and *Holy Instruction*, and Excellent *Example*, which ever flourished in the Great *Family* of this mighty Prince, there be nothing but *Prophaneness*, *Atheism*, and all the *Trades* of *Confusion*,

fusion, driven and carried on with a perfect Industry from day to day; surely we must sadly conclude, that the Good *Abraham* hath but few *Heirs* to follow him in the same holy *Path*. God knew this faithful Servant to be constant to his Glory and Interest; and *all the World* shall one day know that such as these are very *Traitors* both to Him and their Own Happiness for ever.

'Twas because of this *Fidelity* that the Great *Abraham* was admitted into the Secrets of his Judgment against *Sodom*: The clamour of whose Provocations would suffer divine Justice to forbear them no longer. God could not be in Quiet for them in Heaven; either they must cease to be thus wicked, or to have any further Being in the World; *He will ease himself of these Adversaries*, they shall no longer oppress his Patience, or abuse his Goodness. His *Long-suffering* had run out to the utmost Extremity. He is now ready for *vengeance*, they ripe for *destruction*. When the whole World shall be *wise unto the great Harvest*, Then shall the *Sickle* of Ruine cut it down: Yet shall not Execution be done upon *Sodom* before all the Formalities of Judgment precede; *Process* and *Enquiry* shall be made into the Merits of their Cause. The Judge of *all the Earth* will do right. None shall perish but from the plain Evidence and Conviction of their own Guilt. *Righteous art thou, O Lord, and just are thy Judgments*. Two *Angels* are sent in Commission to make the *Inquisition*, we shall anon hear what the Issue of that Tryal will be.

Now is *Abraham* left with the Lord alone; and 'tis remarkable, that himself, who had vouchsafed

safed to Honour the *Tabernacle* of this *holy Man* with his gracious Presence, disdains to bless the *Infamous City* with the same favour. *God is far from the ungodly*; but he waiteth here still, to hearken to the *Prayer of the Righteous*.

*Abraham* receives not the *News of Sodom's* destruction with any pleasure at all. *Gods Children* (as himself) *delight not in the death of the wicked*, but rather that they turn and live. 'Tis *Fury* and not *Zeal*, that on every affront calls for *Fire from Heaven* to destroy. There is a *City* will know this one day, that hath made so many *Massacres*, and kindled so many *Flames* upon the *Bodies of the Saints*. *Abraham* prepares to *Plead* as *Fiercely* as he had *Fought* for *Sodom* before. How serviceable are the *Favourites* to the *Enemies of God*, who yet hate and persecute them. Down he falls, and on the bare *Knees* of his very *Soul* Beggs, That *God* would maintain the Honour of his own *Justice*, and that the *Righteous* might not taste of the bitter *Cap* of the *Wicked*: And further, (If it would please him) that the *Wicked* might live for the *Righteous* sake, and the *Righteous* for their own. Tho' the *Wicked* will not suffer the *Righteous* to live (for whose sake themselves live,) and with the *Jews* kill their *Saviours*, yet are the *Righteous* of another Spirit, and would give their lives, that all Men were as themselves, the innocent and blameless *Sons of God* in the midst of a crooked and perverse *Nation*. 'Tis wonderful to find, how *Abraham* by the bare *Breath* of his *Prayers* makes the *Decree* to shake: The *lifting up of his Hands* prevails within a trifle, to make *God* let fall the *Sword of Justice* out of his own. He reduceth

duceth Him to the Terms of an easie and merciful *Composition*. To bring him to fall from *Fifty to Ten* was a mighty Conquest. Who but an *Abraham* could have made such *razes* at the Heart of God, that he makes it stand within a small point to the Compass of *Sodom's* safety, which he verily believed his strength had effected? But 'tis ill pleading for a bad Client in a worse Cause; yet a gracious *Grant* treads on the Heels of every *motion* which so powerful an *Intercessour* had made; and *Abraham* shall not say, that God had denied him one request of his Lips. He that comes with *Dust* and *Asbes* in his Mouth, and those humble Apologies for the Presumption of a poor Nothing Creature, on his Heart, as He, can never fall of a good return from the Throne of *Grace*; and doubtless God suffering himself to be *undressed* to so low a *Pegg*, does demonstrate the mighty Victories of *effectual Prayer*, so that had there been any thing worthy of Saving, *Sodom* had continued to this day. How happy are we, that have a greater than *Abraham* to intercede for us, even the very Same to whom *Abraham* pleaded for these *Cities*, is Himself become our powerful *Advocate*, and able to save to the uttermost, when by the vertue of *five Wounds* he melts away *warb* from the whole World of his offending People, for whom he Prayes.

What an universal *Defection* was made by these Wretches, when not *Ten* good Men (taking in *Lots* Family with them) can be pickt out of Five whole Cities, to save them! What a Triumphant Court did *Lucifer* keep in the fair Plains of *Jordan*, where all his *Subjects* are so well

well instructed into so perfect Obedience to his *Hellish Orders*, that but One *Nonconformist Family* can be found in them all. How hopeless and desperate was the Interest of *Heaven* there! Where Sin prevails to boast of *equal Numbers*, 'tis very dismal; and amongst *Ten Virgins*, for five of them to be found Foolish; and the Devil impudently dares to call for the *Poll* from God. But here the *Syrians* of Hell are so numerous, that they fill all the Country, and not *Ten* poor *Kiddes* appear to be folded up into a little flock for God.

The Disease being thus Epidemical and Outragious, and the Tokens of Judgment appearing so thick upon every bosom, *Abraham* gives over the Suit. When Grace it self was weary of searching after Objects to conferr its Favours on, and could find none, the wind of Prayer ceasing, a terrible storm must follow.

'Tis worthy our Remark, how patiently God Attends to the Petitions of his *Abraham*, waiting so long till every one was dispatch'd, and he had no more to Present. *Abraham* himself was more weary of Asking, than God of Granting; but when this *Master of Requests* had nothing more to offer to his Lord, he humbly bows, and makes his Retreat to his own Lodgings.

In Order of History, the Judgment against Sodom should here follow, which is made up to the Reader, in the Book of Tragedies.

G H A P.

CHAP. IX.

Abraham removes from Mamre into Gerar, where Sarah is taken from him by the King, and restored by means of a Dream. The Birth of Isaac. The casting out of Ishmael. Abraham and Abimelech enter into League.

**A**braham had long enjoyed the sweet Air and Pleasures of the Plains of *Mamre*, but the Overthrow of these Cities, and the unwholsome Vapours issuing from the Bituminous Lake, rendered the bordering Country less pleasant and unhealthy for him to dwell in: Besides now here were few left to whom he could extend the Duties of *Hospitality*; he was deprived of the comfort of *Company* on whom he might exercise *Piety*; he resolves therefore to remove; and doubtless 'twas not necessary for Him who was ordained as another *Sun* to enlighten the dark corners of the Earth, to stand still too long in one *shrine*: Other Countries must be blessed in the happy influences of his Presence. You may find him now in *Gerar*, where if you see the *Comedy of Egypt* Re-acted, and *Sarah* become the Sister of *Abraham* the second time, do not much admire that she is taken from him, since *Sarah* is the Miracle of *Women*; who now in the *Ninetyeth* year of her Age is able to dragg Princes after her, and carries those

those Charms in her Face, that lays all the Scepters of the World at her Feet. The *Learned* of her Posterity tell us, That God continued her Beauty by the same power (as he did afterwards *Moses's* strength) without any decay or *Impeachment of Wast*: And her *Ninety* would not have passed for above *Forty* in the conjecture of Judgment; the *Rose* and the *Lilly* still vying superiority in her Checks, and she lives a *Type* of the Church, that is *without spot or wrinkle*, but all Fair in the Eyes of her Lord. *Abimelech* is desperately in Love, and this is the second time that *Sarah* might have been made a *Queen*, had she been but the pretended Sister, tho' we find her not repining at the loss of that Honour, since to be *Abraham's* Wife was greater Dignity than to wear all the *Crowns* of the Earth. This being the year of *Isaac's* Conception, God sends out an *Injunction to stop proceedings*; It must not be suspected that *Abraham's* Heir is the reputed Son of the King of *Gerar*, whom God smites with such a disease, as cools the Heat of his Lust after *Sarah*, and renders him perfectly *Impotent* to all. While he is startled at the *Plague*, God unriddles it to him in a *Dream*: There was a *Lady* too many in his Court, whose company was ever fatal to all besides her own *Husband*; his own *Life* must be redeemed by her *Liberty*, but if he restore her not, let him look for Death. There are Authors that find such Characters of Piety on this *Abimelech*, as have emboldned them to *signalize* him for a Saint; others will acknowledge him good and *Righteous* in this Act only; Some say all was but the effect of a Fright. It were



were well if those *Evidences* were found in many *Christians* that profess true *Grace*, as appeared in this *Heathen*. You shall find, First, That the Threatning had Impression upon him, he *Hears and Fears*, and *hardens not his Heart*. Secondly, He humbly Vindicates his own Innocency: *In the Integrity of my heart have I done this*. Thirdly, He justly fixes the Guilt on Themselves, who had both of them concealed the *Conjugal Relation*. Fourthly, God himself takes part with him, and accepts his honest Plea: *I know that thou didst this in the Integrity of thy Heart*. Fifthly, As soon as he was convinc'd of his Error, he Repents it. Sixthly, He reproves *Abraham* for exposing his *Kingdom* to the Dangers of Sin, which he knew to be Great: *Thou hast brought on me and my Kingdom a Great Sin*. Seventhly, He presently sets on the Duty of Reformation, and removes the cause of the Judgment: *He restored him his Wife*. Eighthly, He imparts the Menaces of God to his *Courriers*, that they also might fear God: *The Men were sore afraid*. Ninthly, He makes satisfaction to *Abraham* for the Injury done, and presents him with *Cattel and Money*. Tenthly, He submits to the Ordinance of God, and accepts of the Prayers of *Abraham* as the Means of his *Healing*. Eleventhly, He enters Friendship with him as a Favourite of God, and thinks his *Kingdom* Blessed in his Company: *Behold my Land is before thee, dwell where it pleaseth thee*.

What fair Fruits are here growing in the Wilderness of *Nature*, while the *Inclosed Garden* is overspread with so many *Noisom Weeds*!

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whose Heart doth not bleed to see those that call themselves *Christians*, Laughing at those Threats that Menace infallible Death to such as retain the Lusts They *keep*! who yet are stupified to that degree, as to think rather that God Himself is False, than that they themselves shall Dye: Who hath yet Sworn by Himself, that they are all but *Dead Men* and cannot Live: If they should, His Honour and Truth must Dye for them. These draw the Curtains about them, and sleep on Securely in their *Guiles* (while yet their Judgment *sleepeth not* :) They are so far from arising to Reformation with *Abimelech* (whose Bed could not hold him after the Affrightful Dream) that they fancy no *Necessity* for any, and they resolve against all, till they awake in the next World, and *Flames* open the Eyes that Sin had shut, and makes them Feel the Tormenting Sence of their Folly and Impenitency for ever.

But what is so rarely found among us, we may note all the parts of a *True Repentance* Appearing in this King. With what *Care* doth he clear himself of this matter to God! With what *Indignation* doth he charge *Abraham* for bringing this Sin and Evil upon him! *Thou hast brought Sin upon my Kingdom*. With what *Fear* doth he Summon his Servants about him, to declare the danger they were in! With what *Zeal* doth he hasten about the removing the Cause that had brought that danger upon them! What *Revenge* doth he act upon himself, by laying a chargeable Fine, which he contentedly pays unto *Abraham* for his Folly! From the first *Revelation* he passes to *Conviction*, from *Conviction* he proceeds

proceeds to *Reformation*; from that to *Satisfaction*, from all to *Absolution* and *Health* again. If after all this *Abimelech's* Soul miscarry of Heaven, and fall short of Salvation, what shall become of *Thousands* that never kept him Company half this way, in the high Road to eternal Life?

But why doth God suffer *Abraham* and *Sarah* to Trip a second time, and subject themselves to the just Reproof of an *Heathen*; who seemed in this the more *Righteous* of the Two, and one would have taken *Abimelech* for the *Prophet*, and *Abraham* for the *Pagan*, that had heard him so severely check'd? What shall we say? Was there not Need of a *Thorn in the Flesh* to humble him, under the abundance of all the *Revelations* that God had made to him? Or was it for our sake? yea for our sake doubtless, that if through the Infirmary of the *Flesh* we should unhappily *Relapse* into the same Sin, whereof we have truly repented before, yet may we not despair, when we remember that the Great *Abraham* twice fell. Let us be sure that we be Heirs of his Faith, as well as of his Frailty, and then will God overlook our Iniquity as he did his, and remember *our sin no more*.

God Himself keeping *Sarah's* Reckoning for her, fails her not a day. The *Hundredth Year* of *Abraham's* Life, is the Joyfullest that ever he saw. Now the *Womb* of the Divine Promise opens to Purpose, when he sees himself the happy Father of the long expected Heir, his Faith and Patience is ripened into Fruition. Long did the World wait for a *Saviour*, at the last he came, and the World must again wait for his

second coming to compleat up all their Happiness; for yet a little while, and he that is to come, will come and will not tarry, and the Just shall live by Faith. The Child at eight days Age, is given back to God, and receives the Seal of that Covenant which entitles him to a better Father than Abraham. Sarah is so astonished at the Joy, that she hardly believes yet, what her Eyes see, and Laughs at the Conceit, how all the World will Laugh to hear the News of her being a Wet Nurse in her Dry Age: She gives a good Example to her Greatest Daughters, Not to deny the Breast to the Children of their own Bodies; Even the Sea Monsters draw out the Breast, they give suck to their young ones, but the Daughter of my People is become Cruel, like the Ostriches in the Wilderness. Sarah will not endure that her little Isaac should have a second Mother, whose ill Qualities he may perhaps unhappily Suck in with her Milk. 'Tis pity but unnatural Mothers should feel the Judgment of a Miscarrying Womb and Dry Breasts, who have no Rolling of Bowels towards their Innocent Babes, who hold up their little Hands and Eyes, begging with what Earnestness they can, that they may not be turned off to a Stranger. Isaac is more happy than to be deserted by his Mother, she thinks it not below her great Ladship to Swaddle up his little Body with her own Hands, and to suffer the Trouble with the same Satisfaction that she enjoys the Comfort of a Son. Had Mephibosheth's Mother been the true Daughter of Sarah, he had never been Crippled as he was, by the Negligence of a Nurse.

Abraham,

Abraham, to keep up the Practice (in this Country) of his old *Hospitality* which he ever exercised in all the Rest, and taking hold of an Opportunity wherein he might do Good to the Souls of Men by his holy Familiarity and Conference, as also to strengthen his Interest in their Affections by an Act of *Humanity* and *Courtesie*, Celebrates the Feast of *Isaac's* Weaning with great Solemnity and Cost, and makes *Invitation* of all the Neighbouring Persons of Quality to be his *Guests*; where doubtless he Sauced his Dishes with such Excellent Discourses, as tended chiefly to the exalting the Wonders of Gods Love in so signal a Mercy, as that of a Son in his *Dead Years*, and what the World might expect in due time from that other Promised, who should one day come into the World to make them Happy in the next. He was not shy to read the *Lectures* of his own *Life* and *History*, (a *Life* so full of Miracles and Benedictions) that if by any means he might provoke some of them to join themselves to the same God, that had been Good and Kind to him in every Region where he came. And *Sarah* had not forgotten the holy Trade she drove on so Zealously in *Haran*; she had her Arguments too, and helps to Clinch in her *Husbands Doctrine* by her own *Exhortations*: *Abraham's* Company must needs be the most Delightful and Profitable to them, who of all Men living was best qualified to speak from his own Experience on Subjects they had never heard or known. If Foreign Affairs and Customs of Nations delight them, he can lead them into *Egypt*, and acquaint them with the Intrigues

of *Pharaoh's Court*, where himself so long had conversed among them. If *Military Affairs* better please them, he can give them the Faithfullest account of the Late War with the *four Kings*, wherein himself had been *General*. If they will listen to more Melancholly Matters, they may hear from him the *Tragedy of Sodom*, of whose *Flames* his own *Eyes* had been sad Witnesses: If they will pass from all, and attend to the Wonders of his own Family, He can recommend to them the Advantage of Civility to Strangers, forasmuch as himself thereby had entertained *Angels*, and held long Conferences with God Himself: 'Tis a noble Design to Consecrate the Fruits of our Lips and Tables together, to the Glory of God and the Profit of Men. Speech is the peculiar Faculty of Man, by which the Sentiments of the Mind are communicated and made publick for the Good or Hurt of others. What Care then is Incumbent on the Children of *Abraham* to speak, as well as to *Act* like him; *My mouth shall be filled with thy praise, and with thy Salvation all the day long.* The Tongue is the Glory of Man, which should not be imployed in dishonour to God; he deserves not to speak at all, that speaks not the Praises of his Maker. The *Feast* being ended, and the *Guests* dismissed, *Abraham* returns to make Digestion of all, by taking a Walk with God in Meditation and Prayer, and begs that what had passed that day in his Family, might redound to the Honour of God, and the everlasting Good of his Friends.

Not long after this, there breaks out a little War in his Family; His two Sons are of different Mothers,

*Mothers*, and consequently have different Interests to carry on. *Ishmael* (questionless set on by *Hagar*) is found not to bear so fraternal Affections to little *Isaac*, as he ought: He is told that he is come into the World to undermine him, who stood so fair in the hopes of his *Fathers* Estate before his Birth: Some are of the Opinion, that he minded privily to kill him: Others only that he loaded him with Jears and Flouts as he played with his Companions, rendering him Ridiculous and Contemptible, by holding out of the Finger, and putting out of his Lip, boasting himself to be the true Heir; whatsoever it were, the Fault is expounded by the Holy Ghost Himself, into the Guilt of Persecution, which is as well perform'd by the Sword of the Mouth as the Hand. Little *Isaac* is an Early Martyr, and the Type of Him that was sought for to be slain in his Swadling-Cloaths. *Herod* would fain Worship and Kill him at once, which afterwards was effectually done by those who first wounded him by their Lips: Behold the King of the Jews; and then dispatched him with their Hands: The King dies on the Cross.

*Sarah* knew well enough whence all this Spight and Malice was derived, the Sons Spirit was but Exasperated by the envious *Mother*; and she finds no possibility of Peace or Security while they continued together in one Family; she prudently foresaw some danger in case of *Abraham's* Death. What knew she but *Hagar* by her subtil Insinuations and Carriage might form such a Party against her, that she and her *Isaac* might be cast out: Therefore, to se-

cure her Self and the *Right Heir*, she plots sometimes to prevent the danger, and brings her *Wris of Ejectment* against her Adversary with such Passion and Resolution, as she seems to command the Issue of the *Suit*, before the Judge had considered the ground of the Quarrel. *Abraham* is the only *Arbiter* in the Case, and is hardly solicited to give Sentence against his own *Bowels*. He is divided in his Affections, and hath no heart to pass the Order for his own Childs *Expulsion*. *The thing was very grievous unto him, because of his Son*. While the matter hangs in suspense, (and *Abraham* is struggling between the Duties of an *Husband* and a *Father*, and cannot so easily be brought over to forget his Nature and Natural Affections,) God Himself comes in to give the *Casting Voice*, and Votes clearly for *Sarah*: The good Man that never stuck at any thing that his God commanded, he it never so grievous or opposite to his Interests, now is willing to forget himself and every thing in Obedience to his Will, and gives present Order for the departure of the *Bond-woman and her Son*. He rises early to begin the day with so difficult a Peice of Obedience, having wrestled all the Night against *Nature*, *Affection*, and *Self*: Neither *Hagar's* intreaties, nor *Ishmael's* cryes, can work any Repentance in him, *Though they sought it carefully with Tears*: He is Obstinate and Peremptory in his Obsequiousness to God, whose holy Commands must be chearfully followed with a *Deaf Ear*, and *Heart* hardened against every thing that oppose them. We never arrive to the degree of

Abra-



*Abraham's* universal Conformity to the Divine Will, till we shut out all *Inclinations* to the ruinous Solicitations of the Creatures.

But if nothing will avail, and the young *Gentleman* must determinately be gone; we hope the Son of so great a Prince, shall pass off in *State*, with a suitable Provision of Maintenance, and Servants to attend him: What should be the meaning that he who is Prophesied to be the *Father of a Nation, and of Twelve Princes*, should be sent away with a loaf of Bread, and a Bottle of Water from so Great and Rich a Parent as *Abraham*: (The Ladies of this Age are not so cheaply *unwisted* from their Amorous Gallants, without Honourable Settlements for Themselves and Children.) *Abraham* was Affectionate and tender-hearted: What? not so much as a *Slave* or an *Ass* to carry the *Waller*, but it must be hung on the Shoulders of *Hagar*, whose heavy Heart was ready to Break with the Load of *Sorrow* and Care, that already oppress'd it? Is *Abraham* grown thus Pitiless now? 'Twere Blasphemy against his Piety to assert, that He whose Generous Nature Appear'd in the profuse Communications of his Charity to very *Strangers*, should be thus Penurious and Miserlike in his Fatherly Contributions to his own *Child*. The Learned strive to clear up his Reputation by many Arguments: Some I fear overdo it, when they conclude, That Servants and Cattel, and all Accommodations for Life, are included here in the Scripture Phrase of *Bread and Water*: Others perhaps under-do it, when they tell us, that he gave them no more, to teach

teach them Faith and Dependance upon God, whom he left to provide for them, when that little was spent. With the same Argument He might have given them nothing, committing them altogether to the Providence of God, with the cold Charity of a naked Wish, *Depart in Peace, be ye warmed and filled.* These make the Father of the Faithful almost an Infidel, and at best but a *Salifidian*: Some falsely enough impute it to Sarah's Revenge; and they that aimed at *All*, should now have *Nothing* (surely he that was so well treated in *Pharaoh's* Court, was not so ungrateful to a poor Handmaid of his Country, to send her forth to starve :) Others affix it to their own *Insolence*, who were grown too rude and turbulent in the House of *Abraham*. The most probable conjecture that best agrees with all Circumstances, is, that what was now given them, was to serve only for present necessity, and *Abraham* directing them whither to go, promis'd to take care to supply them further, as their Necessities required: which also he did.

Till *Isaac's* Birth, the *Bondswoman* and her Son had quiet entertainment in *Abraham's* Family: Now the Heir is born, they agree not together; but *Hagar* trudges out with her *Bottle* and *Bag* to wander in the *Wilderness*: Who sees not the *Old Law* marching after her (with all its Ceremonies in the same Bag) at the bringing in of the *New* by *Jesus Christ*, the true Heir of Righteousness and Salvation: For ever are they departed now, to return no more into the Church of God: And how peaceable possi-

possession Sin doth enjoy in the Natural Heart, where it rules all the *Rost*, hath an absolute Dominion, and beats down all before it; till anon God in pity to the miserable Soul, gives it Grace to conceive the true *Heir*, which once Formed, and growing up to some Strength, takes Arms, and with the Assistance of Heaven maintains the *War*, which is happily Crown'd with thorough Conquest of all Opposition, and receives its *Palms* in the Everlasting Kingdom.

*Hagar* and *Ishmael* are gone, whose wanderings and sufferings in the *Wilderness*, are but a farther *Allegory* of the present Sorrows of the miserable Posterity of *Abraham*; who when the true *Heir* appeared in the World, were then in possession of their *Fathers House*: But for mocking and *Persecution* of the Great promised Son, are dealt with as *Ishmael*, cast out of the blessed Inheritance of both *Canaanites*, and are wandering in the *Desart* of damnable *Error* with the *Wallet* of an insupportable Burden on their Shoulders, feeding still on the musty *Bread*, and drinking out of the *Old Bottles*, the stale *Puddle Water* of the Law, in contempt of the pure Springs of the *Living Water* so freely offer'd them, and the *New Wine* of the everlasting Gospel. They lye with *Ishmael* under a *Shrub*, not so sensible of their *Penury* as he, forlorn and dejected, with the Curse of the Blood of *Jesus* upon them: They perish in the midst of Abundance, and have no Eyes to see the *Well of Life*, out of which the whole Church is so sweetly refreshed in Vivacity and Power. O that  
the

same Good *Angel* would come with a Message of *Comfort* and *Mercy* to them, as he did unto *Hagar*, and taking away the Veyl that is upon their Hearts to this day, they may clearly perceive the things that belong to their *Eternal Peace*! Even so come Lord *Jesus*, Come quickly!

*Holiness* is that Great Luminary (darting its Beams so conspicuously round about the World where it shines) that draws every Eye to admire it, rendring its Subjects so Amiable, that those who cannot shine in the same Light, desire yet to sit under and enjoy its Blessed Influences. *Abraham* scattered the Divine Rayes of his Piety and Goodness so illustriously over all the Kingdom of *Genar*, (for which God had sent him thither) that the very Court is Clarified by his Brightness, and cannot think its self happy without a nearer Conjunction with this Great Planet. *Sarah's* Beauty had Fetter'd the Affections of this King already; now is his Understanding Captivated perfectly to the divine Presence of *Abraham's* Piety. What a Glory was it to this Great Saint to see *Abimelech* himself, with *Phicol* his Lord-General, and all their Princely Retinue, come bowing to him, and making earnest Suit that he would become their *Allie*. The King had found by experience that God had blessed his Kingdom for *Abraham's* sake; and now *Abraham* must bless *Abimelech* for his own sake: He had certainly learn'd how great things God had done by and for *Abraham*, and therefore thought it a part of true Policy to confederate himself with so great a Favourite, and to ensure the Friendship of him that was the

Friend

*Friend of God*: He grounds his Request upon *Abraham's Interest*, and nearness to God. *God is with thee in every thing that thou doest*. A very Glorious Testimony out of the Mouth of a King, and doubtless no whit ungrateful unto *Abraham* himself, who loved to hear the Kindnesses of his God to him acknowledged by very *Heathens*: This gave *Abraham* the Honour, and *Abimelech* the Benefit of the League. If God were with *Abraham*, how much should *Abimelech* advantage himself by his Friendship! And the King knew well enough how far he strengthened himself by being in Covenant with him that was in Covenant with God: That God who had sworn to him to be a *Friend to his Friends*, and an *Enemy to his Enemies*: Hence he is so zealous to perpetuate the Agreement, that he moves for the durable Extension of it to his *Heirs and Successors*: *His Son, and his Sons Son*; and will have it confirmed by the highest Obligation of a Sacred *Oath*, which binds the Conscience under the dreadfulest penalties. Well did *Abimelech* know that *Abraham* (having once sworn) would suffer even Death it self, rather than to be false to his Covenant, or incur the Anger of his God. (*Piety hath a place in the Consciences, tho' not in the Affections of Strangers to God.*) *Abraham* would be steadfast enough when once he had fastened him with the Nail of the *Sanctuary*: And himself should dye with greater satisfaction, when he had confirm'd his *Successors* by linking in their Interests with his. He cunningly makes him the very *Guardian* of the Prince, whose *Crown* would never totter on

on his Head, while he had so formidable a Person as *Abraham* to keep it on; who had made *Four Kings* to flie before him: Therefore by this Oath is *Abimelech* and his *Heirs* secured both against *Abraham* himself, (whose growing Greatness he might justly fear) so against all others by his means. Thus had God caused the Dread of *Abraham* to fall on the whole Court and Kingdom of *Gerar*: *Kings* and *Generals* fall low before him, and Devote themselves to him, while he the more humbly bows to his God, and under all the Courtships of *Crowned Heads*, Remembers that his own must stoop to the *Dust*.

*Abraham* who had before stricken a League with Heaven, was not pufft up with a vain *Elation* of being a Confederate with a *King*, who ambitiously sought that Honour from him: The highest *Promotion on Earth*, cannot swell the mind that is closely united with God. All the benefit he draws from it, shall advantage the Kingdom, whom he blesses with his Presence, and *Five and twenty years* Residence in it. He had pitched his *Tent* at *Bereſbeba*, where he planted a *Grove* (and needs must the *Trees* thrive well, that are set by so good an hand.) *Jonathan* tells us, 'twas an *Orchard* of pleasant Fruits, wherein he made his *Oratory*, and took many a delightful walk with his God by Contemplation and Prayer; here also he used to entertain his *Guests* that visited him, making themselves more happy by his Company than his Cheer (which yet was ever such as spoke the great Heart of a generous *Abraham*) from whom they never departed without Invitation to take share with him of a greater *Felicity* in Heaven; always

always plying them with such prevailing Arguments from his endearing Lips, as made many of them hunch away their unprofitable *Idols*, to make room for the Worship of the *True God*. Mark Reader, what a busie Trade is the great *Abraham* driving on for the glorious *Eternity*; does he live to himself in the Affluence and abundance of all his Riches and Honours? Are his Aims, or the Ends of his Life any other, than such as tend to the glory of his God, and the good of Souls? Even *Pagans* and *Infidels* flock in to him, to embrace his Kindness and Counsells together; they are Courted and Feasted into his Religion, his very courtesies *Convert* them, they cannot but be convinced that *Abraham's* God must be the only *True one*, who had polished him up into all the perfections of a sweet *Nature*, and such ravishing *Grace* that dragg'd all the World after it, and envassal'd all his *Admirers*, and should they not be perswaded by him, *neither would they, should one come to them from the Dead.*

## CHAP. X.

### Isaac's Immolation.

**W**Hile *Abraham* is thus passing away his Days in a constant Course of Pleasant and Profitable Duty, God is contriving to employ him in a Service that shall render the Honour of his *Obedience* more Eximious, and Renowned than all he had hitherto done; to keep  
on

on and trace the *High way* of vulgar and ordinary Duty, is the work of every common *Professor*. But *Abraham* shall do that at the command of God, which none but an *Abraham* could do *besides*, and what all the World shall admire him for, till Time it self shall be no more. By *Nine* Tryals already had God experimented the Integrity of his Loyal Heart; yet (as if all these were nothing) a *Tenth* shall follow, the Bitterest of them all: If *Abraham's* Faith hold out in this, Heaven and Earth shall know how worthy he is of the Favour and Goodness of God, and how entirely he had observed the Conditions of the *Covenant*, that obliged him to pay an *universal* Respect to all his Commandments, how Severe and *Difficult* soever; let us see with what *Gallantry* of Spirit he will acquit himself in this last and greatest Encounter.

'Twas but a little while, since he had parted from a Son at the Command of God, yet that loss (tho' very grievous) was made up to him by another, which was dearer to him at Home. But now comes a Second *Summons*, for This also, who must pass, not out of his *House* only, but *Life*; and (which was yet more afflicting) by his own Hands. Take now thy Son, thine only Son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee to the Land of Moriah, and Offer him there for a Burnt-offering upon one of the Mountains that I will tell thee of: Behold all the many Promises of God, and all the many hopes and comforts of *Abraham's* Life, perfectly cut off and destroyed at one Blow. Strong were the Heart-strings of *Abraham* that could hold out from Cracking at the breaking out of the First syllables of this Killing Command; but could he

live



live so long as to hear out the whole Sentence? The *Rabbin* saith, that God himself doubted it, and therefore have feigned, that God to give him a breathing time, brake it in pieces by many *Abruptions*, framing it into a *Dialogue*; Wherein God is made to begin: *Abraham* only say; To which *Abraham* answers, I am ready, Lord, (well hoping it might have been *Isaac*.) But which of my Sons dost thou call for, for I have two? *Abraham* yet little daunted, God replies to him, *Thine only Son*; To whom *Abraham* again (not willing to understand it of *Isaac*) Each one of them is the only Son of his Mother; Nay but (saith God) The Son whom thou lovest. This touches close: To whom therefore pantingly, Lord thou knowest that I love them both; God to end the dispute is fain to discriminate: *To Isaac thine only Son whom thou lovest, thou must take him*; But whither Lord must I carry him? To the Land of *Moriah*; And what to do with him there? Offer him up for a *Burnt-offering*; Is the old Man alive? If so let him live for ever. May we carry on the Dialogue a little without offence, to the Glory of *Abraham's* Obedience, who never so much as opened his Mouth in the least to dispute the will of God: Lord, How long have thine Altars thirsted for humane Blood? I have Offered up many a Sacrifice before, which have pleased thee well: Will nothing satisfy thee now but the Blood of my Child? *Yea I say thy Son*; Each Infidel can offer up the Blood of Beasts to their Desires, but thou must exceed them all in the Sacrifice of thine own Child, to thy God. But Lord, if nothing less than humane Blood will suffice, may

not *Isaac* be exchanged for a Slave, or as many of them as thou shalt please to call for? No, the Blood of Slaves is a slender Offering to that of thine own Son, *thine Isaac himself must bleed and be the Victim*. If then mine *Isaac* must die, will no hand content thee to Offer him but mine own? with what Heart shall I be able to Sacrifice mine own Child? *Alas will I favour thee in this, thine own hand must first do fatal stroke*. Behold I have taken upon me to speak to the Lord: What will become of thy Great Name, when the very *Heaven* shall hear that *Abraham's* God requires so unnatural a Sacrifice as this? Fear not, for mine Honour is not subjected to the censures of Men, who can raise up a Glory to my self, by the Sacrifices of them all to my Justice. O let not the Lord be angry, and I will speak but this once; by whom shall *Jacob* arise, if *Isaac* be cut off, and what shall become of thy Truth and Covenant to thy poor Servant? Shall thy Faithfulness and Promises fail for evermore? *Till I that visited Sarah, and gave her a Son when she laughed in despair, and once thou believedst against Hope*. Is mine hand shortened that it cannot save? May I not raise up another *Isaac* unto thee, or do means fail me to accomplish all my Promises, are they confin'd all to the life of this Son; *Abise* therefore and Take him, &c.

Let the base World blush and be confounded that hath learned to Quarrel and wrangle with every trivial Precept of God that crosses their Ease and *Selfishness*, or seems but a little to break in upon their Carnal Hopes and Confidences; When they see the Great *Abraham* paying an humble and undisputed Obedience to such an Injunction

as lets out the life Blood of all his Joys and Comforts on Earth. God had made with him an Everlasting Covenant, ordered in all things and sure. This is all his desire and all his Salvation; although he should see *his House* to grow. Who can see Him rising early to whet the Sacrificing knife that must cut the Throat of his beloved *Isaac*; and giving orders for the cleaving the Wood, that must afterwards Burn his dearest Body into *Ashes*, and hallooing his Son and Servants to the Journey? The Lord hath a Sacrifice to be Offered on the Mount of *Moriah*; how is This Righteous Soul straitned, until it be fulfilled! Who can see him thus busie in the Annihilation of his own Flesh, without believing that his Affections were all ravished away into Heaven, and that Divine Grace had absorp'd him to that degree, that he seems to have little of *Man* or *Father* appearing in him. As *Levi*, he knows not his own Children, but packs away the one into Banishment at the Command of God, and the other into Death. So wholly taken up by divine Zeal, that for three whole days together (Travelling towards the fatal Mount) he hath both his Eyes so intently fixt on the holy Commandment, that he doth not so much as glance on his *Isaac*, whom he Devoted unto Good, and looks on him as nothing but *Ashes* already. The Law of his God, (that by this Command had dispensed with the very Law of Nature) was so strong upon his Heart, that he becomes obediently Unnatural and Cruel, not in the least repining as *Isaac* against God; *Mc hast thou bereaved of my Children*, *Ismael* is true, and *with thou take Isaac also*; all these things are against me.

Not so much as pouring out one Prayer to revoke the dreadful Injunction: *Father if it be possible, let this Cup pass away.* But totally resigning Himself, with his Blessed Heir: *Let thy will and not mine be done.* O Holy *Abraham*, how illustriously do the *Graces* of Him shine forth upon thee, that would be *Nothing* else than what he was unto God! Thou art that *Righteous Man* of the East, that hath learned to fall down and lye thus Submissively at the *Foot of God*: Whither shall we go in *Pilgrimage* to find out the least Track of thine Obedient Steps; there is scarce a little Aune of thy *Miraculous* Devotion left upon the Face of the Earth.

|| Though *St. Austin* and some few more are pleased to give *Sarah* the Honour of consenting to the Death of her Son at the Will of God; yet others more generally deny it; and that *Abraham*, afraid that her Faith might be drown'd in the Flood of her Passion, very prudently conceal'd the Divine *Mandate* from her till after the Execution, (and that possibly he might bring her back a Son preternaturally raised out of his own *Ashes*; for his God was *Almighty*.) In vain should he occasion a Precipitation of her Sorrows, the woful Tidings would fall too soon as a *Talent of Lead* to crush and break her miserable *Heart*. 'Tis *Abraham* alone hath that *Masculine Spirit* to bear up under so sinking an Affliction as this.

|| Nor doth the *Appearance* of the fiery *Mountain*, upon which his Son must be Offered, dismay him: *David* (piteously lamenting the Fall but of a Friend) bitterly execrated the *Gibbons* that

that had teckt in the Blood of his *Jonathan* devoting it to the *Chuse of Heaven* for ever. But *Abraham* can view the place where the Fire must consume his dearest *Child*, and yet with *Aaron* hold his peace. And now, what his Faith assures him will be acceptable to God, his Fear tells him may not be so very Grateful to Men. He prudently dismisses the Servants, whose Eyes and Hearts (he thinks) would not serve them to view what his own unhappy Hands must do. He desires no Witnesses of so Tragical a Sacrifice. 'Tis enough that he who had set him on the Work (and could not but see him) should Sign the Certificate of his Faithful Obedience and Service. While he Approves himself to God, he values not the Testimony of Men. He cries not as *Jehi* to *Jonadab*, Come see my zeal for the Lord. Some fancy that he left them behind, least (when they should see him doing what he must do) they might think that he had left his Will behind him, and so might hinder him of his Duty (as once the Good Meaning Friends of *Jesus* did him) on pretence of Distraction and Want of Senses. It was not improbable, but these young Men might have obstructed his Offering, from an Ardent Zeal to their young Master, as those afterwards who rescued *Jonathan* (Sworn to Death) from the Hands and Oak of his Violent Father. But *Abraham* will not be interrupted by Men, in a Duty which is commanded him by God: so he himself will cut the Cords of the Sacrifice, and his *Isaac's* Redemption be wrought by the same Authority from Heaven that his Death was imposed, most happy

should he think himself; but no other Hand shall take him from the *Altar*, than the Divine one that laid him on. Whence then is His *Authority*, who pretends a Power to Dispense against the Positive and Absolute Commands of God?

The Servants and Beasts are disburthened, while the whole Load is laid upon *Isaac*; the Son is oppressed and the very Slaves go free, yet he murmurs not: Who sees not here those Innocent Shoulders that once bore our Grievs and carried our Sorrow? The Inquiry of us all was laid upon him, yet he opened not his Mouth. Can we view *Isaac* bowing under the Wood that is design'd to devour him, and not behold our dearest Saviour Fainting under the weight of his own Cross, both ascending by weary Steps the very same Mount?

*Abraham* and *Isaac*, the Holy and the Spiritual, these tug with difficulties, and attain to Mount *Sion* the City of God, while the Carnal and the *Brutish* lag below, and perish in the Valley of Darkness and Death, where no Sacrifice is offered by them, none is accepted for them; *sin* is not purged by any offering for ever. Nor is there any true Son of *Abraham*, but who (in this life) divides Himself; the *Brutish* Part is left behind here below, while the Aspiring Soul climbs the Hill to meet with God, and doth so effectually prevail with him there, that hereafter the poor Dust shall be called up too, and participate of those Divine Qualities that will fit it for so Glorious a Communion.

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The Ascent to the Mount, was the most difficult part of the whole Journey, and strong is the Body that bears up it Self against its Propensity and Steepness: Yet must *Isaac* be purified, but instead of ease hath an heavy Burden heaped upon him by a Father that tenderly loves him, with design it may be to make him weary of the World, and more willing to dye and pass out of it, while the Slaves and Brutes are at ease, and free from All below. If the Cares of Life that are common to all, are found too light to humble the dearest Children of God and keep them low, behold God hanging on them those Weights of Affliction that should make them more sensible of their *Pilgrimage Earth*, and cause them to Sigh for Redemption and Ease: Nor is he less a Father, because (with *Abraham*) he bears the Knife in one hand, that lets out the Blood of their dangerous Corruptions, and the Fire in the other that is to burn up their Combustible Lusts, here while they Groan Himself is afflicted, and under a seemingly Cruel Hand doth ever retain almost gracious and compassionate Heart, which harbors no other purpose by the roughest Wind of his Fury, than the *Sanctifying* every *sinning* iniquity themselves at last shall find this happy Fruit by the Storm, that it hath taken away nothing but Sin: though they know as little the end of Gods Proceedings, as *Isaac* did those of his Father, when he so innocently put the question: *My Father, behold the Fire and the Wood, where is the Lamb for a burnt Offering?* *Is*

Holy *Maiden* become, as *Isaac's* Wife, a Pillar of  
*Harmony* and *Unity*? Or was this a *Rebelling*  
 Son, whom he delivers up to Justice and Death?  
 Or why do we not see him staggering under the  
 weight of so killing a Temptation as this: That  
 no doubt pierced deeper into his very Soul, than  
 the first Command of God? No, if *Abraham*  
 could have melted at all, it had been when this  
 hot *Glance* beat so strongly upon his Heart.  
*Isaac* cannot forget that he is Blessed in so dear  
 a Father as *Abraham*, though *Abraham* must for-  
 get that he was once Blessed in so dear a Child  
 as *Isaac*. He must learn to answer neither to the  
 Name nor the Nature of a Father. It evidently  
 shews us, with what Care *Abraham* had stilled  
 all his Griefs within his own Bosom, that he  
 had not hitherto so much as let fly a *Sigh* or  
*Moan* untrangled, that might survive to give  
 Intelligence to *Isaac*, that there was no other  
 Sacrifice to be expected than *himself*. Was not  
 A Prantick Outragiousness under Sufferings, is  
 but digging into the Wound, and causing it to  
 bleed at a wider Orifice, when silent Submission  
 makes half the Plaster that heals it up. If it  
 be the good Pleasure of Heaven to clap Fetters  
 upon us that we would not wear, while we madly  
 strive to tear them off, we do but rend our  
 own flesh, and make the Iron to enter the deeper  
 into our Souls. If the hard Burden of the Lord  
 hath fallen upon *Abraham*, which would have  
 sunk any but Himself into Death; what doth  
 he but with holy Job, take it quietly on his  
 shoulder, and bind it as a Crown to him. This heavy  
 stroke from *Isaac's* Mouth (charg'd by God  
 him-



himself for a greater Tryal) and lighting upon the very Wound, is so far from moving him to let go his *Interdum*, that under the fresh Assault of this menacing *Billow*, he still swims above Water, and holds it fast.

*Isaac* is the Sacrifice that Himself calls for, and *Abraham* only knows it, though *Isaac* knows it not; yet God knew that he intended another, though *Abraham* knows it not: The Son is not kept in greater Darkness by the Father, than is the Father kept by God. How little does Man know of his own Concerns in the future Event of Gods Decrees? Some pass merrily on, because they see not the Dangers that are before them, while others mourn under Jealousies of Troubles, that (God knows) shall never come upon them. The Prophecy shall come to pass indeed, and God will provide another Sacrifice.

*Joseph* hath adventured to Fancy the Arguments by which *Abraham* (now come to the Mount, having erected the Altar and made all things ready) prevailed with *Isaac* to surrender up his Life unto God. But I shall do my Reader no Injury, if I present him with another which the Golden Pen of our Excellent *Hall* hath drawn up to my hand, as despairing to find any where a more Natural or Powerfully Effectual than his.

My Son, thou art the Lamb which God hath provided for this Burnt Offering, if my Blood should have excused thee, how many thousand times had I rather to give thee mine Own Life, than taken thine: Alas! I am full of Days, and now of long time have lived not  
“ but

"but in thee. Thou mightst have preserved  
 "the Life of thy Father, and have comforted  
 "his Death, but the God of us both hath cho-  
 "sen thee: He that gave thee unto me Mira-  
 "culously, bids me by an unusual means return  
 "thee unto him. I need not tell thee that I  
 "Sacrifice all my Worldly joys, yea, and my  
 "Self in thee; But God must be obeyed. Nei-  
 "ther art thou too Dear for him that calls  
 "thee. Come on my Son, restore the Life that  
 "God hath given thee by me; offer thy Self  
 "willingly to these Flames; Send up thy Soul  
 "cheerfully unto thy Glory, and know that God  
 "loves thee above others, since he requires thee  
 "alone to be Consecrated in Sacrifice to Him-  
 "self.

Behold the very Figure of him that hath  
 said, *I and my Father are One*; One in Nature  
 and One in Will. *Isaac layeth down his Life of*  
*himself (with Jesus) and a Man taketh it from*  
*him.* He gives up himself with the same Resig-  
 nation: *Lo I come to do thy Will, O God.*

Let us only Contemplate what Conflicts Young  
*Isaac* endured in his Bosom; twixt the different  
 Interests of Flesh and Spirit; what Strugglings  
 twixt Nature and Duty (for a while) as the  
 different Twins in *Rebekah's* Womb; till recol-  
 lecting his Spirits, and rousing up his Faith, he  
 humbly addresseth his Dearest Father with such a  
 Retortion as this.

"My Father, though Nature once framed into  
 "Life grows kind and dear to it Self; and Flesh  
 "is not easily perswaded to pass into Nothing;  
 "if by any means it can preserve and maintain  
 "its

"its own *Being*: And we see all the World  
 "sticking in Self, and fast Bound to the pleasing  
 "Enjoyments of the present *Life*: Yet the Son  
 "of *Abraham* hath been Educated into better  
 "Hopes, and hath been taught to Obe<sup>y</sup> but ne-  
 "ver to *Dispute* the Commands of his Father's  
 "God. Yes, Sir, your *Isaac* is ready to for-  
 "render up the *Life* he hath received; Seek not  
 "for any other *Offering* than your own Son, who  
 "is prepared to Bleed on the Holy Altar of God;  
 "and approve himself the Obedient *Child* of  
 "so Good a *Father*, by whose excellent example  
 "he hath learn'd to *Resign* up his All to his  
 "Maker.

See the patient *Ylchim* kissing the *Cords* that  
 bind him, and the fatal *Knife* that is sharpened  
 to let out his *Blood* and *Life*, while his Father  
 inwardly Bleeds more *Drops* than he, and hath  
 just Strength enough left to lift up his trembling  
 Hand to give the *Mortal Stroke*, which Heaven  
 never design'd that *Isaac* should feel or suffer:  
*Real Intention* weighs as heavy in the Ballance of the  
*Sanctuary* as the best *Action*: Thou doest well *Abra-*  
*ham*, in that it was in thine heart to build this *Tem-*  
*ple* unto God: Which though uneffected, shall re-  
 flect an equal Honour upon thee.

When God called young *Samuel*, he arose and  
 went to *Eli*, for as yet he knew not the voice of the  
*Lord*. But Old *Abraham* had been so long ac-  
 customed to Celestial Sounds, that the Voice of  
 an *Angel* could be no Surprize unto him. He  
 that ever kept his Ears open to every Call of  
 God, could not be Deaf to this *Musick* that  
 ravish'd his Ear and Heart together. 'Twas a  
 very

very Melancholly Note, Take thy Son Isaac, and offer him up, &c. But now the Sphærs strike up a more melodious Tune, Lay not thine hand upon the Laid. Yet Abraham danced after both, but his very Soul makes a Caper at this. He that refused not God in the killing, very easily obeys him in the Sparing of his only Son: Commands that *Rain* *confer* to *our* *Wills* must all be received; but those that jump in with them are embraced with open Arms. The glad Father stands not to argue the Authority that brings him a Discharge from the Execution of the first Warrant; but readily Believes what he heartily Desires, and knows that God himself is the best Dispenser with his own Statutes. The Sheep of Christ thus know his Voice, are startled at the Arrogance of the Stranger, that presumes to countermand the plain Injunctions of Heaven: Read the Scriptures: No, they are dangerous: Drink ye all of this: No, not all, but the Priest only. Pray with the Spirit and with Understanding: No, but in an Unknown Tongue. Admiration is honourable to all Men: No, not in the Sacerdotal Order. There is one Mediator, even Jesus Christ: No, there are Innumerable others, Angels and Saints. This Intercessor is able to save to the uttermost all that come to him: No, not unless you joyn your own Good Works with him, which are Filthy Rags, Dung and Nothing. In vain doth Diotrephes prate against the Divine and Infalible Spirit of Truth: Lord, where will this New Gospel stand in the Great day? To Thou have heard the Faith and Patience of Abraham, now see the End of the Lord. Will any one think that Isaac's Blood could be profitable unto God?

God yet shall *Abraham's* Obedience bring Him Glory, and be profitable to Himself and to the whole Church of God for ever; to teach us, that *Faith without Works is dead, and by works of Obedience is Faith perfected*: And both *Faith and Obedience* perfected by Grace through *Christ*.

Now hath God built a *Tabernacle* for the *Table* of his Covenant with *Abraham* to rest in to the end of the World; that all Flesh may know that he who refuseth to offer up his *Isaac* on *Abraham's* Altar, can never expect Salvation with him. God leaves such for *Moses*, and not this Angel to deal with, who came on purpose four hundred years after, with a killing Letter to those as spare their darling Sins from the command of God to have them Crucified; when *Abraham*, his Favourite, could not be suffered (and had more love to him than) to withhold his only Son. *Abraham* himself hath no Bosom for such as *hide their Iniquity in their own*. And 'tis observable how little Compassion he had for the Man in *Hell*, that of Three Requests made by him, he granted him not one, and Torments him with the same Uncharitableness that himself had used to poor *Lazarus*: He should not have a Drop, that would not give a Crum. *Abraham* is the only *Saint* that we find prayed to in all the Scripture, and that to so little purpose, as the miserable *Supplicants* gets not the least Ease from his Pains, who had kept all his *Isaacs* about him on Earth, and now very idly becomes his *Votary* in Hell.

Mercy to Sin is Tyranny to the Soul; If *Abalom* be dealt gently with, and suffered to Live,  
David

David himself is in danger to dye. Most Men take David's Care for the Rebels Safety, as if their own Life were bound up in the Life of him; when (if God be True) either Sin or the Son must certainly dye. If we tender part with our Lusts for Gods sake, we shall part with our Souls for our Lusts sake. Who, that is wise; but would harden himself against damning Corruption that lurks to destroy him. When Abraham hath a Courage for the sake of his God, to stick his Knife into the Throat; and to burn into ashes his own Flesh, and would have thought himself unworthy of the Kindness of Heaven, had he refused that Obedience to the holy Commandment. If the Interest of God be so low in thine Eyes, that for Sins sake, That must suffer, take heed the Interest of thy Soul be not one day so low in Gods Eyes, that for Sins sake thy Soul may suffer for ever.

But if Abraham's Obedience and Love to God be grown quite out of Fashion, and Men fancy they may be saved on cheaper terms than He: Let them view the Dispensation whereby they are allowed to spare their Beloved Isaac; since not Abraham only, but God Himself spared not His; and delivered him up a Sacrifice for those Sins whose safety Men so carefully provide for: Ah me! never considering that those they are so fond of, would not suffer the Son of God to live; 'twas Sin that brought him to his Death, and are the Sinners like to escape with life, when He Himself (that had none of his own) dyed, and was destroyed but for wearing the Garment that was spotted with the Flesh, tho his

his own were so pure and without stain :  
Whence is it, that notwithstanding Christ hath  
died, so great a part of Mankind dye too and  
perish, but from this very Treason, they will  
not deliver up their *Lives* to dye with him, but  
maintain a Friendship with those Enemies that  
destroyed him ; as if the same *Scars* that pier-  
ced his *Flesh*, would not one day enter into  
their own *Souls*, making wounds there that shall  
never be healed ; Nor will any thing make  
them rage with a greater Torment, than to  
consider, That God delivered up his Son, and  
that Son delivered up himself to free them from  
those cruel hands, which they will find too soon  
embrewed in the Blood of their Souls, tho they  
believe it not, nor will be persuaded to free  
themselves in time. Methinks they might  
pass to *Calvary*, and see what bloody work he  
made on the blessed Body of an Innocent *Jesus* ;  
and can they think that *Justice* is become more  
Merciful to wilful and obstinate Offenders :  
Tis one of the Mysteries in Religion, that af-  
ter God himself, the Almighty Father, hath bin  
prevail'd on by his own free and unexpressible  
Love, and Riches of Grace, to give out his Son  
(ten thousand times dearer to him than all the  
Creatures) from his holy Bosom, where he had  
lain from all Eternity, to be delivered up to  
bitter Sufferings and Death it self, for ungodly  
Enemies : And that after *Jesus* that blessed Son  
had yielded so readily to become the Sacrifice  
lying upon the *Altar*, and not as *Isaac* coun-  
termanded again, but actually *Bleeding* out his  
very Heart for them to the very last drop ;  
yet

yet when all this is done, and the Gates of eternal *Righteousness* and *Redemption* opened to all that will but humbly and thankfully enter them, the foolish World should stand at a distance, and look to be courted into a Compliance with those happy terms that wouldless them into the Felicity of a perfect freedom from those Chains of Darkness that bind them over to an endless Captivity; Nay, to hug those very Fetters, and and to fall in love with Bondage and Misery it self, and by no Arguments be wrought to embrace the purchased Safety: Whence is this unaccountable *Madness* but from the Devil, and that cursed Heart of unperswasibleness and Infidelity that detains them Prisoners to their own *Obstinacy*, with the same Obduration and Judgment of God, as that unhappy Nation, upon whom his wrath is come to the uttermost? Let such consider whether all the World, much less the poor Slaves of his Family could have tempted *Abraham* to have shed the Blood of his dearest Child; or with what offers could *Isaac* have been bribed to suffer that deadly Massacre, when only the Command of God revealed by his Father brought him to it? and shall not the Power of the same God prevail with thee to save thy self, by a little pains only in mortifying an unprofitable Lust or two? Shall this indulgent Father Kill a Son (in whom was all his earthly happiness,) at the will of God, and that Son as quietly lye still in a minutely Expectation of the destructive *Gash*, while he doth it from a pious Conformity to the same Will? Nay further, shall God Him-

self



self for such a Slave to Sin and lust as Thou  
lay hold on the dearly Beloved of his Soul,  
and most pitifully suffer him to be Mangled and  
Torn, nothing all over but Wounds and Gore,  
and Himself all the while silent and submissive?  
Not a murmuring Thought seizing on his heart;  
not a discontented Syllable passing his Lips;  
while he hath nothing to comfort him but the  
Remembrance of the Happiness that thy un-  
sensible Self mayst reap from those Sorrows? When  
now after all this his very Passion is Ridic-  
cul'd, the whole Process lookt on but as Story  
and Romance: The Stone of his Sepulchre roll'd  
on thine own Heart, shutting thee up in Unbe-  
lief, and hardning thee to that degree, that  
nothing but murdering a second time will  
serve thy Turn; the Jewish Malice rekindled  
within thee, and thou art Crucifying him afresh,  
with the same Fury, driving in more Nails  
to his holy Body than ever did they, and giv-  
ing him more bitter Potions to drink! The An-  
gel from Heaven not hearkned to, when he  
cries to thee to spare Isaac. Blessed Redeemer!  
Is this the Fruit of thy Sacrifice! Did our true  
Isaac bleed for this? Was the Fountain of Life  
opened to gush out in so full a Stream, for no  
other end but to dam up the Current of Sin  
and Uncleanness, that it should not issue from  
us, but abide in us for ever? Was this the  
Mercy promised to our Father Abraham That  
we should be delivered up into the hands of our En-  
emies (of whom Sin is the greatest) and not from  
them? Where is the blessing (so often repeated)  
of being turned away from Iniquity, if we conti-

nue for ever in it? How long hath *Jesus* been a Saviour from the *Guilt*, and not from the *Dominion* of Sin? Is he become favourable to the Thorns that pierced His Sacred *Head*, and the Spear that wounded his innocent *Heart*, that He can tolerate them in *Christian* Hands? In vain do Men think Him reconciled to these Traytors, because themselves give them harbour: When they know not how soon they may be surprized in the Guilt of that *Treason*, and made to suffer the Penalties of *Eternal Death* for it; either *Isaac* must be sacrificed, or themselves, for not doing it.

*Abraham* (by this) having given convincing Evidence of his perfect Integrity, and unreserved Devotion to the Divine Precept, God is so greatly Affected with it, that he cannot forbear from letting him know how very grateful this Eminent Service was unto him: He first sends him down *Letters Testimonial*, whereon he sets his *Seal* to the Truth of *Abraham's* Religion, (which all his true Heirs must imitate and follow). *Now I know that thou fearest God*, &c. Thou fearest God, and I know it, and all the World shall know it too, by what thou hast done, &c. And further, for his sake he will now be so very kind to confirm to him and his for ever, all the Mercies of his Gracious Covenant, with the unalterable *Ratification* of an *Oath*, which shall make it impossible to be broken, and as sure to them as Truth it self can make it: That as *Abraham* had been faithful to God in his Obedience and Duty to him; so it should be past all possibility for God himself

to

to fail in his Promises, or be unfaithful, that he should not perform the Mercies he had formerly engaged to grant them who should walk in the same Steps of Abraham's Faith and Sincerity. By this Grace he opened his very Heart to shew them the *Immutability of his Council*, and Greatness of his Affections to them, with this advice, That they would draw from this *Living Well* the refreshing Draughts of *strong Consolation*: When they shall consider, That God must first cease to be, ere he be unconstant or fails in his purposes of shewing Kindness to them.

What a reviving *Julip* is this to the drooping Spirits of *Abraham's Children*! That all their Mercies are as secure to them as the very Being of God is to Himself! Every Link of the whole Chain of their Salvation so strongly fix'd, that he seems not free from his Oath till they are Lodg'd in the same Kingdom with him, whither he hath so resolutely *sworn* to bring them. 'Tis a strange Faith that gives no Credence to the Oath of a God! *As I live saith the Lord, that in blessing I will bless thee, &c.*

Do but think, Reader, with what unspeakable Joy, the Soul of this holy Man overflowed, not only for the preservation of his Sons life, but the Attestation of his own Integrity, in that he had approved himself so faithful a Servant to his great Lord, in yielding up his *Isaac* so cheerfully to his pleasure. Our enjoyments are doubled to us in sweetness, when they have been first Offered in Sacrifice by us, and we hold them only at his Devotion. In this work of *Righteousness*, he had present peace, and in the effects of it, *quietness*.

ness and Assurance for ever. The same Comfort hath every Son of *Abraham* in the conscionable discharge of his Duty, with a sweet Testimony of divine Acceptation sealed to the Conscience by a ravishing Voice from Heaven: *He that doth my Commandments, and loveth me, shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and manifest myself to him.* The obedient Soul shall not only be loved of God, but a manifestation of that Love shall be given into Him by the Witnessing Spirit. 'Tis Common in well doing, to hear ill from the World; but Who ever did well for God, that heard ill from him? The Lord will Create the *Friend of the Upright, Peace and Joy*. While holy *Paul* triumphed in the Testimony of his Conscience, that gave him the Assurance of his Truth and Sincerity; how little did he value the censure of those that impudently branded him for a *Reproacher* 2 Cor. xiv. Let God himself draw up the Certificate of *Jobs* Integrity; *That there was none like him in all the Earth*. Yet will the very Devil undertake to disprove him in it, and his Three Friends are all drawn in to close with him, and by many Arguments labour to asperse him with the foul Imputation of *Hypocrisie*, till that mistaken *Conscience* is accepted only to pray away the guilt of that *Ignorance*, and then they look on him with the Eyes of God. 'Tis no matter how thick these stones of Persecution lie upon us, while with the *Prophet* the Heavens open to us, and our Eyes are blessed with the glory of *Jesus*. How little would *Abraham* have felt the smart of Reproaches from scandalous Mouths, whose Ears had heard that blessed *Encomium* from God

God himself, *Now I know that thou fearest me*. Not but that God knew it before, but *Abraham* must know it too, that he might joycingly walk in the pleasant *light* of Gods Love and his own Integrity together. He that hath not passed *Abraham's* tryal, and given the same proof of Fidelity, cannot reasonably expect to feel the same reward of Joy.

Let no Man think himself free from a Temptation of the same *Adversitie*, since under the Gospel, not *Isaac* thy Son, but thou thy Self art called on; to be Sacrificed on the same *Mountain*. And he is accounted unworthy to be a *Disciple*, that hates not his *Own* Life for the sake of his *Master*. The great *Saviour* hath abounded in *Volaries*, proud of the Honour of writing their Love in the Blood of their Hearts, and have been reduced into Ashes with as burning Affections to his Glory, and hath every where Those that hold their All at the only pleasure of his *Will*; and who can at all times pass not only into Poverty and loss of Estate, but also of Life for his *Truth*. They loved not their lives to the Death, and should they never be called to climbe the *Mountain* and suffer the fatal stroke, yet since the Sacrifice is ready and the Hand lift up, God doth accept the ready mind, and *Isaac* is Sacrificed tho' yet alive: He is dead for *Christ* on Gods account, who is willing to die; 'tis the Heart and not the Blood that he requires.

If *Isaac* the Fruit of the Body be refused, shall the *Ram* in the Thicket be taken? Will the Lord be pleased with *Rams*, with thousands of them? Sacrifices and Burnt-offerings thou wouldest not, but God him-

self will provide the Sacrifice, and prepare the Body of another Son of Abraham yet behind, he is the only Lamb of God that must take away the sin of the World; him will God accept, tho' Isaac be not taken.

In the despair of Abrahams Age must Isaac be called into Life, in the despair of his hopes must he be saved from Death. When the Knife is at the throat of the whole Church, and Posts are every where flying with orders to give the Blow, then shall Salvation break out; God is seen in the Mount still. When all means of deliverance fail below, and his people brought into the extreamest straits, then doth enlargement come from himself, that all the World may know that He is God alone, and besides him there is no Saviour.

## CHAP. XL

Sarah's Death. Abraham's Purchase of a Grave for Her.

Abraham's Affections were not so strongly rooted (as the Trees of his pleasant Grove) into the Soil of Gerar, but he can easily pluck them up, to be transplanted from Beersheba into his Canaan again. The Heart that is fixed unto God, doth ever hang loose from the Earth: It is he that makes all places a-like delightful to us by the Gracious Shine of his Presence; Fear not, Jacob, to go down into Egypt, for I will go with thee.

Abraham

*Abraham* who not long since enjoyed God in the Mount, and had the *Life* of a Son given him, must now as contentedly pass down into the Valley of Tears, and suffer the Death of a Wife. Six and thirty years enjoyment had God given her of the delight of her Heart, (she that so long had patiently waited for him, should not too hastily be hurried from him) but now must she pass from her *Abraham* and *Isaac* together, to the God of both. The great *Sarah* dies: Twice already had she been sent for, and taken from her Husband by Kings, but now (never to return more) she is once for all sent for to the King of Heaven, who provides her a place in his Own, till *Abraham* comes to lay her again in his Bosom. The Angels she had entertained in her Tent, give her welcome into Glory, and furnish her *Lackings* suitable to the Quality of the Great Mother of all the Faithful, and Wife to the Friend of God. That all Generations may know what respect God himself bore unto *Sarah*, she alone of all her Sex hath the peculiar Honour to have her Age registred in the Rolls of Heaven; who notwithstanding all her Labour and Travel, ever moving from one Nation to another, from one Kingdom to another People, kept up an unwearied Courage and Faith, till God in Pity put an end to all her Toils, and sent her a Writ of Ease in the Hundred twenty and Seventh year of her Life.

Holy *David* hath well observed, that our whole Life is but as a Tale that is told; (and God knows the Lives of too many make up a very Inconsiderable and sad one.) This great Lady, the very Mirror of Women and Wives, for her

incomparable Piety, unspotted Purity, unparalleled Patience, exemplary Subjection, and incessant Perseverance in all, makes up an History, and when all the Memories of the great Princesses of the World are devoured by Time and buried in oblivion; the smallest Circumstances of Her Life must survive them all, and Her story exactly Chronicled in the everlasting Volums. Sarah may not *sing* but all the World must know it; she may not pay her dutiful Respect to her Husband, by giving him his Title of Lord, but that Obedience must be recommended to the imitation of all her Daughters, above Two thousand years after, with a gracious design to keep up her Honour and Memory for ever.

Abraham receives the tidings of her Death with lamentable *Resentment*, and passes in a grave and solemn *Procession* into her Tent, (as the House of Mourning) to pay her the just Tribute due to the merits of so incomparable a *Consort*. There instead of a *Wife* he finds a *Corps*, whose cold *Cheeks* and wan *Lips* he bedews with his warmer *Tears*, which yet give some little ease to his heavy Heart from the oppression of that Grief that is ready to break it. Here the remembrance of all his Goodness and Virtues crowd in upon his Mind and Memory, which while he reflects on, (together with his own loss of them all) his Spirits are broken; the loss of his Friends and Country cost him not a *Sigh*, he hardened himself against the Fate of *Isaac*, but his dear Sarah's Death melts him into Water. The joyful sence of divine Grace doth not so perfectly banish away natural grief, but that the best of Saints, even *Abraham*,



ham, and Jesus himself, under the Tyrannies of Fate shall find themselves subject to those Passions, as loudly speak them to be but Men.

Behold the great Sarah lying Dead, and the mighty Prince her Husband (acknowledged to be such by all the Chieftains of the Country where he dwells) not Proprietor of so much Earth, as shall suffice to Ground her Monument; nor is this so great a Wonder, when afterwards we find (his Heir) the Lord of all the Creation in the same condition, and obliged to a Friend to lend him a Grave. Who can date an Happiness to himself from his Interest in the Turf and Clod, when Jesus and Abraham have not so much Glbe in the World of their own, as to set a Foot on? How unlike to their Father were those degenerate Children of Abraham, who joyned House to House, and lay Field to Field, till there was no place for others, that they alone might be plac'd in the Earth? Isa. 5. 8. Doth it teach us nothing, that Abraham (so exceedingly Rich as he was) should never mind to purchase Land of Inheritance, but only for a Burying-place here in the Earth? He Sojourn'd in the Land of Promise, as in a strange Country, dwelling in Tabernacles with Isaac and Jacob, the Heirs with him of the same Promise. Why did he this, but because he looked for a City which hath Foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God? If we had Abraham's Faith, we should have Abraham's Spirit, as free and disengaged from the World as He: When, God knows, our Affections are so deeply Rixet'd into the Creature and pleasures of Life, that we have as little Will to mind the purchase of a Sepulchre, as he to buy an Inheritance amongst Men. Indeed  
the

the whole Kingdom was his own in *possession*, and surely secur'd to his Children; while his own Faith was Estate enough, with the Promise of God for Himself to live on. While we was Travelling on, keeping Heaven in his Eye, he had no leisure to think of a poor settlement in the Earth. 'Twas not for Pilgrims to wait on Building, whose *affections* were no deeper stak'd to the World, than the slender *Pillars* of their movable *Tabernacles*, which they lightly pluck up with ease and hast to follow the conduct of that gracious *Providence* that ever so faithfully led them; they little minded *Palaces*, who were themselves nothing else but the goodly *Habitations* of God upon Earth, to whom he therefore retired so often, with the sweetest Assurances of their Interest in a City of his own Raising, where he attended their Company with him, and came down so frequently but to see whether they were ready for it.

Indeed it was not the design of God that *Abraham* should fix any where long, whom he intended to make a publick Blessing every where, and therefore being always ordered to remove upon every Call of God, it was requisite that his *Estate* should have *Wings* too, and be ready to Fly with Himself into every Countrey where God had Business for him to do: Nor was this the least Diminution to him, but rather an Increase of his *Grandeur*; since all Motions of *Princes* bear the greater *Majesty* from the splendid Appearance that attends them: you might have seen his Royal *Pavilion*, grac'd with the *Flagg* of Honour waving in the Air, surround-  
ed

ed by Those of his *Sons* and *Servants* at an awful distance: The *Waggons* of his *Ammunition* guarding those of his *Treasure*, while the numerous *Flocks* of his *Cattel* and *Herds* feed round about him securely, and the *Trained Bands* of his *Houſhold* ſtanding by turns as *Sentinels* over all: Not to mention the *inviſible Troops*, who as *Tutors* gave their conſtant Attendance upon him, and ever adjoyn'd him as his *Guard*. The *Kings of the Earth* knew well enough that *God* was with him as a ſure *Refuge*.

In this Glorious Eſtate was *Abraham*, when his *Lady* left it All to be tranſlated into better. She paſſes from one Heaven below to another Above; from the Courts of *Princes* to the Palace of a *God*: Her Earthly Part was the care of *Abraham* to provide for: He will not meanly diſpoſe of the *Cabinet*, wherein ſo precious a Jewel for ſo many years hath had its Lodging: An Honourable Interment is equally *Abraham's* Duty, and *Sarah's* due.

There was a *Cave* in the Field of *Macpaleh*, (now in the poſſeſſion of *Ephron* the *Hittite*;) which pleaſed him well, he had caſt his Eye upon it, (not as *Abub*, covetouſly Sick for *Naboth's* Vineyard) but as a convenient Purchase, if the Good-will of the Right Owner ſhall pleaſe to favour his Innocent deſires of Appropriating it to himſelf by his *Money*: And now that he had preſent need of it, he is forced to make uſe of thoſe honeſt means, that with greateſt Probability may ſucceed to his Wiſhes and want. He Convocates the Neighbouring Heads of the Countrey (*Ephron* being one,) whom with a

Gravity

Gravity mixt with Majesty, he Addresses to this Effect.

"I freely acknowledge it the Natural Right  
"of the Lords of the Countrey to Grant Liberty  
"to Strangers to make Purchases in their  
"Land. I am a Stranger among you, and  
"must declare my thankful Relentments of  
"that Kindness which hath permitted me to  
"free and peaceable *Cohabitation* with you. It  
"hath pleased God to Call away my Wife from  
"the World, for whose *Sepulture* I must make  
"some Provision, and it will not be long ere  
"I my self shall follow Her. This is only my  
"Request to you, that I may have Liberty to  
"purchase a *Burying*-place with you, where we  
"may rest in Death with the same Quiet and  
"Peace, as we have continued amongst you in  
"Life.

To the Reproach and Confusion of our more  
"ill-Natur'd and *Paganish Christians*, let us take  
notice with what Civility and Condescension  
these *Heathens* fram'd their courteous Replicati-  
on to him.  
"Hear us, my Lord, Thou art a mighty Prince a-  
mong us, and we know, that God is with thee. We  
have no Power or Will to deny thy desires:  
Make thine own Election, in the choicest of our  
Sepulchres bury thy Dead: None of us shall withhold  
his Sepulcher from thee, but that thou mayst bury  
thy Dead.

While Real Piety in all its Services aims on-  
ly to bring Glory to God; He, in a gracious  
Compensation of so good Intention, makes that  
Honour to bear back on it self. God is honou-

red

red by *Abraham*, and *Abraham* is honoured by God: There is no Man that gives his Heart unto him, but who shall find it again in the Hearts of others; The surest way to secure the Affections of Men, is first to devote our own unto God.

*Prince Abraham* will not receive this Complement without giving Demonstration to them, That he is not more *High* in Estate than *Humble* in Spirit: He arises, and makes them a Gentle Bow, in Acknowledgment of their great Civility and Kindness to him in that Offer: Yet while they were all so courteous, 'twas *Ephron* alone that must gratifie his desires, and all the Kindness the rest can do him, was but to Intercede for him, that on valuable consideration his *Field* and the *Cave* in it might be secured to him and his Heirs for ever. — But when the brave *Hittite* perceives himself concern'd in *Abraham's* Choice, and that *He* only hath the desired *Cave* that must be honoured in becoming the Repository of these precious *Ashes*; how proudly doth his Liberality contest with *Abraham's* Justice, and is hardly conquer'd from Resolutions of giving that *Freely*, which *Abraham* desires only at a Price. What pity is it that sweet *Disposition* and *Generosity* should go to Hell, while fordid *Niggardliness* and base *Selfishness* hope for Heaven! Can bare *Nature* so easily depart from her Rights on Earth, which hath no pretence for others in Heaven, while those who pretend an Interest there, have their very Souls cleaving to the Dust below, and their feet sticking fast in the Mire; are so far from yielding up the least shadow

Shadow of a Title to what they have of their Own, that they greedily invade and lye upon the *Properties* of Others: *Abraham* tho he minds not to accept the noble proffer; yet is so greatly affected with it, that once again he repeats his grateful Sence of *Ephron's*, and all their Reverence towards him, by an yet more humble Obeysence than before. He bowed himself down before the people of the Land. Who can see this Great Prince, and Friend of God, twice together paying his Duty of civil Respect and Honour to the very *Heathen*, by the External Demonstrations of it, without pity towards those Rude and Unmannerly Professors of our Age, whose very Religion hath no other Test of Distinction but *Surliness* and *Inhumanity*.

*Abraham* while he is treating about a Grave, takes great Care that he may lye down in it with a peaceable Conscience: He hath been hitherto a mighty Pattern of *Holiness* in all his Transactions with God: Here we shall find him an Example of *Righteousness*, in all his Affairs with Men: That all his Children may know that Commutative Justice and the Duties of the Second Table were written by the same hand that will require as exact Observation of them, as of all the other of the First. In vain do we pretend Sanctity to God, if we are not *Righteous* to Men. He that doth *Righteousness* is of God, and he that loveth his Brother. See how Strait the Lines of *Abraham's Righteousness* run thro' all the management of this Compact with *Ephron*.

First, He will by no means take advantage of his Neighbours Good Nature against his Profit; he

he will neither *defraud* him, nor suffer him to defraud himself by an easie Disposition. *Hear me, I pray thee, I will give thee money for the Field, take it of me, &c.*

Secondly, When he hath the equitable Value of the Land set to him, he undervalues it not, in hopes to beat down the Price: *It is Naught, it is Naught, saith the Buyer; but when he is gone his may be bought.*

Thirdly, He makes present Payment for what he Buys, and purchases not with Paper and Wax: *Abraham weighed out the Silver, &c.*

Fourthly, He Buys not Good Land with Bad Coin; but all is *Current Money with the Merchant.*

Lastly, The *Conveyances* are Sealed, and Witnesses taken, to prevent all Causes of future Debate: *The Field was made sure unto Abraham in the presence of the Children of Heth, and before all, &c.*

And now is *Abraham* as pleased with a *Grave*, as ever was Prince of a *Palace*: How many Mens *Estates* are their *Graves* while they live, and never think of another. Their very *Souls* are buried in their *Acres* below, wherein if they might, they would *lie* for ever. They Live and Rot in their Pleasures, and are *Dead* while they seem to Live: *Life to any thing but God, is but very Death.*

This is the only Joynture that we find ever settled upon *Sarah*, which the *Heirs* of her Body, against their coming to Age, shall find enlarged into a *Kingdom*, for by the purchase of this little Field, which cost not much more than *Two* and

twenty

tenury Pounds or thereabouts, he had given Security to the Faith of his Posterity, That God would one day give them the *Inheritance* of that whole Land, where *Abraham*, *Isaac* and *Jacob*, with *Sarah*, *Rebekah* and *Leah*, lay close together to keep possession for them until themselves should come: And sure there is a better Security given to us also by his Great *Heir*, *Jesus Christ*, who is gone before us, and entered into the Heavens as a *Forerunner* to prepare places for us: That where he is, we may be also. And is not his Spirit lying *Leiger* in us, as the *Earnest* of our *Inheritance* until the *Redemption* of the purchased Possession, to the praise of his *Glory*.

'Tis observable, That after *Sarah's* Death, God makes no more Appearances to *Abraham* from Heaven, having now performed the Great Promise of a *Seed*, he leaves him to walk in the Light and Comfort of those he had already made: To teach us that the Great *Heir* being now come into the World (in whose coming all the Promises are perfectly secure to the Faithful) the Church is not to expect any Extraordinary Revelations of any farther Truths than what he hath already sent into the World by his Son. He hath now sealed up the whole Canon, and will hereafter be silent for ever. To these received, we ought to trust, in the Hope of these we ought to Live, in the Comfort of these we ought to dye. For this cause God in the close of his whole Book hath carefully contrived the Prevention of Alterations, Additions or Diminutions, by the Menace of an Eternal Curse impossible on that Guilt; and the multiplying Plagues upon



upon Him that shall add any thing to it: There being enough *Written* (if well believed) to make us Blessed and Happy for ever.

## CH A P. XII.

### Isaac's Marriage.

FOR *Three* full years together had *Isaac* mournfully lamented the Death of his Mother, now will God make up that loss to him in a *Wife*. *Eliezer* the Steward of his Fathers House is dispatched as *Legate* (with an *Angel Attendant*) into *Mesopotamia*, and takes with him his Masters *Orders*, where and from whom to choose him a *Daughter*. *Abraham* before his Journey Swears him to Fidelity in an Affair of so grand Importance, and he as cautiously Swears, that he might the more Religiously keep his Oath. When he draws near the place, he Invokes his Masters God for Prosperity and good Success, and begs that the first *Match* may be made up between the *Decrees* of Heaven and his own *Endeavours*, that they might not thwart each other, but happily *Marry* together. He humbly resigns up his own *Discretion* to the wise Council of God, which he knew had determined already in the fittest Choice of a *Wife* for so great a Prince as *Isaac*. He knew that *Marriages* were made in Heaven: Let her whom thou hast appointed, &c. His Prayer is no sooner made than granted, Those drive on heavily, where God knocks off

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the

the *Wheels* of Expedition, but where Himself is in the *Courle*, the *Chariot* flies like that of *Amnabad*. *Abraham* might have taken his Choice of all the *Princesses* of *Canaan* for his Son; but behold here a Woman with a *Pitcher* on her *Shoulder*, is ordained to make his Daughter! *Hasb* not God chosen the *Poor* of this *World*, *Rich* in *Faith*, to make a *Spouse* for his own Son? We Note not the *Meanness* of *Rebekah's* Family, (the same with *Abraham's*) but the *Simplicity* and *Innocency* of those early Times in the plain Education of their *Children*, when *Pride* and *Idleness* ruins our own. *Eliezer* is so far from liking her the worse, that her *Humility* was the only *Virtue* that recommended her to him, and the *Woman* that could be so courteous and lowly to draw *Water* for himself and his *Camels*, is a concurrent Evidence from Heaven to his own judgment, of the best *Wife* for his Young *Master*. While the *Dainty Fingers* of our *Ladies* muffle up themselves from *Rebekah's* *Pitcher* and *Rachel's* *Crook*; God thinks them unworthy to be promoted into the *Beds* of *Isaac* and *Israel* in the Family of *Abraham*. 'Tis the humble *Mary*, that (in the rejection of all the *Proud Princesses* of the *World*) is called to the everlasting Honour of drawing out her *Breasts* to a *God*. *Eliezer* makes the first *Attack* upon *Rebekah's* *Heart* by a *Charge* of *Jewels*, and *Manacles* her *Arms* and *Affections* together. Now is the *House* and all in it too little for him, into which she runs (as his *Prisoner*) with the *Chains* on, little yet thinking that within a day or two she should be drawn out of it by the *Man* whom she calls her *Brother* to lead in. The diligent

Servant

Stron will receive no Entertainement, till he knew whether his *Message* may not be as welcome as his *Person*. 'Tis not enough that he comes from *Abraham*, unless he may go away with *Rebeckah*. He politickly takes the count of the World, and first presents them with an Inventory of his Great Masters *EPHRAIM*. He thinks that the Argument of *RINGS* will prevail more than that of *Consanguinity*, and he *DARES* GIVE them, when he truly tells them that all was given him of God. His Gold would wear like Iron, without the Canker of a *Cure* upon it. And to all he adds this, That the Excellent Person he goes for, is the *Sole Heir* of all: And in conclusion, intreats the result of their Thoughts, and that they might come to some *Speedy Resolution*.

So good a *Motion* as this, requires no long time for *Consideration*, unless they purpose to deliberate to their own disadvantage. They could not mend themselves any where in all the World, and therefore they think it *Prudent* to come off Frankly, and yield up a ready Consent. They plainly perceive a Divine Providence in the Motion, and will not oppose the Holy Will and Wisdom of God: Behold *Rebeckah* is before thee, take her and go, &c. The Hearts of Men are in the Hands of God, therefore *Eliab* humbly bows in Thanksgiving to the God that had bowed them. The Good *Servant* had learnt this holy *Practice* from his Old Master, that was ever falling down before his Maker. Not a word all this while of any Portion, 'tis a Wife that *Abraham* requires for his Son, not *Money*. Mat-

ters thus Auspiciously concluded, the Presents are delivered, first to the *Bride* and then to her *Friends*: This was the laudable Custom of Antiquity. *Rebekah* by these Jewels may judge beforehand what a well-furnished *Closet* she will find at home. All Parties are satisfied, *Mirib* and *Joy* refresh their Hearts, while they eat and drink together in Love. *Eliexer* (as a good Servant) urges dispatch, while they plead for Ten days time to take leave of their *Sister*. The Controversie at length is referred to *Rebekah* her self, who modestly yields her assent to the *Stewards* Request. She is dismissed with her *Nurse* and *Maid*; and a Thousand Prayers to attend them. While we leave them a little on the Journey, let us take notice how happy she is like to be in an *Husband*.

*Isaac's* Holy Mind was not so vainly carried away with the pleasing Conceits of *Marriage*, that should cause him to neglect the Remembrance of his Duty to God: Piety is the sure Ground of every Blessing; He builds aright indeed, that lays his foundation in Heaven. The World is but a tottering Basis, that hath buried the Greatest Families in Ruine. Blessed is the Heart that is first Married to Christ, and from the Crowd of Distractions here below, makes very frequent Retreats to keep up a daily Converse with the Spiritual Husband, who is not so Strange or Unkind, but will give it a Meeting at any time, and manifest Himself to it: Thou Lord meetest him that rejoiceth in thee. We are assured he will not fail drawing near to those that draw near to him. This was the Heavenly Practice

Practice of *Isaac*, the Holy Son of so Blessed a Father, whose Soul was ever filled with God. What a lovely Draught of his Devotion hath the Divine Pencil presented to our Eye. *Isaac* went out to meditate in the Fields in the Evening. Meditation is the Souls pitching on some Branch of the Tree of Life, where it sits viewing its own Happiness; and chirping out Praises to God the Author of it. Next to *Abraham*, no Man living had a more pleasant Prospect of sweeter Objects than *Isaac* to contemplate. Heaven and Earth was but one Field for his unlimited Soul to walk in: From the lower Terraces here in the World (without the help of his Sons Ladder) might he mount up to the the Towers above, and feast his Eyes with the Glories of Paradise. He was equally Heir of both *Canaan's*, confirm'd to him by the very Oath of God. Could he want Subject then for holy Meditation, or Praise, or Comfortable Matter for his busy Thoughts to work on? Thoughts are the Issues of the Mind, that Prolifick Parent, whose Children are all of one Nature with it self, and never differ in Quality from it: If that be Terrestrial, so are They; but if Holy, they cannot be unclean, and should they prove so, they are with *Ismael* cast out: There is no lodging for them in *Abraham's* House.

Behold *Isaac's* Pious Exercise (like an Antiquated Custom) grown quite out of Use: The Defection of the Old World come upon us, All the Imaginations of the Heart (for the greatest part of Men) evil, and only evil, and that continually: God is not in all their thoughts. He by

whom we have the Power and Faculty of *Thinking*, *quite forgotten*. The very Cream of our Souls, leaking out in full Streams after *Fanity*, and nothing left for God; *Ephraim faithful no Word*. But hath the Christian no better fare to Feast on? Hath God spread all the Treasures of his unsearchable Graces, and laid them before him, to make his own Choice, and to take them all to himself? Is this price in his hand to be happy for ever, and hath the Fool no heart to it? Is the Everlasting Covenant fairly Copied out, and sent him down from above to peruse and read over, wherein he finds all the Privileges of Heaven and Earth made over and secured to him, and all this not worthy reflecting on? And the Book lying as fast clasped up as his own Heart? See how grievously God takes this Affront to his Goodness. *I have written to you the great thing of my Law, but they were counted as a strange thing*. A matter not concerning them at all. *The Fool is prepared, and all things ready*, themselves invited, but they make light of it, they have other Pleasures to follow! O Judicial Blindness! O cursed Insensibleness! *Israel would mine assist, so I gave them up unto their own hearts lust, in walking their own Councels*. He that hath no Heart for God, may jealously fear that God hath no Heart for him. Pray not for this People, for my mind cannot be towards them. Why? Their Hearts are turned away from me: Yet is this but the first Seething of the deadly Poyson, see it boiling up into the height of a mutual Abhorrency and Leathing. Their Souls abhorred me, and my Soul leathed them. Tremble to think on the fa-

tal Effects of thy Hearts aversion from God : 'Tis a perfect *Predamnation*, the very Devils arrive at no greater height of Impiety : And thou that wilt not meditate *Love*, mayst shortly meditate *Terror*, and become a *Magor Missabib*, a very *Fiend* to thine own Self : Go miserable Creature ! sit in the Dust, lye on the Ground, cloath thee with Ashes, put on Sackcloth, let bitter Tears be thy drink ! Abhor thy Self ! Thy Soul is departed from God, and God (as from *Saul*) is departed from thee, and what wilt thou do in the end thereof ? On what will thy miserable Thoughts feed on to Eternity ? 'Twere a Judgment to pass one day without *Meditation* on God ! but how wilt thou spend an endless Life without him ? which yet thou canst not do, while all thy Faculties will be enlarg'd to take in nought but Plagues and Torments, which here fed on nothing but Vanity and *Leasing* : There thou wilt do nothing else but think on His Wrath on thy Self and Others, who here hadst no leisure or Heart to think on his Love and Goodness to thy Self and Others. Bethink thy self a little, while thou art in the World, summon up thy Considerative *Faculties*, set them all at work to ruminate on the unchangeable Estate wherein thou wilt either Praise or BlaspHEME the Name of God for ever : Hast thou a Soul given thee for no other Work but to compleat thine own Misery ? And doth God wait upon thee but until thou *finest thy Self for destruction*, whiles thou art little thinking how soon it will come upon thee ? And then all the *vain Thoughts* that lodge within thee, will take their

flight from thee, and perish for ever with thee: Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, consider thy wayes. And remember, 'tis the proper work of the Rational Soul (and of no other Creature but Angels) to reflect on it self, and wisely to project for its future Happiness. When God hath laid before thee all the Contrivances of his everlasting Councils and Love towards thee in *Jesus Christ*; and set Him forth to be a Propitiation thro' Faith in his Blood, that thine Eyes and Heart may be astonished with Admiration of such Mercy: That this *White Flag* should hang up so long, and none consider the *Black One* of Judgment may appear in its stead; when all hopes of Life are gone and departed for ever: This is an Evidence of a fatal Obduration, and a mighty Contempt of Divine Grace. See Sinner! Mercy is yet offer'd! Proposals of Peace are laid before thee! Consider, thy Life and Soul are in hazard; if thou art drawing lines with *Archimedes* in the Dust, while the City is stormed, and the Enemy entred, the next News will be the Sword in thy Bowels, and an everlasting *Adieu* to thy presumptuous Hopes.

But while *Isaac's* holy Heart was better exercised, and he was sweetly walking with his God in the Fields, his Eyes discover the *Camels* Coming. In the doing thy Commandments there is great Reward: Mercy overtakes him in the midst of Duty. In the very Moment that he is enjoying God, God gives him the Enjoyment of his *Rebekah*, to whom (for the Honour that she doth him in lighting off her Camel, and Veyling her self at the first Meeting) he pays so entire



tire Affection and constant Love, that in all his Life he never leaves her to depart into another Bed: And having now gotten so good a *Wife*, he endeavours to forget the loss of a *Mother*, and to remember his Sorrow no more.

I question not but the Readers Observation hath already prevented me, in the Noting of the clearest *Allegory* of the Proceedings of God in the raising a Seed to his Son, illustrated by the Care of *Abraham* in this Transactions of *Isaac's* Nuptials: 'Tis the Project and the Counsel of his Will to propose him as the Spiritual Husband to his *Church*. He makes the first Motion by his Servants that are sent forth to *Woe and Beseech*: They are sworn to Fidelity, under the dreadful penalties of destruction to themselves, if they be found Careless or Unfaithful in so great a Trust. *Their Blood will I require at thy Hand*. The Arguments they use, are the Promises of an Everlasting Inheritance, durable Riches and Honour in the heavenly *Canaan*: There is nothing required but bare Consent, and an hearty willingness to the *March*. *What doth the Lord require of thee, &c. My Son give me thine Heart only*. The Holy Spirit co-operates with the Messengers, and helps to convince and perswade. *Our Gospel came not in Word only, but in Power, and in the Holy Ghost*. He enlightneth the mind to see what are the *Hopes of his Calling*, and how great the *Riches of the Inheritance*. He works the Heart to a free Consent; *Thy People shall be willing*; &c. When Faith is wrought, and Consent gotten, the *Jewels* are produced; *Gifts and Graces*: After  
ye

ye believed, ye were sealed with the Holy Spirit. Dispatch is urged; Be ye ready, the Faithful Soul called to depart: *Hearken O Daughter, and consider, incline thine Ear, forget thine own People, and thy Fathers House.* While she is traveling on the Road of Life, the Bridegroom meets her; *I will manifest my self unto her;* she receives him covered with a Veil, and blushing at the Thoughts of her unworthiness: But he likes her the better, and *greatly delights in her Beauty,* while she *Worships him as her Lord,* and passes in with him into the everlasting Pavilion, where she alone enjoys his Love, and entire Person for ever. *We shall be ever with the Lord: — Wherefore comfort one another with these words.*

The Nuptials of Isaac thus happily Celebrated, (and Rebekah in Possession of Sarah's Tent) what hath the joyful Father to expect more than an happy Translation to Heaven: But to hear of a *Marriage-Bed* instead of a *Grave*, and six flourishing Branches to spring out from the *Dead Stock* of his Body; this is a little strange and surprizing. Let not my Reader profane himself by imputing Levity, much less Lasciviousness to Him that for so long a time had conversed with *Angels*, and God Himself on Earth: For as Jesus could not Bow his Sacred Head, nor give up the Ghost before each Syllable that was Prophesied of Him was perfectly fulfilled, even to the bitter Draught of *Vinegar* and *Gall* in his last Moments; so neither could *Abraham* suffer a *Demise* e'er the Promises made to Him were as perfectly Accomplished; And by the Power

Power of a Divine Revelation, (*I will make thee a Father of many Nations,*) he is Invigorated with Prolifick Vertue for blessing six Countries more with Princes from his own Body: Nor shall this Numerous Brood of *Keturah* be injurious to the Great Heir, the very *Offal* of the Estate shall suffice for Portions to Them, while *Isaac's* Dishes stand never the Thinner on his Table. Let the Men of this World run away with the poor Legacies of general Providence: *Heaven* is enough and enough for the true Heirs of God. Lord, however hardly thou deal with me here in the World, *Reserve* a Portion for me with thy Self, and it shall suffice.

The Glorious *Sun* is now upon Setting, and my Pencil must prepare to draw the *Shadows* of the *Night*, which are Doubled by the shutting up the Eyes of the Great *Abraham* in Death. Since *Eternity* was Retail'd into *Parcels* of Time and Days, never was there a Century better pass'd in Universal Obedience to the Glory of the God of Life, whose Divine Wisdom thinks it but just to send him a *Writ of Ease* from all his *Travels* under the *Sun*; and having finished the Work he had given him to do, to call for him Home, and to fix him in his Lodgings with Himself in the Unmoveable Kingdom.

*Abraham* is dead, and the *Prophets*: They have chalked out to us the *Path of Life*, and then retired to Heaven. With what Impudence can any Church tell me, That if I follow the Steps of the Great *Abraham*, believe and Live as He; yet shall I never Arrive to his Bosom, unless I seal to the Articles of their own devising, and believe

believe what *Abraham's* Holy Heart would have *Risen at*, and Abhor'd to consent to? Should God send again this holy *Saint* from Heaven to walk a while among his Children on Earth, retaining still but his own *Principles*, and teaching them to others, as what were sufficient to bring them to Happiness, in a Zealots Rejection of all the vain Inventions of Men, imposed now on the *Christian* World, under the *Anathema's* of Death; confident I am, even *Abraham* would very hardly escape the Censures of the Cursed *Inquisition*, which *Wracks* the Faith of every Soul (within its Clutches) into larger Extensions of impossible things to be Credited, than the Tortured Joynts are drawn out to under the cruel *Twiches* of the Tyrannical *Engine*.

If Revelation of Divine *Truth*, imprinted on the Heart (fitted and softened to receive the *Impression* upon it,) and gaining upon the Affections to embrace and delight in it, working off the Life from unsuitable Practices, to reduce it into a *Natural* and pleasing Conformity to the Holy Rule, be not enough to secure me from the Dangers of Error and *Delusion*; wherewith the *Superstitious* World so uncharitably charges every Dissenter from its Follies, (so unreasonably imposed,) let me contentedly dye, and put it to the Tryal before the *Tribunal* of the Great *Judge*; who I am sure cannot deny his own Work, in Attempering an Heart to his Holy Knowledge and Obedience, that naturally is so Averse and Rebellious against both: And for *Appendices* to Religion, Policies of Government, and offensive *Ceremonies*, &c. I can easily

fly distinguish (in the Light of Truth) how far I am obliged to conform to them for the sake of Peace and Honour of the Church; and in the same Light to differ from them, where they dissent from the Truth, and grate too much upon Conscience; and yet still 'tis my Duty to pay Respect (so far as I can) to the Persons of Men: Tho' I know it mine Interest in no wise to bend to their Principles, or close in with them in Cringing to a false God; and this I learn from *Abraham*, whose Demeanour towards the Children of *Heb* was full of Condescension and Civil Respect, while he would have chosen to *Dye*, rather than given them the Honour of his Presence in their *Idolatrous Temples*. Civility and an Endearing Carriage hath its huge Advantages in the World, where Crabbedness and a Morose look is not only ungentle, but affrighting. If *Abraham* had been a Person of a Rugged Supercilious Deportment amongst Men, how dimly had his Light shined in the Diversity of Nations, where God directed him to go! how little had his Profession profited towards an embracing of the Truths he followed! I think it may be truly Remarked, That the Generous and obliging Spirits of some Gentlemen in the *Romish* Communion, have done more to allure the Minds of our unstable Neighbours, to harbour good Thoughts of their ill Religion, than all the designing Attempts of their Priests, whose Cloysters naturally breed them to a sort of Carriage that never fails to create Jealousies and Fears upon the Minds of Men that occur them; and bespeak them

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them rather to stand upon their Guard against them, than to receive them in open Arms of Love: And while very few of that *Fraternity* can give a rational Account of at least *Two* parts in *Three* of their Faith, which they ever devolve upon the Church, (who takes care too that a prying Inspection be ever discouraged and *Brow-beaten*) it shall suffice me to walk in the lustre of *Abraham's* Religion, from whom the Reformed Churches have received the Pattern; and care not to follow any other: And for my Self, had I a thousand Souls to Answer for, I would adventure them all upon the pure and unspotted Profession of Him, who had all his Knowledge from God sanctified into an Excellent Life, which fitted him in the End for a Glorious Death, and a blessed Eternity.

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